Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog

The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

$2.50 Winter 1975

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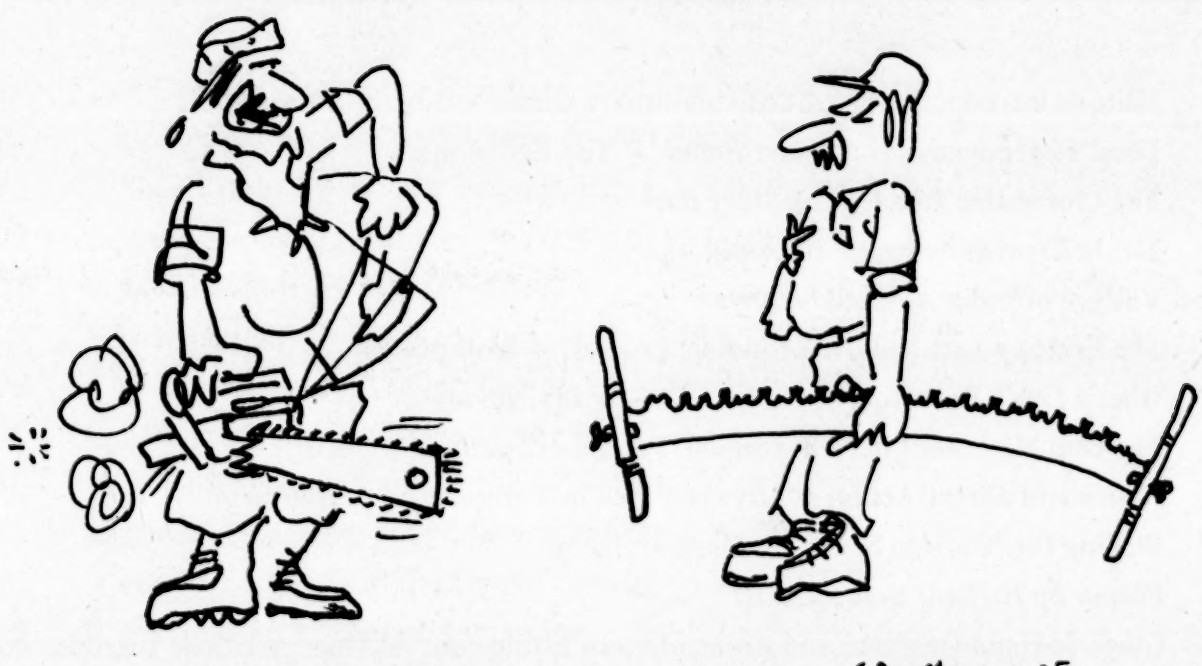

Cover

Front: Photograph by Darius Kinsey, 1869-1945. This is the frontispiece from Volume Two of **Kinsey, Photographer: A half century of negatives by Darius and Tabitha May Kinsey**, *a two-volume work produced by Dave Bohn and Rudolfo Petschek, published by Scrimshaw Press in October 1975.*

Back: Pen and ink drawing by Mike Moore. International truck in Jarbridge Canyon, Nevada.

Inside front: Pen and ink drawing by Gordon Baldwin. Interior of house in Bolinas, California.

Inside back: Photograph by Diana Fairbanks. Denizen of Gate 5, Sausalito, California.

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Editor's Introduction

There is less direct science than usual in the following pages, because I don't read well or with interest about subjects with intergalactic import. I will never be an astronaut willingly. Marconi's successors have, through thirty years of overloading my receiving mechanism, fried out of my head the hope of becoming an expert at anything beyond my bodily functions.

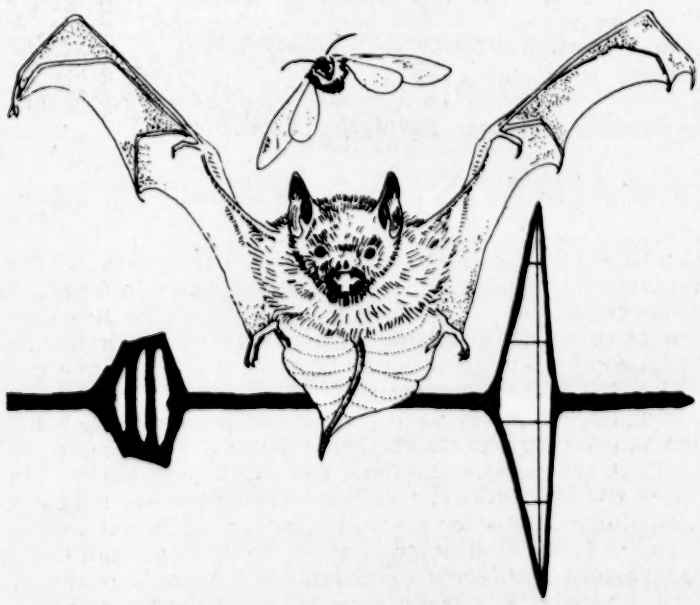
I hope the more astute reader is not disappointed by the common tone of this issue, the emphasis on community, the faith that simple things are as valuable as complex ones, or the occasional use of "shit" or "fuck" as parts of the English language.

This is a reader based, quarterly, perfect-bound magazine, sold by subscription and through bookstores mostly. It is expensive to buy across the counter, but for six bucks a year, something like this book comes to your house four times a year. Sorry to hit you up right at the front, but that's economics.

The section headings might be a little mutated for all you Whole Earth thinkers, but (having been around the heading: Whole Systems for years and trying to fit things in and out of it), the categories get melted into one another. If I edited a newspaper the funnies and the obituaries would be scattered throughout, with front page personals at the same price as those buried back by Help Wanted. That would probably be a weekly. This is a quarterly. I hope it finds you warm and healthy.

–jd

A COEVOLUTIONARY GAME:
War Games Between Bats and Moths



For many centuries, bats and moths have been involved in high-technology offense/defense battles. Bats have evolved a sonar system to detect flying insects by using ultrasonic echoes. Moths, too, have evolved, such that they take dramatic evasive action whenever they hear the ultrasonic chirps of an approaching bat. They dive, loop, or fly away from the bat at high speed.

Surprisingly, many moths of the family *Arctiidae* have evolved special organs that make noisy ultrasonic clicks. Rather than revealing the moth's location, *Arctiid* clicks make the bat swerve off target. These noisy moths seem to be jamming bat sonar in some poorly understood fashion.

The technologies which are used by bats and moths are highly sophisticated, but there is still room for future advancements, in this coevolutionary struggle. The next step may be the evolution of a bat which can overcome the jamming and "zero-in" on the noisy *Arctiid* moths.

–Barry Armstrong

LIBATION BEARER

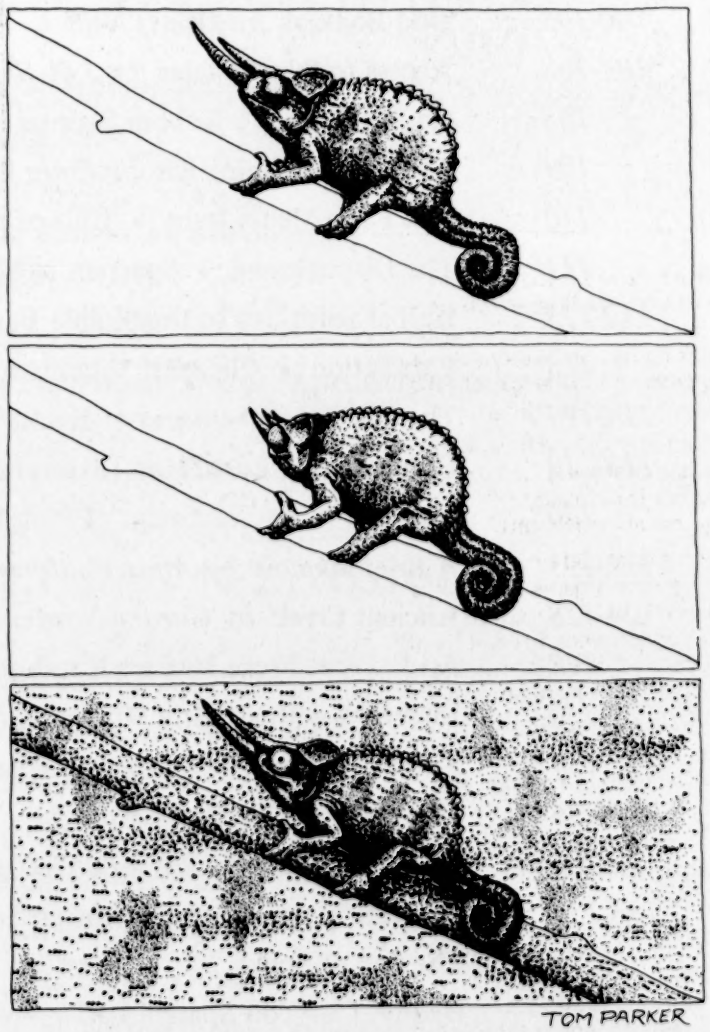
She's hard on herself.

She goes to make drinks and the offering begins.
Modest, intent, she brings in her tray,
Her eyes on the glasses. She offers up the drink,
Adding the useless, luxurious coaster,
And the gracious plenty left bottled.
A drink – made ceremony with luxury and plenty.
More than she offered.

Her days are strung together with ministering acts.
She goes past thoughtfulness, graciousness,
looking for love.
Never risking the holding back, waiting, never
giving herself the luxury of time.
Solemn and direct and vulnerable as the saints,
she brings drinks.

It shows. Her eyes are tired.
Her chest rises shallow and fast.
Her back is damp and hot, like a crying child's.

–Felicia Guest



Another wrinkle in the co-evolutionary game.

"Or Whole Earth"

means that you can mailorder the item either from the supplier shown, or from:

Whole Earth Truck Store
558 Santa Cruz
Menlo Park, CA 94025

Prices given usually include postage.

Local Dependency

BY STEWART BRAND

"Self-sufficiency" is an idea which has done more harm than good. On close conceptual examination it is flawed at the root. More importantly, it works badly in practice.

Anyone who has actually tried to live in total self-sufficiency – there must be now several thousands in the recent wave that we (culpa!) helped inspire – knows the mind-numbing labor and loneliness and frustration and real marginless hazard that goes with the attempt. It is a kind of hysteria.

Photo by Andrew Main

The trouble is that self-sufficiency looks good and tastes good and gets swallowed whole – clear down into one's premise structure, where it becomes a design guideline. When a problem comes up, we check the various solution alternatives against the criterion of whether this solution will help make us more self-sufficient. And each time we make a mistake.

Because, self-sufficiency is not to be had on any terms, ever. It is a charming, woodsy, extension of the fatal American mania for privacy. "I don't need you. I don't need anybody. I! am self-sufficient."

It is a damned lie. There is no dissectable self. Ever since there were two organisms life has been a matter of co-evolution, life growing ever more richly on life. Any "self" is strictly a term of convenience for one's mildly discontinuous local set of body and mood considerations. Any "privacy" is a temporary incremental respite from the big dance.

I cherish privacy, even live alone, so it's a bit of a jump to realize how unbasic it is. For me it takes considerable privacy to make jumps like that, and considerable bumping around with other dancers to make the jumps. Neither one alone works.

Now our poor rich nation wants energy self-sufficiency – a deadly stupid chimera. We nations all are in total dependency on systems which have no respect for national boundaries – atmosphere, oceans, ocean life, biotic provinces (which are not real provinces), and our daily Sun, without which nothing. Cultural flow, language, economic flow – this stuff slows up at national boundaries and probably should, but it never stops. To refute George Washington, "Life IS entangling alliances."

So, where does this come out for one's premise structure, design guidelines, and such? It would seem that the more fundamental statement is one of dependency. We can ask what kinds of dependency we prefer, but that's our only choice.

For example, is it preferable to be dependent on institutions we don't know, and which don't know us, or on people, other organisms, and natural forces that we do know? . . . local dependency.

I'm betting that abandonment of illusions of self-sufficiency will free us up to accept and enjoy local dependency, by preference.

And since our world is increasingly cultural, and proportionally ever less physical, the meaning of "local" is not geographic, at least not only. ■

The Economist

Requisite reading for serious predictors. For over a hundred years this lively magazine with a stodgy name has published in London. Coverage is truly international, though strongly focused on the USA and UK. The staff is anonymous but has included Barbara Ward and those of her ilk. They are brutally truthful and accurate, but often tell their tale with understated British humor. Events of which I have had knowledge were more perceptively reported in The Economist *than in the American press. 52 times a year you get about 125 pages of future and current news, politics and finance reported in depth. About 10 times a year a 25-page survey of a specific area, such as Hong Kong, oil or computers, is included. Even deeper surveys are available at extra cost from The Economist Intelligence Unit. If a forecaster could receive but one publication,* The Economist *would be a good choice.*

–Alan Kalker
[Suggested by Richard Baker]

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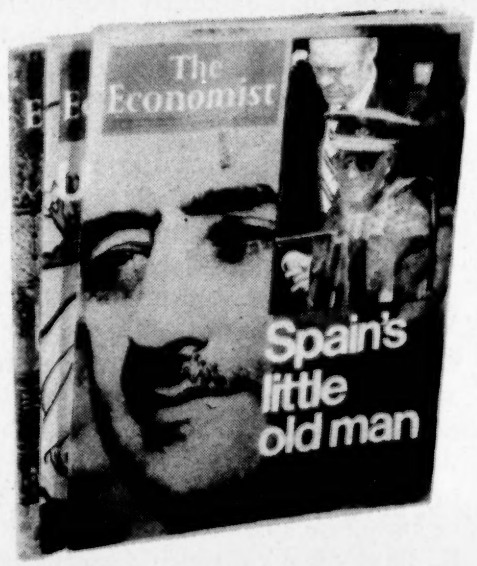


How far should the law allow (indeed, encourage) variations in moral restrictions from place to place? Early in America's second century of 1876-1976 there was an extraordinary attempt to impose upper-middle-class bourgeois morality on the lower classes in both North Europe and North America (with quite unnecessary laws against prostitution, gambling, alcohol, etc.). Late in America's second century there has been an even more extraordinary attempt to impose upper-middle-class bourgeois immorality on the lower classes. The dash to the permissive society has everywhere been led by miserable results for lower-middle-class conservatives and the poor. It is the latter who have suffered most from the breakdown of old family structures and taboos, from the de facto toleration of group violence, from the habit of regarding muggers and rapists as socially deprived kids (which is an unattractive theory if a gang of socially-deprived mugging rapists is liable to come to live in your apartment block). The hardhats have a right to resent the softheads here.

A free man of the future must have an individual choice between various communities with sharply contrasting life-styles. It has been an advantage for America that the existence of separate states allows experiments with differing laws, but state boundaries are an anachronism. Decisions about community lifestyles will have to be made much lower. The result in America's third century will probably be a choice between more puritan towns and middle-of-the-road ex-urban tele-commuter areas with an interesting range of customs (ranging on the right to groups of citizens who will have hired some small Dutch or Japanese multinational company to run their local government on a renewable performance contract, and on the left to the participatory or the hippy).

The Clothesline Paradox

BY STEVE BAER

Illustrations by Carol Kramer

A few years ago Peter Van Dresser mentioned the Clothesline Paradox.

Solar energy advocates are continuously humiliated by being shown "energy pies." Slices are assigned to coal, gas, oil, hydroelectric and even nuclear, but solar energy is evidently too small to appear. I have a typical energy pie from the Ford Foundation whose source is the U.S. Bureau of Mines. The large pie is split into 5 pieces. Petroleum – 46%, coal – 18%, natural gas – 31%, hydropower – 4%, and nuclear – 1%. (An asterisk notes that wood has been omitted – why?) We are frequently reminded that the energy we advocate – solar energy – must, after the proper technical efforts, appear alongside coal, oil, natural gas, and nuclear before it will make an "impact." ERDA in its different energy consumption predictions assigns only a thin wedge of the pie to solar energy and then only as a faint hope 15 to 25 years from now. The demoralized reader is then ripe to be persuaded of the necessity of nuclear power plants or offshore drilling. The accounting system shows that he has done absolutely nothing with solar energy. He lacks even a trace of a useful habit or activity that he could build on. As Peter and I discussed – if you examine these figures you find the cards are stacked against solar energy.

If you take down your clothesline and buy an electric clothes dryer the electric consumption of the nation rises slightly. If you go in the other direction and remove the electric clothes dryer and install a clothesline the consumption of electricity drops slightly, but there is no credit given anywhere on the charts and graphs to solar energy which is now drying the clothes.

The poor old sun is badly mistreated by such graphs. In the first place the obvious should be pointed out; that coal, oil and natural gas are all solar energy products stored ages ago by photosynthesis, and hydroelectric power is solar energy no older than the weather patterns which dropped the precipitation flowing through the turbines.

The graphs which demonstrate a huge dependence on fossil fuels are fine in one respect. They are alarming. But they are very bad in another respect. They are misleading. Misleading to such an extent that they blind people to obvious answers and prime them to a frenzy of effort in poor directions. Attention given to such graphs and charts trains people to attempt to deliver what is shown in these accounting systems rather than what is needed.

If you drive a motorcycle, the gasoline you consume appears in the nation's energy budget. If you get a horse to ride and graze the horse on range nearby, the horse's energy which you use does not appear in anyone's energy accounting.

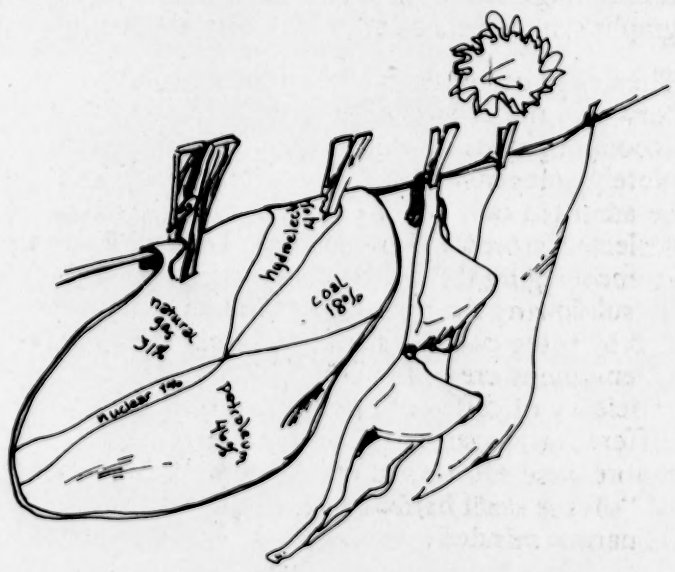
If you install interior greenhouse lights the electricity you use is faithfully recorded. If you grow the plants outside no attempt is made at an accounting.

If you drive your car to the corner to buy a newspaper the gasoline consumption appears. If you walk – using food energy – the event has disappeared from sight, for the budget of solar energy consumed by people in food is seldom mentioned.

The Ford Foundation's energy study shows the U.S.'s energy consumption in 1968 at about 62 quadrillion Btu or, 310,000,000 Btu/person/year or, 310/365 = 850,000 Btu/day. If the average daily caloric intake is 2500 Kcal., this is approximately 10,000 Btu/day/person – about 1.2% of the total consumption listed by the Bureau of Mines. But this 1.2% doesn't appear anywhere on the graphs. Nuclear energy with 1% does appear. The food is obviously solar energy. Why is it not included?

What about the question of the energy used in growing the food? Can't we treat this in the same way as the coal burned to generate electricity? If we use the figure of .5% efficiency (Ayres and Scarlott) this means we have consumed approximately 2,000,000 Btu/person/day of sunlight in producing the 10,000 Btu/person consumed. Solar energy then immediately fills over 2/3 of the new energy pie. If we aren't allowed to show the actual sunlight required for our 10,000 Btu/person, then what about power plants? Why is it that when they burn 4 Btu of fuel for every Btu delivered as electricity all the consumption appears in the energy accounts rather than the 1 Btu?

Why wouldn't it be fair to expand the slice – 4% (1973 – Bureau of Mines) given to hydroelectric



Reprinted from SUNPAPER, A Newsletter from the New Mexico Solar Energy Association, Summer 1975.

power by a similar factor of efficiency – for the solar energy consumed in raising the water to its working head? After all, in most cases, the rain or snow fell through long unexploited distances before it went to work in a power plant.

Then there is the question of heating houses. Every time the sun shines on the surface of a house and especially when it shines through a window there is "solar heating" to some extent. How do we measure this? How do we account for this in our discussions of energy use? According to the NSF/NASA Energy Panel of 1972 the percentage of thermal energy for buildings supplied by the sun was too small to be measureable. But is that accurate? Shouldn't we recalculate the energy consumption of every building assuming it were kept in the shade all day and then attribute the difference between this amount and its actual consumption to solar energy? In most cases this would result in an enormous difference. Almost every building is solar heated to some extent. I would guess the average shaded fuel consumption to be at least 15% higher, and then of course our next concern in heating the building is what keeps the earth as warm as it is? What supplies the United States with the necessary energy to maintain an average temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit as it spins in empty space at absolute zero? This is a heating contract no oil company would be quick to try and fill.

Clearly it would be a very difficult thing to account for every calorie or Btu that passed through us or by us every day in the various forms. It doesn't seem to be a particularly urgent job, but it is very important to examine what the limits of an accounting system are – to know what the numbers and quantities displayed really mean.

If you go to a drive-in movie to watch the flickering lights on a screen the energy consumption of the automobile and the drive-in is dutifully recorded and appears in the statistics. If you walk out on a hillside, lie on your back and look at the stars, no attempt is made to measure the power output of the distant stars.

I don't advocate an enormous effort to measure all these things. It would just be more helpful if the graphs stated more clearly what they are about.

The design of houses can be stilted by such graphs. Now that the experts have started this infantile accounting system, which evidently finds us completely independent of the sun, solar energy will be admitted only so long as it has been properly collected, stored and transferred. Legislation aimed at encouraging the use of solar energy equipment by subsidizing the price of certain hardware must end by being pathetic and blundering. It would take an enormous crew of experts to determine the efficiency of different orientations of windows, different arrangements of shade trees, etc., etc. To ignore these efforts and only to reward the purchase of "off the shelf hardware" is to further the disease of narrow minded quantification.

It should be pointed out to the people promoting the use of solar energy in the place of fossil fuels that the accounting systems used by the experts are rigged against them. As I understand it, we are being prepared to accept that there are legitimate and illegitimate ways of using the sun. If you purchase certain kinds of hardware to exploit solar energy it will be accounted for and a credit will be given to the sun. If you depend on more customary old-fashioned uses of solar energy, growing food, drying clothes, sun bathing, warming a house with south windows, the sun credit is totally ignored.

Our present accounting system with its promise of a credit to the sun after the right hardware has been installed can only discourage good house design. If the natural solar contribution to house heating from windows is ignored, then the designer knows that expanding this share done by the sun will also be ignored. No tax incentives – no credit given to the sun in ERDA's graphs.

I think we would be much better informed if alongside every graph showing our use of oil, coal and uranium there were also an indication of the total energy received from the sun. Since we can't do without it, let's not omit it from our accounts. In the case of the United States a conservative estimate of the solar energy received in one year might be:

(3,000,000) square miles (5280^2) ft.^{2}/mile^2 x 350 x 10^3Btu received/ft^2/year = 3 x 10^6 x $(5.28)^2$ x 10^6 x 3.5 x 10^5 = 293 x 10^{17}Btu/year. Twenty nine thousand three hundred quadrillion Btu as opposed to the 62 quadrillion shown as used during 1968 by the U.S. Bureau of Mines.

When small children first start paying close attention to money and to their allowances they briefly commit their whole minds to their few coins and what chores they did to earn them – without even considering the budget of the family's household. We can't allow our entire civilization to be similarly ignorant for long. We must ask who's keeping score and why they have such peculiar methods. ■

the briarpatch network

BY

ANDY ALPINE

The Briarpatch is a support network of *people* in small businesses in the Greater San Francisco Bay Area who share similar values and business practices. I emphasize people because the relationships, the source of the energy, the support, the love, comes from the people in the Briarpatch as individuals, as well as representatives of specific businesses. The main value that we share in common is that we are in business to learn about ourselves, about the community in which we live, about how we deal with customers and employees. The members of the Briarpatch Network are doing what they like to do – realizing that working at something you aren't pleased with is no way to spend time, much less a life. We daily experience what the Buddhists call Right Livelihood; a realization of self and a honing of the individual's talents through his/her work.

When we started talking about what values we shared we used to say we were *not* in business merely for the economic return – to make a lot of money, but to learn about ourselves etc. We are not against money or profit – it's just not our major reason for being in business. A few months ago we realized that we were talking about ourselves backwards – so now we place why we *are* in business first and why not, second. We also feel that greed is not a necessary law of the universe and that sharing of skills, resources, labor, materials and ourselves is a natural thing to do, as is supporting others who think likewise. Furthermore our belief in a simple lifestyle permits Briars to approach our businesses, our employees, our customers and our lives with joy and honesty. If we are not in business for a large monetary return, then our prices don't have to be as high, our employees can be treated more humanly, and our customers do not have to be looked upon as dollar bills walking through the door.

At first we spoke of ourselves as a support network of people in "alternative" small businesses. In discussing the Briarpatch with the general business community, as well as friends, we often found ourselves spending more time defining and defending the word "alternative" than dealing with what we were doing or trying to do, so we dropped it. As it now stands the Briarpatch Network in the San Francisco Bay Area consists of members with a wide spectrum of economic and political viewpoints who find enough in common to value the relationships and the group as a whole.

In terms of business practices, the Network has been fostering ownership participation, humanistic management, co-operative decision-making and publicly visible accounting, i.e., any Briars' books are open to the public. If a customer wants to know the reason for a particular item costing $1.75, a Briarpatch business is open to telling him/her why without being challenged to do so. Several individually-owned Briarpatch businesses are now considering having the enterprise not only managed but owned by the people who work there. Briars who have had previous experience in dealing with the financial, legal and emotional questions that arise in such a situation are meeting with these other Briarpatch businesses to facilitate the transition.

That's what we are; lawyers, accountants, bankers, management, marketing and financial consultants, together with jugglers, bakers, psychologists, carpenters, veterinarians, and insurance experts (to name just a few) offering each other our specific knowledge of the business world and beyond. We want fellow Briars to be successful, to enjoy his/her business and we are there to support them.

When what is offered is more than knowledge and experience, members often trade skills on a barter basis considering exchanges of energy as important as money.

The Briarpatch Network is a year old (September). In July of 1974 Dick Raymond of Portola Institute (who thought of the concept and the name of Briarpatch) and Louie Durham formerly of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church pulled together a weekend meeting of people they knew who were involved in "Briarpatch type" businesses. About twenty-five of us, representing about as many businesses and organizations, met at a camp in the Santa Cruz mountains of California to discuss what we had in common. The conference was of great value in that the participants realized that there were others who supported their ideas. At the end of the conference, the concensus was for a continuing involvement. For me, one of the most significant points raised was that success or failure of our businesses was determined by the participants in the business themselves, rather than the outside society. If for financial reasons The American Quilt Shop has to cease operation after one year, the outside world might say "Too Bad! John and Mary wasted a year." However, the exact opposite might be true in terms of the knowledge, good times, insight, etc. that they experienced during that time – a great success.

So we decided to continue our involvement. A few weeks after the conference about ten of us met in San Francisco and discussed the possibility of hiring a coordinator – someone who would keep us all informed of the activities of the other Briars. We needed about twelve individuals kicking in $25 a month for six months to pay a coordinator a subsistence wage for a trial period. It took a few more weeks to get that together and in the interim my time became a little freer and I decided to take on the job of Briarpatch coordinator.

The following months were very exciting for me. Coming from a background of law and international business, I actually knew very little about the workings of small businesses and those who ran them (I had attended the Briarpatch weekend as a resource person for marketing). My first month was spent meeting and being with the 25 individuals that attended the Briarpatch camp, finding out about their individual businesses or organizations, their needs and just getting to know them, and them me. There were lots of walks in the park, sitting in backyards, learning how to bake bread in a commercial oven, talking about automobile repair, co-ops, collectives.

After a while the Briars told friends and business associates about our "network" and there were more people to meet with, get to know, share experiences with. While this was going on, Mike Phillips (financial consultant and author of **The Seven Laws of Money**), who had been involved from the start of the Briarpatch concept with Dick Raymond, offered to meet with Briars on Wednesdays at the Pier 40 offices of Portola Institute on the San Francisco waterfront. The arrangement was that Briars who had specific questions about their business or who just needed some educated feedback would come to Pier 40 and speak with Mike or whoever else in the network might be of assistance. Appointments were set a few days in advance so that other Briarpatch members could be notified and come to offer their specific advice. Our Pier 40 "consulting sessions" have grown to include five Wednesday consultants attending on a regular basis and occasional resident experts sitting in; Mike's area is finance, Steve's is law, Rich's is management and personnel, Bonnie's is tax and bookkeeping and mine is marketing. We've also found that people who come seeking advice often provide excellent counsel to the person who has the appointment after theirs.

In the last few weeks we've been experimenting with a new area of involvement. As the Briarpatch has expanded, the time for walks in the park with Briars has diminished. A great deal of the personal contact, and development of relationships is by telephone, and this is O.K. However, in line with our desire to keep in touch with the needs of the membership, Mike and I have started to spend two mornings a week visiting Briarpatch businesses who might not come to a Pier 40 meeting unless they had a specific problem. Spending an hour in someone's store, watching and listening can sometimes show a lot more than a cash flow ledger. The

need for this was brought home when Gary and Oz invited me by their used bookstore room-mate referral service one morning. Actually they were a bit insulted; I had not stopped by their store in the month or so since they opened. They choose not to have a phone and Briarpatch relationships have in some cases been phone oriented. It's incredible how exciting a community of people sharing where they are at can be — negative feedback, such as Gary and Oz's, presented in a constructive loving way is indispensible. They also wanted me to come by to volunteer their energies in putting together the Briarpatch newsletter which will, on a tri-monthly basis, state what each Briars' individual needs are so that all of the Briarpatch (instead of only the co-ordinator) will know what to be looking for and be aware of.

A good example of the Briarpatch Network actually working occurred a few months ago with Play Experience. Play Experience designs playgrounds and shows the client community how to actually build the playground. Since neighbors often hit each other with hammers no insurance company wanted to handle the necessary insurance policy. Werner, our Briarpatch insurance broker, went to twelve companies before he finally "persuaded" (using his company's reputation) one to take the account. The premium was $1500 — an offer the insurance company figured Play Experience would never accept. However, they had to in order to carry out their work. They had only $500 in the bank, it was Tuesday, they were to build on Saturday. The Network was there with two Briars giving them $700 and $300 apiece at no interest for two months. It wasn't all on heart energy alone, since Play Experience had a good accounts receivable situation, but it sure did work. When I thanked one of the lenders she thanked me more intensely; she had really gotten off on having the opportunity to lend the money she had just received as a tax rebate, to re-energize it.

In addition to our social gatherings we also present periodic workshops. Our first workshop was in October 1974, a few months after we had gotten started. It actually was a way for those of us who were starting to relate around Briarpatch concepts to come together. It was a day-long workshop on tax, legal, accounting and insurance questions facing a small business or organization. Several of our professionals made presentations and answered questions; we ate, listened to Mike lay out the Seven Laws of Money, did some Sufi dancing, played some New Games and welcomed the first rain of the season. Since then The Number's Game presented another day-long workshop specifically on tax and bookkeeping and in July together with the New Dimensions Foundation, Briarpatch put together an evening program on marketing and advertising. Participation has been quite good with fifty people attending the first two workshops and 110 attending the advertising seminar. Due to the interest in advertising we'll be presenting, later this Fall, a series of four Tuesday evening seminars covering media, public relations, direct mail and graphics, followed by a day long work session. Workshops on silk screening, aggression and competition are also being planned. There's a lot of talent within the Network and these workshops and seminars are a way of spreading the wealth.

One project that is coming to fruition this Fall is a group health insurance plan for Briarpatch members. This plan will include holistic approaches as well as standard medical treatment and we're confident that Werner, our insurance broker, will put together quite an innovative package for Briars. Another member, Kathleen, has offered to compile a list of sympathetic medical practitioners and to handle the referral needs and implementation of such a plan. Kathleen is at U.C. Med. Center and in touch with both sides of the doctor-patient relationship.

Since I just mentioned the concept of Briarpatch members I should relate how someone becomes a member: We've created the concept of "Briarship pledge" — This is an amount of money that an individual or business can afford to give the Network for a six month period of time. Work or material exchanges have also been considered a valid Briarship pledge and we've received such energy as computerization of our mailing list, printing of our envelopes, 100 modular wooden boxes and reduced rate veterinarian care for the coordinator's (my) animals, to name just a few. The range of monetary pledges has been between $30 and $120. It is important to us that the Briarpatch Network be supported by the members themselves and that the need to go for outside funds be kept at a minimum. Our overhead is low; in my capacity as Briarpatch co-ordinator, I'm the only paid employee and our only other expenses are telephones, mailings, mimeographing and gas. I've been drawing $300 a month and about $50 of that goes to expenses. We've made it so far without too much difficulty and as the Network membership expands, most of the financial insecurity should disappear. In our discussions we've often realized that if we wanted to publicize our activities we could easily have hundreds of business people making Briarship pledges — but that hasn't been our interest. We've turned down magazine articles, television reports, etc. knowing that our present organic development would go to the wind if we became more public. This article is the first incursion into the public eye. People have come to the Briarpatch through friends who know about, or are involved in our activities. The **CoEvolution Quarterly** is part of our Network, so our participation in this issue is a bit special for us.

In terms of future plans, we have started to make contacts with folks in the more rural areas of Northern California hoping to create more rural-urban links through the Briarpatch. We've attended conferences in rural centers discussing the support Network and interchange of skills and materials has already started. Through the Simple Living Project of the American Friends Service Committee, city people are going up to the country to help on, and learn about, construction of everything from barns to compost privies.

The idea of having Briarpatch Networks in other geographical locations is something important to us. A possible model is developing here in the Bay area although it is our feeling that we're a bit too young to be directly imitated. However, within the Bay Area, separate Networks developing in energy centers such as Santa Cruz and Berkeley would be perfect. The Briarpatch Network now spreads from Carmel to Ukiah with folks at the extremities often feeling a bit far from the center. Furthermore, daily relationships are being formed; people talk on the phone, stop by each other's stores or homes. With simple lifestyles, long distance rates or even message units to Berkeley from San Francisco will often stand in the way.

The Briarpatch Network has been fun and it looks like we'll be playing together for a while. The Network offers Briars the opportunity to give time, labor, love, energy, materials skills and money to other Briars, and of course, to receive. It works! ■

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VILLAGES OF INDIA

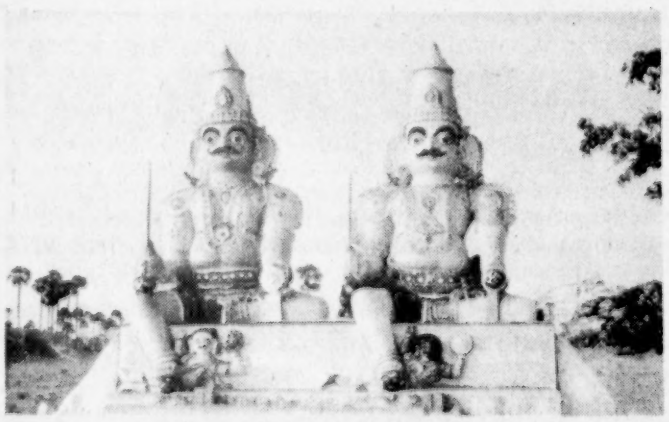
BY **DAVID MORRIS**

This past summer, I returned to the village in India where I was raised, drawn by a conjunction of events. This was the second summer of drought for my home state, Tamil Nadu, and the reports were increasingly ominous. And then there had been the June 26th dawn raids and the declaration of a state of emergency.

I left India in 1964, after living there for thirteen years and returned in 1966, 1972, and 1974. Each time there had been noticeable changes in my home village, each time more drastic. I returned with questions: what were the chances of this village surviving this drought and famine? How would the recent political events affect it? I didn't think there would be any interconnection between the drought and Indira Gandhi's politics, but as I talked to old friends, it became clear that the failure of the monsoon, the limited nature of village technology, the industrialization of India, the last decade of Indian politics and the beginning of fascism were all organically linked together.

"Twenty percent of the village is surviving," a friend told me, as we stood in the shade of a flame-of-the-forest tree. "Five percent is prospering. The rest of us are unhappy. Change must come. It would be better if it were from the bottom up, but . . ." He looked around the circle of people and they nodded in agreement. They were all *harijans*, a name coined by Gandhiji to mean "Children of God." To most Indians, they're known as outcastes.

Over 80% of India's people live in villages; a century ago, it was closer to 95%. There are tens of thousands of villages in India, and a wide variation in styles of huts or houses, religious practices, soil, rainfall, methods of farming, basic technology and crops. So when I refer to "the village," it's to the type of village with which I am most familiar, the villages of Tamil Nadu.



Village demons protecting against evil spirits

Tamil Nadu's fortune is linked with that of West Bengal's; they are serviced by the same north-east winter monsoon wind that sweeps across the Bay of Bengal and then drops its heavy load of moisture on the hot landmass of India. If this monsoon turns south, there is sufficient rain in Tamil Nadu for good crops. If it turns north, there is drought in Tamil Nadu and floods in West Bengal.[1]

The Village

The cluster of huts has been in this place for thousands of years. In the times of heavy monsoon rains, roofs collapse and the mud walls give way, but when the rains are over, the people build again. There is a temple, built by the villagers of ten or twenty generations ago, when this village was at the peak of prosperity. On the outskirts is a brand new temple, the gift of a villager who left to go overseas to seek better fortune.

The fields are divided into eighths, twelfths, even twentieths, the boundary of each marked by low mud walls, since these are rice fields. Through the generations, the land has been traded back and forth, as one family in the village would prosper and then decline.

The huts in the village also reflect the changes in power within the village: families in decline live in part of the old grand hut, while the ascendent families add new walls and change the old boundaries.

The center of the village is marked by a tall, ancient tree. Here the village market is held. Since this village has many weavers, this square is also the place to stretch out the yarn to be dyed with the vegetable dyes that have made Indian cloth famous since the time of the Roman Empire.

There are several wells scattered through the village and a large tank (a deepened pond) next to the temple. The most fortunate and powerful families live next to or own the wells, but the entire village depends on the water stored in these stone-rimmed holes. There are shallow tanks outside the village, where the villagers go to bathe and clean out their body systems, but these often dry up during the hot season. In any case the water is not good for drinking.

This is a caste village and there is a nearby outcaste grouping of huts that goes by the same name as the village although it's known as the *cheri*. Here live

Huts in the "cheri" (outcaste huts are often rounded)

the families whose fates have been intertwined with those of the caste village for generations. They are landless agricultural workers, servants, the "night soil" collectors, the people who touch the skins of dead animals, the liquormakers, the cowherders and poor strangers who have been disgraced and had to leave their home village. They have their own tank for bathing and several wells. In a time of drought, they beg water from the caste village and are the first to suffer.

In the morning, before the sun rises, the entire village is involved with bathing and cleaning. If the rains have come, the men prepare to plow while the women workers go to the fields to plant paddy, the miniature shoots of rice. In the more traditional villages of Tamil Nadu, the field workers are semi-serfs; they work for one landlord through the entire planting cycle and then receive a certain amount of rice and a piece of cloth every six months. In the old days, field workers were completely owned by the landlords. However, for two hundred years, the British and their Indian successors have tried to free the serfs and there are many laws on the books.

The government officials can't be everywhere all the time, and secret arrangements are made between the landless and the large landowning families. For the rich peasants who own less land but need labor, arrangements are made to pay the agricultural workers with a set number of bags of rice, depending on how good the crop is. In the more traditional villages, the landowners talk among themselves in whispers about how a town twenty miles away has gotten electricity, a branch office of the government, a paved road, a daily bus, a highschool – and so they have to pay their workers three, sometimes four rupees a day, in cash. It is a nightmare, the thought of cash-paid laborers who are free to sell their labor to the highest bidder, free to strike, free to roam from village to village.

Soon the conversation drifts to more pleasant topics: the upcoming wedding, the festival to be held in honor of the goddess. All this talk of "progress" leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The old ways have been good for the village, they say to each other. Look, there are happy children and fat wives and enough cattle to provide everyone with cowdung for cooking and decorating the huts. Who knows what chaos change will bring? It might be far worse than the monsoon of four years ago, when half the huts lost their roofs.

Except for the area around the Himalayas at the farthest northern boundary, the Indian subcontinent depends on the south-west monsoon and the north-east monsoon for water. About one-fourth of the Indian sub-continent is assured of enough rainfall each year. Another fourth usually gets enough rain and one-half only gets enough rain in the good years. The traditional cycle is a nine year cycle, with seven years of rain and two years of drought.[2]

The basic, ancient technology of the village is sufficient to take care of the villager when the rains are good, when there is political stability and when the population doesn't expand beyond the productivity capability of this technology. Wooden plows are pulled by bullocks; cowdung is used for fuel and as fertilizer; the main source of energy is human labor. In the old days, village craftspeople supplied the village with iron tools, cloth, soap, art, music and liquor. The village priests preserved the acquired knowledge of the village, the communal lore that included the best times for planting, harvesting and leaving the land fallow. They also provided the villager with an explanation of the universe that assured the stability of the community.

The old village temple

This self-sufficiency didn't exclude the problems of individual greed, conflict between villages, the wars of ambitious rulers, insufficient rain or floods. From the earliest days, the power of the state and the gods were invoked in years of drought. According to Kautilya's **Arthasastra**, the ancient collection of codes that bound the rulers and ruled together, during drought and famine the king's duty ". . . shall be to show favor to his people by providing them with seeds and provisions, distributing either his own collection of provisions or the hoarded income of the rich among the people and seek for help from friendly kings . . ." At the same time, huge festivals would be held to invoke the help of gods and goddesses of the local area. This also sometimes included animal sacrifice. Then there was nothing to do but wait.[3]

There was the same helplessness during times of political turmoil. The cycle was as regular as that

of the monsoons: there was a period of warfare, when crops were often seized or burnt, while the young went off to war and left the fields. Then a rajah would be installed and there would be years of peace when if the rains were good, there would be prosperity. The heirs of the conquering rajah would become increasingly degenerate, because of the nature of court life, and the expenses of the court would increase. The only way for the court to survive was to extract larger amounts of surplus from the peasants.

When the extraction of the rajah went beyond the point where villagers could no longer survive, there would be rebellion. The new challenger would be supported by the oppressed peasants. Once this new ruler was installed, the cycle began again.[4]

This was the dual nature of classical village life: the village was durable, well-suited to its environment and yet could easily be destroyed by external factors beyond its control. Its technology evolved to the border of necessity but not beyond. The use of human labor as the main energy source allowed regional flexibility and gave everyone employment. The amount of capital necessary to begin farming was low, if land was available: two bullocks and a wooden plow, plus a bag of seed was sufficient. In times of prosperity, life could be very pleasant. There were tree-shaded roads that linked many of the villages, enough wells and tanks to meet the needs of the crops and people, and spectacles provided by the rulers and priests to amuse the populace.

In times of prosperity, the great temples of Tamil Nadu were built, every inch of their hundred foot towers carved with the antics of the gods and goddesses. Canals covered hundreds of miles between rivers and irrigation flourished. The courts of the rajahs provided support for poets and artists, and appreciative audiences for the ancient arts of Bharathya Natyam, the vina and Tamil classical poetry. Scholars and priests compiled the codes that later established the norms of society as *shastras*.[5]

But then the rains would fail, the kingdoms go to war and the villages would draw into themselves, small fortresses often too fragile to defend their inhabitants.

Since the land is old, each threat to the village has a history. But the most recent threat – industrialization – has the potential of being the most destructive. The technology of the West, which has broken the traditional cycles also has a positive aspect. I believe that this technology contains within itself the seeds of future reconstruction of the village as the operational unit of a decentralized society.

During the Victorian years of the British Raj in India, industrialization was limited to the building of the railroads, expansion of the cities and a few enclaves of factories. The British had the technological know-how to have introduced the "Industrial Revolution" into India on a massive scale during the Victorian years, but deliberately did not do so. India was to be a market for British goods; besides, the British policymakers had a fairly good idea of the interconnection between technological change and social change, from their experiences in Britain. The British cotton mills managed to seriously damage the Indian handweaving industry and British iron and steel radically affected the village ironworker and toolmaker. Both these industries defensively withdrew from the larger market and survived in a diminished form in local markets, leaving the basic agricultural structure intact. Besides pushing a few reforms like the abolishment of rural serfdom and the practise of widow self-sacrifice (*sati*), the British rulers spent much of their time trying to decide the best method of extracting their share of the agricultural surplus, the classical problem of Indian rulers.[6]

In 1911, an Indian entrepreneur named Jamsetji Tata established an iron and steel mill at Jamshedpur, in the state of Bihar. Not only were wealthy Indian families succeeding in their push for industrialization but the capital for the Tata factory was entirely raised by Indians. During World War I, the British encouraged industrial development in India by Indians and after the war ended, the years of Indian dependence on the British were numbered.[7]

Most of these new industrial family groups supported the independence struggle. In doing so, they had to reckon with Mahatma Gandhi, a lawyer who had been educated overseas, worked overseas and then returned. Unlike the Nehrus, Gandhi saw the dangers of industrialization to the villages.

On the road – mixture of modern (rubber wheels) and traditional (bullock cart and two bulls)

Gandhiji's thought was a mixture of Indian and Western thinking, the latest in a series of syntheses that date back to Max Muller and Emerson. He recognized the positive and negative in village life; he was opposed to the caste system at the same time that he sought to restore the self-sufficiency of the village.[8] Although his feeling for the virtues of village life helped win the support of many village leaders, this emphasis on decentralization and small scale self-sufficiency was looked on as eccentricity by the other Western-oriented leaders of the Indian National Congress. Both the industrialists and socialists were committed to rapid, planned industrialization following the Soviet model. In 1947, India became an independent nation. In that same year, Gandhiji was killed by a member of a paramilitary Hindu nationalist group, the RSS.

While the political turmoil surrounding the independence struggle occupied the British and Indian elites, droughts, famines and floods continued. A drought in 1865 led to the "Orissa famine," which affected 180,000 square miles and 48 million people. Over a million died. The "Great Famine of 1876-78" was soon outclassed by the "Greatest Famine of 1896-97," which affected every province in India; it covered 307,000 square miles and over 70 million people suffered.[9]

One British report summed up the effects of a major famine in this way:

> "The economic consequences of the famines cannot be measured by merely counting the number of those dead as a result of starvation, suicide or disease. No less than one-fourth of the families affected have disintegrated. Husbands have driven away wives, and wives deserted ailing husbands. Children have forsaken aged and disabled parents, and parents have also left home in despair; brothers have turned deaf ear to the entreaties of hungry sisters . . . tales of such woes blacken the face of our records and show where civilization stands when faced by the needs of man. The outcastes have contributed the highest number of victims, 52.7%."[10]

These famines pushed the British into extensive anti-famine work, since droughts and floods were "acts of God." Their response was suited to their centralized style of rule. Grain was stored throughout India, ready to be shipped by rail. Extensive irrigation and well-digging projects were undertaken. Public works projects were started during the early stages of drought to fend off price famine, starvation due to the inability of the poor to pay for scarce food. District officials throughout India were required to keep a careful eye on the availability of food and water.[11]

The sign of what might happen in the future was the Bengal Famine of 1943. The rains failed in Bengal, but since the British were at war, the railroads were clogged with war material and the foodstocks had been depleted in order to feed the Allied armies in Burma and Europe. Local resources were unable to fill the vacuum left by the absence of the central government response. Over 3-1/2 million people died.[12]

A hut in the main village

A roadside town

It was assumed by the Indian nationalists who took power in 1947 that droughts, famines and floods were the consequence of colonial misrule by the British. During the First Five Year Plan (1950-51/'55-'56) dam-building was given high priority, both for irrigation and for electric power. There were steady monsoons throughout the 1950's and it seemed that the policy of industrial development at the expense of agricultural priorities set forth in the Second Five Year Plan was going to pay off. The cities began to mushroom. Madras, which had a population of around 500,000 in 1950 grew to almost 2,000,000 in 1960. Rapid industrialization opened up the alternative of jobs in and around the cities and village-city migration grew steadily.

Although efforts were made by rural development officers to "modernize" the village with the introduction of schooling and some medical care, the people who took the most advantage of India's independence were the landlords, moneylenders and large shopkeepers. They paid regular levies to the local politicians, bribed local officials and enjoyed a legal immunity reminiscent of the feudal centuries. This caused the increase of bonded labor (labor pledged months or years in advance to the landlord or moneylender) and staggering rural debt.[13] The number of landless laborers rose sharply; never were so many families in decline, even among caste families. The caste system was officially declared illegal in the Indian constitution but the fragmenting of the village led to reinforced dependence on caste and family ties.

The village artisans began the years of Independence with the knowledge that the new government was committed to the protection of small scale industries. What happened to the weavers was typical of other village industries, as India's industrial growth sprouted. Its own textile mills began to threaten the domestic production of handwoven cloth. The Indian government was trapped; ideologically it was committed to small scale industries, especially handloom and khadi, which had been singled out by Gandhiji as prime examples of the best of the village industries. These also employed millions of people at a time when rural unemployment was on the rise because of the growth of population and the introduction of mechanization into agriculture. The only way out was to pay subsidies to the village weavers and market the cloth in

Plowing with two bullocks – the traditional method

special government stores, which led to a huge surplus of cloth.

For the village woodworkers, metalworkers and craftspeople, their original place in the community was lost since the national market now provided for the needs of the wealthier villagers. In the 1960's, the government tried to export as much of this surplus production as it could, especially to the major industrial countries like the United States where handmade goods enjoyed premium prices. This helped create a new market for the traditional items, but also opened a new area of exploitation: the mass production, by hand, of standardized crafts for specialty markets. This meant that formerly fairly independent village artisans spent the hours from dawn to dusk in sheds creating the same object over and over again, as rapidly as possible. The alternative to this life was to migrate to the city or work as a landless agricultural worker in the fields.[14]

In 1962, at the beginning of the Third Year Plan, India went to war with China and was badly defeated. This created a further centralization, since it seemed that India must build up its armed forces. In 1965, there was a short but expensive war with Pakistan which India won, although in the end no territory was gained. While the Indian government was paying for the war and for re-armament, there was a severe two year drought. Since India was broke, they relied on the United States to provide PL-480 rice and wheat, and used the old British system of centralized famine relief. The costs of this famine (as well as some "developmental assistance") were deferred by a system of loans and rupee repayment.

Indira Gandhi came to power in 1966 and devalued the rupee on the advice of the World Bank, which made the cost of imports higher – food as well as technology. This led to even more serious controls on the private and foreign corporations, in the hopes that the "public sector" could help make India more independent of the world market. Instead, it encouraged corruption and high domestic prices.

Meanwhile, a battle for the control of the ruling Congress Party broke out and occupied the attention of the ruling elite. Vast amounts of unreported money (called *black money* in India) was used to buy votes and campaign. This black money then began to create a cycle of inflation. The Fourth Five Year Plan was put into effect as though everything were still under control, and there were hopes among the bureaucrats that planning would still succeed, even if there had to be further centralization.[15]

The Bangladesh War of 1971 was not too expensive in terms of military hardware lost, but the costs of using the armed forces and feeding refugees were a serious strain on an already overextended budget. The victory allowed Indira Gandhi to consolidate her hold on the Congress Party and further isolated her opponents, who were, increasingly, members of the rural elite.

1972 was a calm year and then the impact of the rise in oil prices, grain prices and worldwide inflation hit India. Added to the black money inflation and the general corruption, inflation soon reached 30% and 40% levels. One could go to a shop one day, buy almost anything and return the next to find that prices had risen again.

In 1973, this inflation and the failure of the centralized state led to agitations in Gujarat, in northwestern India. At the tail end of the flareup came an Old Gandhian named J.P. Naryan, who began to organize a non-violent Gandhian movement calling for partyless democracy, an end to corruption, and the reconstruction of the Indian state along Gandhian lines. This struggle spread to Bihar and the fight continued into 1974.[16]

In the midst of all this political turmoil, the 1974-1975 drought began. Village life was badly shattered during these years of political and social chaos. The rural elite had increasingly turned to hoarding as a way of increasing prices, while trying to beat down the cost of their labor. As the drought spread and famine conditions followed, a harsh price famine broke out almost immediately. The Central Government, preoccupied as the British had been during World War II, paid little attention. Token grants of money were made and emphasis was placed on using mechanized pumps to provide water for the crops and people.

It was a time of multiple crises, when all the negative effects of one system meshed with the negative effects of other systems. For example, the "Green Revolution." Although experimental projects had been started during the early '60's, it wasn't until after the 1965-66 famine that full scale implementation resulted. The "Green Revolution" applied the principles of United States agri-business to Indian agriculture. It was a "package": High-Yield Varieties of hybrid seeds, large amounts of fertilizer, mechanized irrigation through tubewells and specially adapted tractors and tillers.

This worked well in many parts of India, especially in Punjab, where wheat could be grown in much the same way as the United States does. But there were problems: it took a great deal of capital to use the package. The HYV seeds were monoculture seeds, with all the vulnerability that implies. Oil-based fertilizer became prohibitively costly. The tubewells were owned by

individual landlords who had no interest in sharing their water with smaller farmers. Their fields were irrigated, but the water table was rapidly and often wastefully lowered by overuse. The mechanization further destroyed any traditional ties between the landlord and the agricultural worker. Strikes increasingly broke out in "Green Revolution" areas, leading some Marxist-Leninists to say that: "The Green Revolution will bring the Red Revolution."[17]

While class lines were sharpening in the countryside, the city was increasingly dependent on the government's ability to provide sufficient food and water to the evergrowing metropolis. Madras, which had a population of around 2 million in 1960 had a population approaching 4 million in 1974. Bombay, which had a population of under 2 million in 1950 grew to 4 million in 1960 and by 1974 was over 8 million. When there was sufficient water and food, there wasn't sufficient employment, municipal services or transportation. The villagers who faced an uncertain future in villages where unemployment was on the rise still came to the cities, hoping they would somehow better their lot.

Main street of market town - weavers preparing yarn

The 1974-1975 famine was largely confined to Tamil Nadu. There was light rain in August and September of 1974, so hopes were high that the winter monsoon would be heavy. It failed to come at all. The village wells began to dry up; the tanks receded, leaving large gaping holes throughout the countryside, which looked as though it had been bombed. The winter rice crop failed, except in a few spots where tubewells were in place. The water table had fallen to the extent that the boreholes had to be deepened. By March, 1975, depths of 150-200 feet weren't uncommon and there was talk of going to 300 feet. There was a secondary problem related to the lack of water: a lack of electricity, most of which is still hydroelectric.[18]

Huge deep wells were dug around Madras city and water was rationed to one hour a day a neighborhood, every other day. Pleas for help to the Central Government were ignored, since the conflict between the Congress Party and the Opposition had blossomed into a largely non-violent civil war.

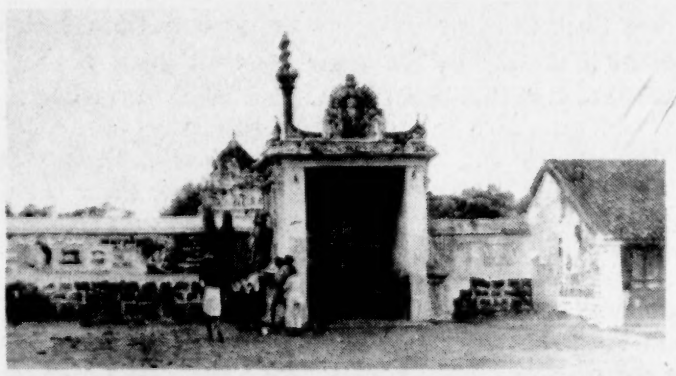
On one side those involved in the process of industrialization found themselves increasingly taking a stand for centralized, planned development of the nation, through parliamentary democracy. On the other side were those who favored a decentralist approach to economic and political development. Because of the numerical strength in Parliament of the Congress Party and Indira Gandhi, the decentralists were forced to go outside the parliamentary system. The centralists preferred to quote Marx, Keynes and the Harvard Business School in their defense, while the second frequently used Mao and Gandhi.

Both sides claimed they represented democracy; both claimed direct heirship to the Indian nationalist struggle. Both sides were riddled with corruption and contradiction, as is only natural in a semi-feudal society, where industrialization is the young and immature bloom in an old garden.

The alliance of the industrializationists was between socialists committed to the State Plans and private industrialists committed to profit. The decentralists included the rural elite, itself a major cause of the deterioration of village life, and the idealists who clustered around J.P. Narayan and genuinely sought a decentralist alternative. This meant that the various Gandhian organizations committed to serious social change worked side-by-side with cadre of the RSS, the organization originally responsible for Gandhi's assassination – and with the Jana Sangh, the Old Congress and other landlord groups. This alliance also included the Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist) cadre who had survived four years of active repression under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act (MISA) and Defense of India Rules (DIR) passed during the Bangladesh War.

This conflict ended on June 26, 1975, when the MISA and DIR were used to round up between five and ten thousand members of the Opposition. The industrializationists gained full control of the nation and the state, one hundred and fifty two years after the Bengali Renaissance marked the beginning of organized response to the penetration of the West and its technology.[19]

While the dust cleared and Indians adapted to a way of life that must have been familiar to Italians under Mussolini, the drought continued in Tamil Nadu. The first signs of disintegration became apparent in the villages: in especially hard stricken areas, those who could left for other villages and towns not quite so



A village temple

badly hit. Madras began to swell with refugees, since the state government had made a decision to try and save the city at all costs. In May, water was distributed for one hour per neighborhood every three days. Special deep wells were dug that began to suck the underground water out from a fifty mile radius surrounding Madras. This meant the eventual death of all the villages within that radius, because not even the deepest tubewells would be able to get water.[20]

The cost of food was so high internationally that traditional centralized relief would take valuable foreign exchange away from industry. And Tamil Nadu was ruled by a Tamil nationalist party that was not part of the ruling alliance. The entire Indian economy was in serious trouble. The decision had been made to fully mobilize all the resources of the nation in order to wedge an opening in the world market for Indian industrial products, as the only way to revive the economy. When the choice was made between the nation and one state in that nation, the state lost.

Winnowing rice

By the middle of July, there was no water left for municipal water supply in Madras other than the water from the large, deep pumps and from specially deepened private wells in the Western section. Earlier there had been talk of evacuation of the City; now there was increased talk of the immediate necessity of this. It wasn't clear where several million people could be taken. Rumours and tempers flew as the city began to disintegrate. Another whole level of villages began to crack. Meteorologists talked about the worst drought in a hundred years while people struggled to hold out another week, another day in hopes that it might rain.[21]

On July 22, it rained.

There was jubilation on a scale I'd never experienced before, not a wild explosion of joy, but a deep relieved happiness that shone from people's faces. Religious people thanked their gods and goddesses; temples and churches were packed, as others walked down the streets in the rain, enjoying the wetness. Some praised the cloud-seeding efforts of Atmospherics, Inc., which had been hired to "make rain" as a last-ditch effort. The three man crew of Atmospherics, Inc., declined the credit, and tried to explain

Typical South Indian temple – gopuram and water tank

that it was the tail-end of the south-east monsoon, which proved to be unusually powerful and which was creating floods in the north. They continued to seed the clouds above the main reservoirs, and the newspapers were filled with talk of "American rain." At a press conference I went to, they explained some of the mechanics of rainmaking (without reference to any of the drawbacks mentioned by Porgens-Bukey in the Summer, '75 CQ). They used Bernard Vonnegut's silver iodide and only claimed to be able to increase rainfall by 10-20%.

Villagers returned to their villages and as it became clear that there would be enough rain to plant, the villages began to hum with activity. There was still a time of famine until the new crop could be harvested and if the normal winter monsoon failed, there would soon be another crisis, but for the moment there was political peace and water in the wells.

The prospect for the future is more of the same, as E.F. Schumacher defines the same in the Fall , '75 CQ: giantism, increased complexity of the technology imported into India, which lead to the need for large amounts of foreign capital (loans and investments). There will inevitably be more violence, now that the decision has been made to proceed further with industrialization and capitalist agriculture. There will be some direct violence as those opposed are jailed or neutralized but there will be a great deal more violence in a covert form as the village system is further smashed in order to rationalize agricultural production, using Western agri-business concepts.

There will be more cloud-seeding, on a large scale. More reliance on High Yield Varities of seed. More monoculture, more demand for fertilizer and mechanized tubewells. What will happen will be a "Schumacher Disaster": the Indians have committed themselves to full implementation of the Western industrial capital-intensive technological model, the "rich society" model. As Schumacher says: " . . . hence the unhappiness of the so-called developing countries. With this high technology they find that in spite of political independence they become more and more dependent because they are not already rich and powerful. They're caught. And they suffer immediate effects – mass unemployment." And in the disruption of society necessary for "moderniza-

tion" there will be strong pressures for counter-violence and revolution.

While I was doing graduate work in Modern Indian History, I discovered a constantly repeating truth: the stability of the village is directly related to the stability of the region and the nation. To the extent that the villages disintegrate, the society approaches revolution. It follows logically that there is a point at which the village is sufficiently disintegrated so that no attempt to shore up the old village can succeed. After this, a new system of villages has to be constructed, purified of the forces that originally caused the destruction.

Many villages hover on the edge of disintegration right now, even with sufficient rain and food. The government is committed to plans for nuclear power plants to provide enough electricity to run desalination plants, build a greater industrial base and provide villages with the energy to "modernize" their agriculture. A satellite television system has been incorporated to provide village education. Yet there are few plans to take advantage of India's abundant sun or human labor resources. The villages are to be further dependent, and moves towards independence are not encouraged.

The next major drought and famine should come no later than 1985 and perhaps sooner. I have a dream which may not become possible until after this next cycle is completed. In this dream, the misadventures of the high-energy economy, perhaps in tandem with another major drought-famine, will push the villages over that point where the old structure can hold them. Then there will be a period of chaos. When this period of chaos is over, the high energy technology of the West will either be discarded or phased out as a process of reconstruction begins. This time the village will be purged of sexism, caste-ism and landlordism. These new communities will begin to utilize the forms of localized technology that will enable it not only to survive but to care for the members of the village in an increasingly beneficial manner.

Solar energy will be a primary source of energy, since the sun shines ten to eleven months a year, and will be the central part of an integrated energy system that also uses water, wind, biofuels and human labor. The problem of drought will be recognized as not only a problem of weather but of storage systems; wells, tanks, reforestation and solar distillation of water will provide the villages with a "monsoon-proof" water economy. The villages and towns will re-create local and area markets and strive for local self-sufficiency in education and communications. There will be a redevelopment of genuine village crafts, for the use and entertainment of the village members. Perhaps some of this technology will be experimentally installed in some of the first reconstructed villages by decentralist veterans from around the world, who work with the villagers in culturally sensitive ways.

For this to happen, there will have to be major political and social change throughout the world, so that such growth is not smashed by those who stand to profit from high energy, centralized technology. If it were to happen, population growth could be contained, since I believe with Schumacher that rapid population growth is a symptom, not a cause. India's large population, rather than being a curse, will be a reservoir of human energy and creativity. And children will play in the town square around the lifeboat that was placed on a pedestal as a tribute to the irrationalities of the past. ■

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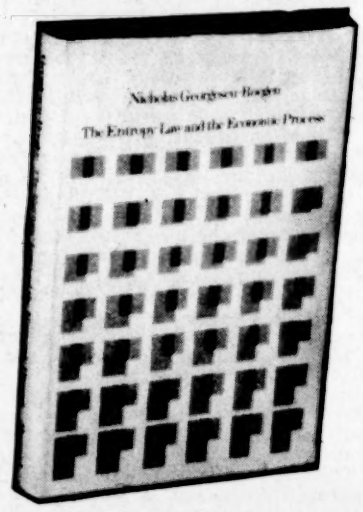
Fisherfolk – early morning departure

The Entropy Law and the Economic Process

Professor Georgescu, who has been a long time critic of mechanistic model builders within his discipline, demonstrates that the economic process is not *circular and reversible as it is depicted in nearly every introductory economics textbook. It is linear and cannot be reversed. With impeccable logic and irrepressible wit Professor Georgescu lays bare the one-way nature of economic production; a process that starts with inputs of material "low entropy" upgraded by inputs of energy to produce an output which is degraded through use into waste after having provided the satisfaction for which it was made. Expanding economies process ever larger quantities of material and use greater amounts of energy thus depleting ever more quickly the remaining "low entropy" reserves of materials and energy while increasing the overall entropic flow in the environment. This lack of understanding the relationship between expanded economic activity and increased entropy has completely discounted any viewpoint not tightly focused on the short term. The consequence is that future generations, possibly not this one, will inherit a world whose dowry will have been squandered by men ignorant of the relationship between economics and entropy.*

—Timothy Wessels



The Entropy Law and the Economic Process
1971; 457pp.
$16.00 postpaid
from:
Harvard University Press
79 Garden St.
Cambridge, MA 02138
or Whole Earth

The antinomy between One and Many with which Plato, in particular, struggled is well known. One of its roots resides in the fact that the quality of discrete distinction does not necessarily pass from the arithmomorphic concept to its concrete denotations. There are, however, cases where the transfer operates. Four pencils are an "even number" of pencils; a concrete triangle is not a "square." Nor is there any great difficulty in deciding that Louis XIV constitutes a denotation of "king." But we can never be absolutely sure whether a concrete quadrangle is a "square." In the world of ideas "square" is One but in the world of senses it is Many.

On the other hand, if we are apt to debate endlessly whether a particular country is a "democracy" it is above all because the concept itself appears as Many, that is, it is not discretely distinct. If this is true, all the more the concrete cannot be One. A vast number of concepts belong to this very category; among them are the most vital concepts for human judgments, like "good," "justice," "likelihood," "want," etc. They have no arithmomorphic boundaries; instead, *they are surrounded by a penumbra within which they overlap with their opposites*.

At a particular historical moment a nation may be both a "democracy" and a "nondemocracy," just as there is an age when a man is both "young" and "old." Biologists have lately realized that even "life" has no arithmomorphic boundary: there are some crystal-viruses that constitute a penumbra between living and dead matter. Any particular want, as I have argued along well-trodden but abandoned trails, imperceptibly slides into other wants. Careful thinkers do not hide that even in mathematics "the use of good judgment in determining when a statement form is acceptable in defining a class seems to be unavoidable.

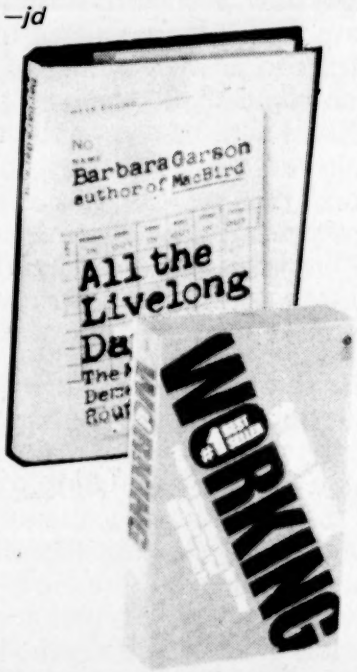
Workbooks

hay waddie, post hole digger, helper in the railroad repair yard, greens mower, tennis court assistant, brush piler, car parts inventory clerk. clerk in an allnight bookstore, civil rights worker, steel tubing fabricator (telescoping machine), dogshit cage cleaner, janitor, tree trimmer, film editor, soundman, school teacher, stage carpenter, truck store manager, log roller at a sawmill, fencer, editor!

those are the jobs i have held, in rough chronological order. i don't have much of a retirement fund built up.

Terkel's book is the classic in getting folks to talk about their jobs, and is now available in a good cheap edition. Barbara Garson's book is expensive but should be purchased by your municipal library, because it is definitely worth reading for its freshness. If you are out of a job, and feel strange about reading about work, find something better to do with your time.

—jd



All The Livelong Day
Barbara Garson
1975; 221 pp.
$7.95 postpaid
from:
Doubleday and Co.
501 Franklin Ave.
Garden City, L.I., NY 11530
or Whole Earth

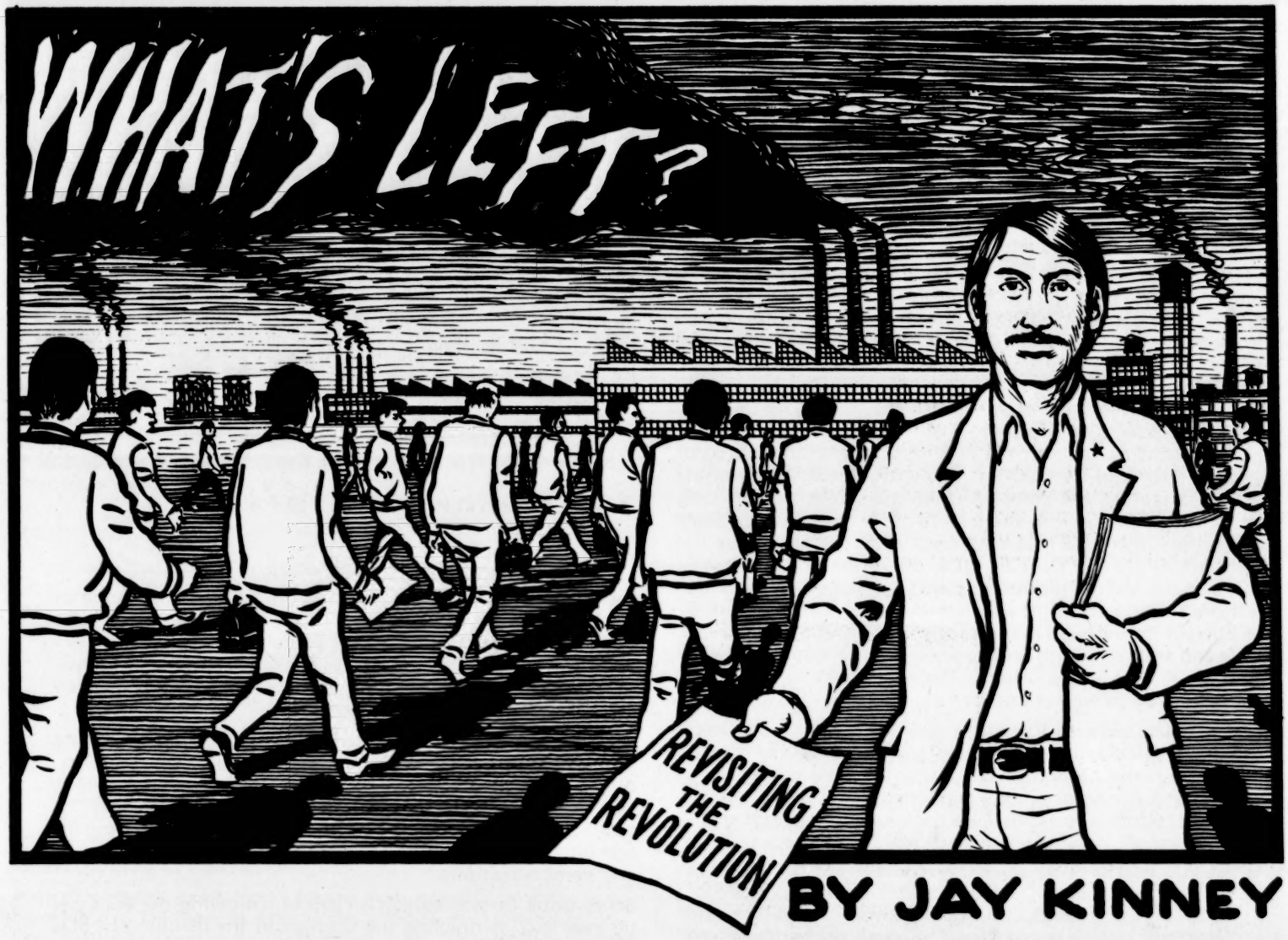
Working
Studs Terkel
1975; 762pp.
$2.50 postpaid
from:
Mail Order Dept.
Avon Books
250 W. 55th St.
New York, NY 10019
or Whole Earth

A diesel's a lot easier than steam. It's a lot better job. Diesels can handle more cars, more tonnage. Diesel'll pull anything. They move, they can run. They don't take the know-how that you had to have with a steam engine. Steam engine was more of a challenge. Those men weren't well educated, but still had the know-how. They could get more out of an engine than a man that had a college degree. It was all pride.

When they got the diesel and got rid of the firemen, they had to make 'em engineers overnight almost. They're savin' themselves a penny, but it cost 'em, in my imagination, a dollar afterwards. 'Cause they've got men now goin' over the road that never even worked as a fireman on that territory, that hardly spent any time on the road.

In the old days, I'd say nine out of ten of the firemen come from small towns. 'Cause they were about the only ones that had a strong back and a weak mind. (Laughs.) When I first started, they used to have the boomer fireman. A boomer'd be a man, he'd have the cantaloupe run down in Texas and the coal rush in Illinois and the ore season up in Escanaba and the wheat harvest out on the coast. They'd just go, and when business would slow up, why, he'd put his little suitcase and be on to the next place.

That's when the company'd really get a break. They were experienced men. In the rush season, if they didn't have these boomers and had to hire new men, they'd say it used to cost 'em two thousand dollars to make a fireman. Until you knew what you were doing. When a boomer come up, he had about five, ten years' experience, and you were getting it for nix. I had a half-brother who was a boomer. He got drowned in Cordova, Alaska — gold mining. Boomers were single. They'd all know where the season work was, where they were gonna be hirin', and would write to the master mechanic and be Johnny on the spot. They're not doing that work any more.



BY JAY KINNEY

Recently I've had my rather dormant interest in politics reawakened from the disheartened despair-laden level it had descended to in the wake of Nixon's overwhelming victory in 1972. Watergate gave me an encouraging nudge of sorts – but one which implied that things might get better in Washington D.C. *despite* themselves and *outside* of any action or interest on my part. Examined shallowly, the lessons of Watergate seem to say that one branch of government will guard against the others, and everything is okay after all. This, of course, is not the case, as more recent events have shown.

My friend Scott, who sports a paranoid style second to none, is a firm backer of the Mae Brussell-Sherman Skolnick brand of Conspiratology. Whenever he stops by for a visit he often bandies about allegations regarding the CIA, FBI, the Kennedy assassinations, and various other interconnected phantoms of dread; allegations often unprovable, but no less intriguing.

Northern California is, in many ways, a rest home for leftists, dopers, and cultists. Whether through Watergate, Scott, or just living out here in this atmosphere, it was inevitable that my curiosity would be aroused enough that I'd begin a few investigations of my own. My search for "the truth" led me to read a number of fascinating books, and reach some rather unnerving conclusions. These conclusions led me to the uncomfortable but inevitable conviction that "something must be done!" The main question is, unfortunately: "*Can* something be done, and if so, *what*?" More on that a bit later.

* * *

The first book I read was **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence** by Victor Marchetti and John Marks (Dell, 1975, $1.75). As I write this in October, 1975, with Congressional hearings still in progress on the CIA and the rest of the intelligence community, it is clearly superfluous for me to review this book in any detail. The most telling part is the deletions throughout it, which were court-ordered by the CIA. It is spooky to be a citizen of the U.S. and find yourself reading a book of important information only to come upon white space after white space with notations such as "24½ lines deleted" or "9½ lines deleted." If that isn't Orwellian enough for you, the parts *left in* speak of a large "intelligence apparatus" with vast sums at its disposal and almost no restrictions on its morals or behavior.

I followed this book with **The Glass House Tapes** by Louis Tackwood and CRIC, Citizens Research and Investigation Committee, (Avon, 1973, $1.75). It is hard to know what to make of this book. An authoritative looking paperback, it is one of Mae Brussell's favorite references and, if true, a blockbuster of a book. In brief, it is the story of how the Los Angeles Police Department, working together with the Federal Government has set up a department (The Criminal Conspiracy Section or CCS) specializing in collecting information on, infiltrating, and sending agent-provocateurs into radical and militant groups. Louis Tackwood, one of their agents, decided to tell all, and in 1971 came up with a warning that the CCS and the FBI were planning to cause riots at the Republican Convention in San Diego, even to the extent of

The tone and approach of this article, is subjective and personal, a sharing of both facts and reactions. Though I have no particular axes to grind, I have *been forced to sharpen my wits in trying to carve some order out of the rather confusing scene on the Left today. Primarily this article exists because I wanted to read a good survey of the current Left, couldn't find one anywhere, and decided to write one myself. Here it is.*

–JK

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having a bomb planted at the Convention site which would injure some of the delegates. The motive for this was, ostensibly, to justify calling Martial Law and cancel the '72 elections. Far-fetched? Maybe. Elsewhere, Mae Brussell has noted parallels and tie-ins between this plan and the Watergate incident.[1] CRIC is straight-forward in admitting that Tackwood is not a 100% reliable character, yet a number of the other allegations he made have since been verified. When this story hit the fan in October, 1971, it *did* cause the Republicans to backpaddle from San Diego and choose Miami as their Convention site instead.

Next I read two 60's bestsellers: **Rush to Judgement** by Mark Lane, (Fawcett, 1966, $ .75) and **Inquest** by Edward Jay Epstein, (Bantam, $ .95, 1966). Despite their popularity *then*, both proved hard to find now – even in used book stores, and it wasn't until I was picking thru the used merchandise in a home-basement junkstore in Tolono, Illinois that I happened upon them for five cents each.[2] A fine bargain. The Lane book is a complete run-through of all the evidence surrounding the JFK Assassination that the Warren Commission ignored or *changed*. Witnesses it failed to call, contradictory testimony, overlooked facts, Mark Lane has it all. He builds a convincing case for the suspicion that there were other assassins besides (and perhaps instead of) Oswald, and were connections between Jack Ruby and the FBI, CIA, the Dallas Police Department, and the Mafia. **Inquest** presents the same general facts in a more condensed form, with the important distinction that Epstein interviewed many of the Warren Commission people and staff at length and concentrates on contradictions within the Warren Report itself. The two books, read together, have a powerful impact.

Scott lent me a copy of **Executive Action** by Mark Lane and Donald Freed (Dell, $1.25), a novelized version of the movie by the same name. The flick was a slightly fictionalized version of what Lane thinks really happened in Dallas in 1963. From all accounts, the movie (as a movie) was bad, and this book (as a novel) is definitely a potboiler, but the scenario it presents involving the CIA, Texas oil men, the Mafia and various politicians and JFK's death is plausible, and, as each day's newspaper headlines go by, increasingly probable.

Jim Garrison's **A Heritage of Stone** (Berkley Medallion, 1970, $1.50), available again in a new printing, offered much the same explanation of Kennedy's death: that it represented a coup d'état by the Military and the Intelligence Community in self-defense against JFK's foiling of the Bay of Pigs attempt and growing anti-Cold War stance. Garrison presents both relevant evidence regarding Oswald and his circle of acquaintances as well as some compelling inductive reasoning dealing with the supposed coup. With the latter he struck a nerve of mine that made me sit up and take notice. For, whether an actual, secret Military coup did take place or not is besides the point *if* the country is being run the same *as if* one did take place. Garrison's and Lane's conspiracy theories, even taken out of the context of JFK's death, serve us as potent Myths. They express something which can be sensed on a gut level: that the war and recession since Kennedy's death have helped the "Men at the Top" consolidate even more power and money, and that beneath the American political surface, cartels, multinationals, syndicates, intelligence agencies and banks are all intertwined in a hidden drama of backscratching and backstabbing.

Finally, I read the 700 page history of **SDS** by Kirkpatrick Sale, (Vintage, 1974, $3.45). The effect of the previous pile of books had been the notion that something must be done, these facts should be publicized even more widely, and all the byways and vagaries investigated and exposed. In reading the history of SDS I hoped to gain some insight into what happened to the "Movement" that I had felt a part of in the 60's . . . just where did it go wrong?

Though I see my continuing work in Underground Comix to be a logical and linear progression from my high school underground newspaper days, my ideas of what can be

(186) 一个洪常青牺牲了，千万个革命者站起来，在战斗的红旗下，解放了的劳苦妇女踊跃地参加了娘子军的行列。

changed, by whom, and how fast, have gone through incredible permutations. Though my sense of the value of alternate culture and artforms (not to mention technology, and what have you) hasn't really changed, my sense of who is still involved in the effort has grown fuzzier. The naive myths of "tribal unity" no longer apply; or, rather, if they still do, the context has changed.

Realizing all this, I was still puzzled by the chain of events that had led to my own disgust with political solutions to our national problems. Somehow my apathy was connected with my emotional reactions against "Revolution Now!" types and a realization that the Vietnam War was going on and on, seemingly oblivious to the innumerable marches and demonstrations.

Sale's book does a wonderful job of following the 60's year by year and chronicling the changes in the thinking of SDS, its leaders and chapters, and the Movement at large. As he talked about the idealistic days of the early 60's when the civil-rights movement was the focus of energy through its merging into the anti-war movement, I felt a rush of hope akin to what I felt back then. As he detailed the factional fights which arose in SDS [between the Weathermen, the Revolutionary Youth Movement II (RYM II), and the Progressive Labor Party caucus (PL)] splitting it apart and resulting in such crazed actions as the "Days of Rage" in Chicago (where frustrated Weathermen ran through the Loop smashing store windows), I re-experienced the sense of hopelessness I had felt then.

Upon finishing Sale's book I was curious about the state of the Left in the U.S. currently. Even living in San Francisco, a particularly strong Union town and energy center for radicalism, I had not been very aware of much going on, apart from sporadic demonstrations against Chile, etc., and, of course, the media-covered SLA exploits, and random bombings. Specialized action groups were all burgeoning, be they Consumer unions, Spiritual Sects, Food Co-ops, Gay and Women's Liberation groups, or Prison organizations, but there seemed to be no central agreement or philosophy tying them all together in any way similar to the galvanizing issue of the Vietnam War in the 60's. Was such an across-the-board unity still (or ever) possible, or even desirable? With all this in mind I set out to try and see what was happening, among the people who still had radical politics (i.e. pulling large cross-sections of people together for societal change) as the central focus of their lives.

SPLINTERS AND THE MEDIA

At first glance, the Left in the U.S. appears chaotically diverse and splintered. There are numerous groups, "parties," "pre-parties," coalitions and action groups bobbing up, splitting, and regrouping again. From the self-satisfied perspective of the Republicans and Democrats, no group is anywhere *near* the horizon in terms of being a ballot-box challenge. Yet it is not in the traditional electoral arena

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1. Mae Brussell, Conspiracy Newsletter No. 1, in **The Realist**, No. 95, Fall, 1973.

2. By the time this article appears, a new edition of **Rush to Judgement** will have come out, making this important book widely available once again. However you still can't beat 5 cents!

that the current Left has its most significance, and there are general categories into which most groupings fall. It should be remembered that while the size of a group may give some indication of its popularity, it does not necessarily indicate the potential impact or effectiveness of the group.

The traditional source of information in this culture, the Mass Media, is, for the most part, useless when trying to get a grasp of the Left. The Media rarely examines anything that isn't either shoved under its nose or fashionable or trendy. The SLA clearly had an awareness of this and proceeded to kidnap a Publisher's daughter, thus assuring plenty of media play. But Leftists engaged in less blatant actions are usually ignored altogether. Most of the Media is directly or indirectly owned by giant corporations with a vested interest in preserving the status quo and downplaying dissent. This can be a blessing in disguise, however, in a period when radical activity is localized, person-to-person, with an emphasis on consolidation, self examination, and solid organization. Developing a militant caucus in a union is rather difficult with TV news cameras present, and few on the left bemoan their absence.

MARXISM

A problem that consistently plagued the amorphous "New Left" of the 60's was how to deal with the question: "If you want to tear everything down, what are you going to replace it with?" The tendency at that time was usually to ignore the question, or answer "We'll work it out as we go along." In the half decade since then, however, it appears that a Left consensus has been reached on what to "replace it with." The answer, of no great surprise to anyone, is: Communism. As Carl Oglesby said somewhat prophetically (but not approvingly) in 1969:

> "...Any revolutionary movement will all but inevitably adapt itself to Marxism-Leninism – or the other way around – because there is just no other totalizing philosophy of revolution."[3]

Almost without exception I found that, except for some Third World Nationalist groups and special issue groups, the Left has rallied to the banner of Marxism. There are a number of reasons for this. First, the American defeat in Vietnam despite what seemed like overwhelming odds in favor of the U.S., was at the hands of a people guided by Marxism-Leninism. What all the mass demonstrations weren't able to do, an organized force of armed guerrillas pulled off. Second, an awareness of America as an Imperialist force in the World has been spreading because of the War. The actions of the Multinationals, the CIA, and the U.S. Armed Forces seemed to conform to this analysis. Like it or not, the original person behind this analysis was Lenin. Third, by linking up with what used to be contemptuously referred to as the "Old Left," radicals were able to enjoy the comforting sensation of working as part of a tradition of Revolutionaries, both nationally and internationally, thus getting a sense of historical forces working in their favor – an antidote of sorts for the despair that many were experiencing.

The advantage of this rise of Marxism on the Left is that it implies the possibility of increased unity among revolutionaries, and obviously unity is necessary if any major changes are to be brought about. However this means that "the Revolution" (that alluring elusive goal) is increasingly being defined as one to eventually usher in Communism, which for all its specificity doesn't leave much room for radicals (much less plain folks) who haven't yet, and may never, decide that Marxism-Leninism is their cup of tea. How's that for both exhilaration and frustration?

ROUND TWO

The indications are that a time of reckoning and reconsideration is at hand for everyone. President Ford's utterances to the contrary, the recession hasn't bottomed out but is worsening, abroad as well as here. With the U.S. Bi-Centennial knocking anemically on the doorstep, we might well begin to question what the CIA has to do with Tom Paine, or ITT with the Green Mountain Boys. And as people begin to make connections between hair-spray and the Ozone, between pop-tops and choking animals, the old system and assumptions begin to go slack. Realities once seen only by the alienated are now shared by millions. A vacuum is created, waiting to be filled. The KKK goes on the warpath, and the Left begins to pick up momentum again. The National Nervous Breakdown that finished off the 60's, leaving many of us in various stages of shock and sensory overload, subsides and Round Two is announced. I may be hearing voices, but here are some of the groups I believe we'll be seeing more of in the days ahead . . .

* * *

The "New Left" of the 60's is no more. Umbrella-like, it included the more vociferous civil rights organizations as well as most of the anti-war groups and the student movement. Decentralized (and usually unorganized), romantic, generally non-violent, the New Left meant what you wanted it to mean. It was a mood more than a concrete political entity, but if there was one pre-eminent organization amidst the furor, it was SDS. Joyously non-exclusionary, almost anyone could join SDS, and did. At the height of its popularity during the 1968-69 school year it had over 300 chapters and 30-100,000 "members" according to some estimates.[4] Yet at its June, 1969 National Convention in Chicago it split apart like a giant protozoan grown too large. Several of the groups on the Left today are descendants of SDS and provide a good place to start a survey.

UNDERGROUND CADRES

Probably the best known is the Weather Underground Organization. Through their symbolic bombing (approximately 25 in 5 years) they've kept themselves in the public eye since their decision to go "underground" in 1970. In July, 1974 they published **Prairie Fire: The Politics of Revolutionary Anti-Imperialism**,[5] a 151-page red-covered summary of their rationale and world-view. A clandestinely-produced quarterly magazine **Osawatomie** was initiated in the Spring of 1975 and three issues have come out so far. These recent publishing activities, and the new DeAntonio movie featuring them, mark an attempt on their part to break through the isolation caused by the underground life, and share words and analysis with people, not just bombs.

Several further groups have formed to carry out "armed actions against the enemy." A partial list would include the New World Liberation Front, the Black Liberation Army, the

"Imperialism Means Underdevelopment" from **Prairie Fire**.

3. Carl Oglesby, "Notes on a Decade Ready for the Dustbin," in Liberation August/Sept., 1969.

4. Kirkpatrick Sale, SDS, Vintage, 1974, page 664.

5. Information on obtaining this book and all Leftist publications mentioned in the article is in the "guide" accompanying the article.

Red Guerrilla Family, the Chicano Liberation Front, and the best known of all, the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).[6] It is nearly impossible to learn anything about them due to their clandestine nature. Their usual modus operandi is to plant a bomb at some place symbolizing oppression or the power structure, call the location and the media with a warning — whereupon the building is emptied (sometimes), the bomb goes off (sometimes). Later a short communiqué is issued explaining the reason for the action. The tone of the communiqués is usually outraged if not hysterical, and at times falls prey to self-parody. Thus, "Death to the Fascist Insect that preys upon the Life of the People" became an immediate satirical catch-phrase instead of a rallying cry.

The reaction of the rest of the Left to the Underground units has been mixed. The attitude of most organizations seems typified in the following statement in an editorial entitled "Why the Press promotes Patty & the SLA" on the front page of **The Call** (the October League's newspaper):

> "In these days of increasingly bad conditions and growing discontent and resistance, the establishment, police, FBI and politicians love to have a few of these so-called "terrorists" (usually misled rich kids or college professors) running around in order to discredit the real working class revolutionary forces and fatten up their anti-communist police networks and budgets . . . All the SLA promotion campaigns in the world cannot divert us from our course."[7]

YOUTH ORGANIZE ...P.6 | CHINA DAY ...P.12 | BUSING QUESTION ...P.14 | SECCION EN ESPAÑOL

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD UNITE TO DEFEAT IMPERIALISM

THE CALL

POLITICAL NEWSPAPER OF THE OCTOBER LEAGUE

Volume 4, Number 1 – THE CALL, Post Office Box 5597, Chicago, Ill. 60680 – October, 1975 – Published by the October League (Marxist-Leninist) – 25 cents

PEOPLE UNITE TO FIGHT BACK

While the workers' movement is on the rise, spreading from coast to coast and bringing millions of people into struggle against the capitalist offensive and the effects of the crisis, the task still remains to unite this broad struggle into one organized movement.

It is in this spirit that the October League has initiated a national conference, called for the weekend of Dec. 27-28, for the purpose of uniting the many local fight-back, workers' and unemployed committees and organizations across the U.S.

The call to unite in the fight-back struggle is aimed at building one mass organization of working people to oppose the imperialist system and its murderous offensive against the rights and living conditions everywhere a resistance movement has developed in opposition to the efforts of big business to force the burden of the crisis onto the backs of working people. In West Virginia and other plac-

The support for the clandestine cadres has been more scattered. In the Bay Area there have been at least three support groups formed: the Prairie Fire Organization Committee,[8] the New Dawn Party and the Bay Area Research Collective. Members of BARC, in fact, have been accused of aiding the SLA on the run. In addition there are countless scores of people, not members of any organization, who disagree with the Weather Underground's philosophy or their tactics and yet get an appreciative thrill every time another successful bombing occurs.

While the politics of the SLA, NWLF, etc. are pretty thin when mentioned at all, the Weather Underground has been explicit since the publication of **Prairie Fire** in aligning itself with Marxism-Leninism. In **Osawatomie** No. 3 Bernardine Dohrn goes into this at some length. Once far out in left field, the Weatherpeople are now beginning to call for unity on the Left, not berating those who still aren't Weatherpeople.

6. As I finish this article, Patty Hearst and the Harrises have been apprehended for over a month and more information about the SLA may be forthcoming.

7. The October League, "Call Editorial/Why The Press Promotes Patty & the SLA," The Call, October, 1975, page 1.

8. The PFOC is a national group just over a year old. While deriving much of their political inspiration from Prairie Fire, and, in fact, helping to sell and distribute it, they should not be thought of as just a "support group." As an article in the Sept.-Oct. Work Force details, PFOC has been busy trying to work with other groups and organize among the unemployed.

MAOISTS AND EX-MAOISTS

The same SDS convention which produced the Weathermen (now the Weather Underground) also saw the creation of the Revolutionary Youth Movement II (RYM II) faction. "Towards a Revolutionary Youth Movement" was the name of a position paper written by Michael Klonsky, SDS President for 68-69. Emphasizing the centrality of youth (and particularly working-class youth) in any revolutionary movement, it had been adopted by SDS at the December, 1968 National Council. At the June, 1969 Convention, the people closely identified with the RYM outlook had moved into two further groupings: the Weathermen and RYM II. Got it? It certainly confused me at the time. Both groupings were more or less united in their opposition to the Progressive Labor Party faction in SDS, an uncompromising Maoist caucus who had infuriated just about everyone who wasn't already a PL member. At the June Convention, the PL faction was finally kicked out, leaving the two RYM tendencies to pursue their own paths. The Weatherpeople, more "action" oriented, went on to their "Days of Rage" trashings and the journey underground. RYM II, tied more to traditional "organizing" among the "working class," came to denounce the Weathermen for "arrogance. . . sectarianism and adventurism,"[9] and eventually transmuted into a number of groups in the wake of SDS's evaporation. The two most significant, in 1975-6, are the October League and the Revolutionary Union (now the Revolutionary Communist Party.)

The October League, under the chairmanship of Michael Klonsky, is one of the largest groups on the Left, and rather ironically, in view of RYM II's old struggles with PL, is probably the most fervently "Maoist." What this boils down to is a pre-eminent place given to "Marxist-Leninist-Mao Tse-tung Thought," an agreement with China's world-view, a spirited and constant battle against the Soviet-aligned "revisionism" of the Communist Party (CPUSA), and support for the call to establish a new communist party to unite the Left. The OL derives its name from both the Russian and the Chinese Revolutions which occurred in October 1917 and 1949 respectively.

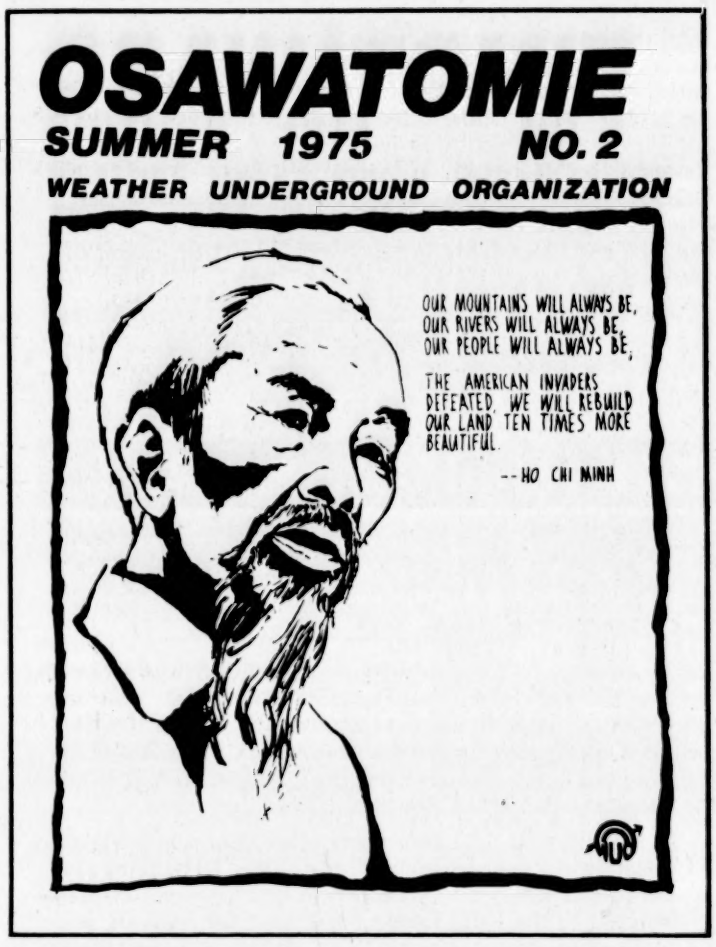
Like many of the current groups on the Left, the OL has been active in labor union work, pro-busing coalitions, and organizing the unemployed. OL has caught some flak from others on the Left for its negative view of gays and homosexuality. Seeing gays as "a product of bourgeois decadence" who would have to be re-educated under socialism."[10] OL understandably has few friends among the wing of the Left who see gay liberation as an important political and cultural battle.

When I first began re-exploring the current Left, I discovered that one of the major ideological controversies being batted back and forth by various groups was what is called "The National Question." This controversy revolves around the right of Third World groups (Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, etc.) to organize themselves into "nationalist" organizations, their right to "self-determination," and, in the case of the blacks in the "Black Belt" South, to secede from the U.S. if they want. The struggle over this issue on the Left is, in part, an attempt to forge some unity between the white Left and the Third World revolutionaries who evolved their own separate organizations in the latter part of the 60's. It is also a re-examination of the current radial conditions in the U.S. in the light of the Communist International's 1928 & 1930 resolutions on Civil Rights and Stalin's advice regarding national minorities. This latter aspect of the "National Question" struck me as a trifle bizarre when I first ran into it, and it still does. Whatever its irrelevancy to those not in the Left, there is no question that the "National Question" is one of the major causes of Left disunity. The OL stands firmly in favor of Nationalist self-determination, and the Black Belt right to secede, but ultimately "call(s) for Marxist-Leninists to unite in one multi-national organization."[11]

9. Sale, page 591.

10. Irwin Silber, "NAM holds national convention," Guardian, August 27, 1975, page 7. The OL references were in the body of this article referring to an incident at the NAM convention.

11. The October League, "Report from Third National Congress," The Call, August, 1975, page 12.



The Revolutionary Communist Party (formerly the Revolutionary Union) is the other major RYM II successor. Roughly the same size as OL, it's leader is Bob Avakian, who was on the 1969 SDS National Interim Committee (along with Michael Klonsky, Bernardine Dohrn, among others.) The RCP is also fervently Maoist, though it is a bitter enemy of the OL. In its previous incarnation as the RU, the RCP was also vocal in calling for a "new party" but in September, 1975 it decided that it *was* the new party and changed its name accordingly.

The RCP has taken a number of unpopular positions which other groups such as OL term "chauvinist" and "opportunist." The RCP sees nationalist groups as "Bundism,"[12] "narrow Nationalism as the main danger"[13] to the Left currently, and is *anti-busing*, calling busing "an assault by the bourgeoisie on the masses . . . to promote disunity and weaken all the struggles of the working class and its allies."[14] The RCP is also active in militant union organizing, particularly in the American Postal Workers Union, and is a strong presence in the U.S.-China People's Friendship Association. According to a number of reports, RCP (then RU) has been disruptive in several organizations by insisting that only their political line was correct, and RU members went so far as to steal equipment from the People's Translation Service in Berkeley, the Rest of the News tape service in Ithaca, N.Y., and the Indochina Solidarity Committee, after arousing conflicts and internal struggling.[15]

The national office of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization was "taken over" by the RCP,[16] and has since split into the RCP-oriented Revolutionary Veterans Organization and a separate Winter Soldiers Organization, which are pursuing different policies as to how veteran-oriented they will remain.

12. Carl Davidson, "Which side are you on?" (column), Guardian, October 8, 1975, page 9.

13. Carl Davidson, (column), Guardian, Sept. 24, 1975, page 9.

14. Revolutionary Communist Party, "Mass Resistance to Ruling Class Attack," Revolution, October, 1975, page 6.

15. Ron Bunch, "The Danger of RU," WIN, August 7, 1975, page 17.

16. Ibid.

All of this is reminiscent of the effect that PL had on SDS and other groups on the Left in the late 60's. This is particularly ironic in view of Bob Avakian's stand with RYM II in 1969 in opposing the uncompromising tactics of PL. Six years later, the RCP finds itself increasingly isolated from the rest of the Left – at the very point that it is calling for a "broad united front against U.S. Imperialism."

What of the Progressive Labor Party, which became the center of so much controversy and tension in SDS? They are still around and active, though some of their 60's momentum has since waned. PL was at variance with the rest of SDS at the end of the 60's over two basic issues. Like the RCP now, PL viewed Nationalism as "a bourgeois idea, which infects workers and prevents them from winning their freedom from the capitalist class."[17] PL rejected the leadership of the Black Panther Party which was at its strongest then. The BPP was considered THE Vanguard Party by many in SDS and this was unacceptable to PL who reserved that title for themselves. For their part, the Panthers announced that "If the Progressive Labor Party continues its egocentric policies and revisionist behavior, they will be considered as counter-revolutionary traitors and will be dealt with as such."[18] PL also decided that North Vietnam and the NLF had sold out the Vietnamese people to U.S. Imperialism by agreeing to negotiations instead of fighting to final victory.[19] (This was in 1969, you will recall.) Cuba was also in PL's doghouse, which was getting to be a rather crowded place.

Following the June, 1969 SDS Convention, and their expulsion at the hands of the RYM people, the PL faction continued on with their own "SDS," complete with its own offices and **New Left Notes** newspaper in Boston. The PL-SDS limped along for a year or two, and eventually evaporated. The PLP today is active in the Unions, an area of radical endeavor they almost single-handedly advocated in the 60's. In the 70's such a locale for organizing is no longer so alien to a Left which has largely long-since passed its student days and is now part of the workforce like most everyone else. They have a strong presence among the rank and file Hospital workers. PLP has also been involved in active busing support through the Committee Against Racism (CAR) in Boston and New York.

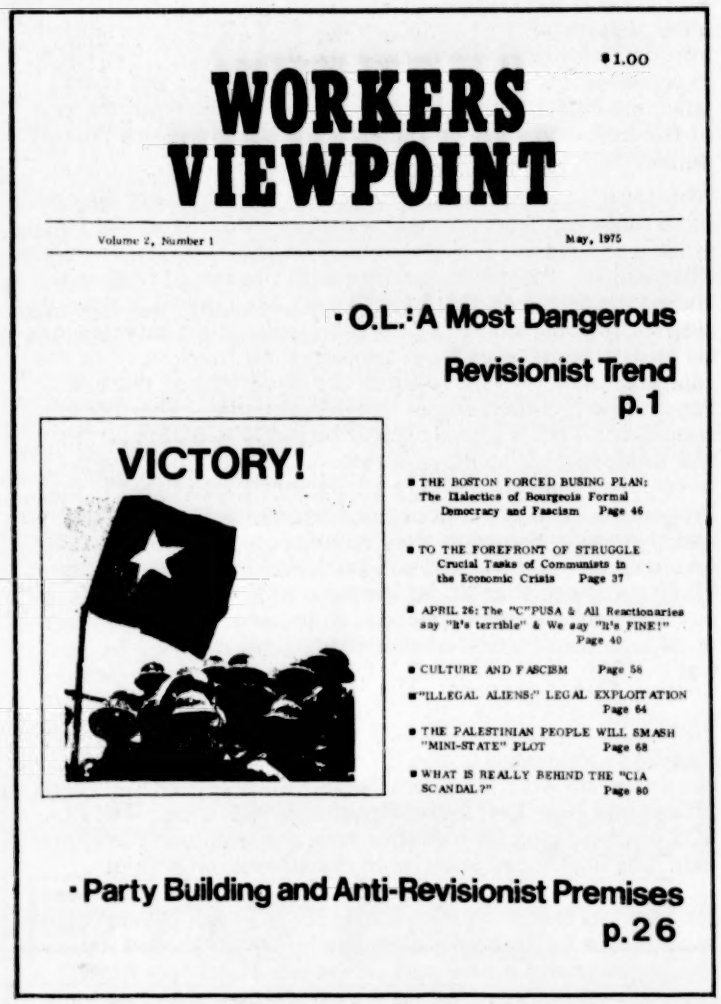
PLP began as a splinter of 50 people who broke with the CPUSA over China's role in the world communist movement. Originally Maoist, PLP came down hard against China following Kissinger and Nixon's visits there, and the resulting easing of direct animosity between the two nations.

Currently, PLP is a mixed bag of virtues and flaws. From the mid-sixties on, PL has come down particularly hard against "drug-users" in their own ranks (i.e. marijuana users) – an ill-considered policy to be sure, which bespeaks of an inherent puritanism in the PL leadership. This, combined with a rather scabrous style makes the PLP hard for many to relate to.

A smaller group which is an offshoot of PL called Workers Viewpoint (WV) should be noted. They are strict adherents to their version of "Marxist-Leninist-Mao Tse-tung Thought," are big proponents of building a new anti-revisionist party, see "forced busing" as a liberal bourgeois "divide and rule" plot, and oppose every other Communist party as revisionist or opportunist. In their effort to build a new party and develop "the correct political line," they have a particular relish for "polemics" – exchanging critical essays with other Communist organizations pointing out the mistakes of the others' theories and policies. Thus in the May, 1975 issue of **Workers Viewpoint** they ran a 25-page article about the October League entitled: "OL: A Most Dangerous Revisionist Trend in the U.S. Communist Movement."

Workers Viewpoint is mainly active in the north-eastern part of the country, particularly around the issue of busing, which

17. Sale, p. 534. 18. Ibid, p. 569. 19. Ibid, p. 535.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WORKERS VIEWPOINT
Volume 2, Number 1
May, 1975
• O.L.: A Most Dangerous Revisionist Trend p.1
VICTORY!
■ THE BOSTON FORCED BUSING PLAN: The Dialectics of Bourgeois Formal Democracy and Fascism Page 46
■ TO THE FOREFRONT OF STRUGGLE Crucial Tasks of Communists in the Economic Crisis Page 37
■ APRIL 26: The "C"PUSA & All Reactionaries say "It's terrible" & We say "It's FINE!" Page 40
■ CULTURE AND FASCISM Page 56
■ "ILLEGAL ALIENS:" LEGAL EXPLOITATION Page 64
■ THE PALESTINIAN PEOPLE WILL SMASH "MINI-STATE" PLOT Page 68
■ WHAT IS REALLY BEHIND THE "CIA SCANDAL?" Page 80
• Party Building and Anti-Revisionist Premises p.26

it contends may well usher in Fascism.[20] Despite its seeming agreement with the RCP over the evil of busing, WV differs with them over the correct *interpretation* of busing[21] and over "party building."[22] Thus, despite their call for a new party, it appears that WV is not close to merging with anyone, and if their brand of polemics is any indication, they never will.

Another small group (600 members)[23] that has been the target of quite a few polemics is the Communist Labor Party (formerly the Communist League.) The CLP is best represented in Detroit at some auto plants, and according to their own literature they "played the role of spark-plug in the national miners' strike,"[24] in August. The CLP is a cadre organization using Democratic Centralism (group decisions of policy and tactics are discussed by all, a vote is taken and everyone is then bound to carry out the decisions, whether they originally disagreed or not.) They are very union-oriented and work in that area to the exclusion of just about everything else.

BULLHORNS AND CHAINS

Some readers, particularly those who live in large cities, may already be familiar with the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), also known as the U.S. Labor Party. In San Francisco, NCLC turns up from time to time at the Powell St. Plaza, a favorite tourist spot for boarding cable cars, and lectures passersby through bull-horns. Members also frequent Safeways, selling their newspaper **New Solidarity** to shoppers in the parking lot. Neither practice is *that* unusual, it is only when one begins to listen to a particular speech or read their newspaper that true confusion sets in. One discovers that Senator Henry "Peking" Jackson is a Maoist,[25] and that U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi in league with his brother Julian "developed the Black Peach Stone Rangers gang (in Chicago) and their religious offshoot, the B'nai Zakeem, into fascist shock troops."[26] As one investigates NCLC "teachings" one discovers that Rockefeller is behind literally everything (and they do mean everything), and that the CIA and Maoists are interchangeable in their roster of devils.

A very strange group. Headed and founded by Lyn Marcus (Lenin-Marx, get it?) a middle-aged management consultant who is now running for president under his real name of Lyndon LaRouche, Jr. on the U.S. Labor Party ticket, NCLC first gained notoriety through their self-proclaimed "Operation Mop-Up" where they broke up meetings of the CPUSA and Socialist Workers Party with clubs, chains, and karate weapons![27] A current action which receives much coverage in **New Solidarity** is their on-going "political strike" against K-Mart, which consists of picketing and turning away K-Mart customers because NCLC people have run into some setbacks in their usual course of propositioning customers and peddling **New Solidarity** in K-Mart parking lots.

Oddly enough, NCLC currently has a $48,000 loan from Chase Manhattan Bank, which is a Rockefeller bank.[28] Their operations include a publishing firm, a press service, a teletype network, video tape production and a slick magazine, **The Campaigner**. And perhaps most intriguing of all is the following account of an NCLC foul-up:

> "Last fall, a (U.S.) Labor Party telex operator mistakenly dialed into the newsrooms of the Ritter Newspapers in Minneapolis-St. Paul. Included in the cables which were brought to the **Fifth Estate** newspaper for analysis, were two sets of instructions to NCLC cadres that were quite revealing. An NCLC group in Milwaukee received instructions to brief the "chief of the Milwaukee police." A Detroit NCLC group was told to establish contact with the local branch of the American Independent Party, a well-known right-wing organization."[29]

While it is fairly clear what the NCLC is against, it is not at all clear what they are *for*. At a time when almost all organizations on the Left are clarifying their political line rather painstakingly, NCLC has never shown any of any kind in the literature of theirs I've read. They serve best as a disruptive force among radicals, and it is little surprise that many view them as provocateurs and police agents.

THE CPUSA

I've covered the current organizations on the Left with direct ties to SDS, and, in speaking of the PLP, I mentioned their historical origin as an offshoot of the Communist Party of the United States. No survey of the Left would be complete without discussing the CPUSA and the role it has played. The Communist Party was originally founded in 1919 in response to the inspiration of the Russian Revolution. Throughout the 20's and 30's it went through many permutations, having to go more underground at times due to heavy government repression (such as the Palmer Raids of 1921) and suffering splits and factional in-fighting at other times. CPUSA members were active in unemployment organizing and union work in the 30's, being one of the chief forces behind the CIO.[30] Yet, as WWII came along, the CPUSA temporarily eclipsed from sight. With the 40's topped off by Nixon's red-baiting leading into the chilling McCarthyism of the 50's, the CPUSA found it rough going and modified its militance accordingly. When Krushchev

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20. Workers Viewpoint, "The Boston Forced Busing Plan: The Dialectics of Bourgeois Formal Democracy and Fascism," Workers Viewpoint, May, 1975, page 54.

21. Ibid, page 46.

22. Ibid, "Party Building and Anti-Revisionist Premises," page 35.

23. Communist Labor Party, "Report from the Secretariat," People's Tribune: Special Supplement, October 1, 1975, page 1.

24. Ibid.

25. Barbara Dreyfuss, "Scoop tse-Dung Sets Terms for Rockefeller's Bogus Oil Debate," New Solidarity, Sept. 4, 1975, page 1.

26. Mel Brown, "B'Nai Zakeem: The Levi Brothers' Black Gestapo," Ibid, page 5.

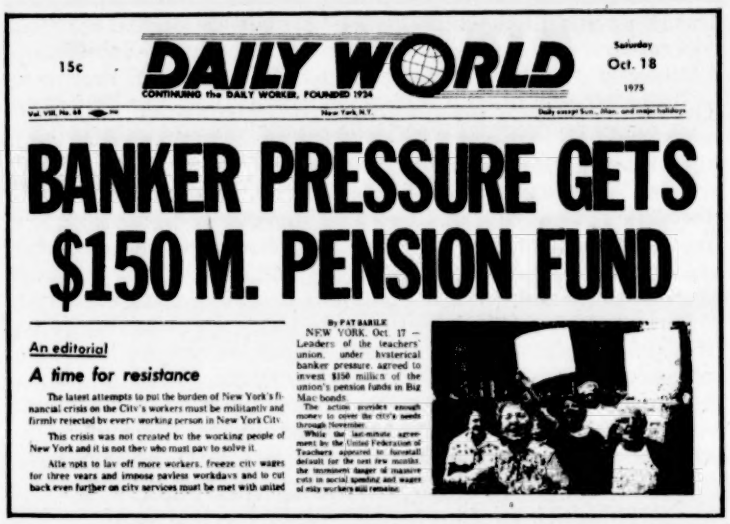
27. L.A. Star, Vol. 3, No. 52, page 12.

28. The October League, "U.S. 'Labor' Party: Neo-Fascist Gang," The Call, August, 1975, page 6. While some of the opinions in this article are undeniably partisan, I have no reason to doubt the veracity of its facts.

29. Ibid.

30. Prairie Fire, page 72.

denounced Stalin in 1956 and ushered in the era of the "three peacefuls" (peaceful competition, peaceful coexistence and peaceful transition to Socialism)[31] the CPUSA followed. Today the CPUSA is still tied to the policies of the USSR, and Gus Hall, the CPUSA's General Secretary, is one of the biggest defenders of the official "detente" policy. In line with the cooling of Soviet vehemence (which the Chinese see as "Revisionism") the CPUSA today believes in moving to Socialism through the accepted electoral channels, and is generally critical of active revolutionaries.



15c DAILY WORLD CONTINUING the DAILY WORKER, FOUNDED 1924 Saturday Oct. 18 1975

New York, N.Y.

BANKER PRESSURE GETS $150 M. PENSION FUND

By PAT BARILE

NEW YORK, Oct. 17 — Leaders of the teachers' union, under hysterical banker pressure, agreed to invest $150 million of the union's pension funds in Big Mac bonds.

The action provides enough money to cover the city's needs through November.

While the last-minute agreement by the United Federation of Teachers appeared to forestall default for the next few months, the imminent danger of massive cuts in social spending and wages of city workers still remains.

An editorial

A time for resistance

The latest attempts to put the burden of New York's financial crisis on the City's workers must be militantly and firmly rejected by every working person in New York City.

This crisis was not created by the working people of New York and it is not they who must pay to solve it.

Attempts to lay off more workers, freeze city wages for three years and impose payless workdays and to cut back even further on city services must be met with united

The New Left denigration of the CPUSA as a bunch of old has-beens had its core of truth. However, the CPUSA is still the largest party on the Left, publishes a daily newspaper (the **Daily World**), has members spread across the country, and is active in much of the progressive community work nationwide. Angela Davis, her ordeals, and sizable national support, have brought much favorable publicity to the Party. Yet, in the broad spectrum of the Left, the CPUSA mainly serves as a target for criticism from all the Marxists who no longer look to the USSR with awe and who allege that the CPUSA has long since ceased to have anything to do with revolution or overturning imperialism. For such Leftists, the CPUSA is where much of the movement began, but is *not* an embodiment of where it is going.

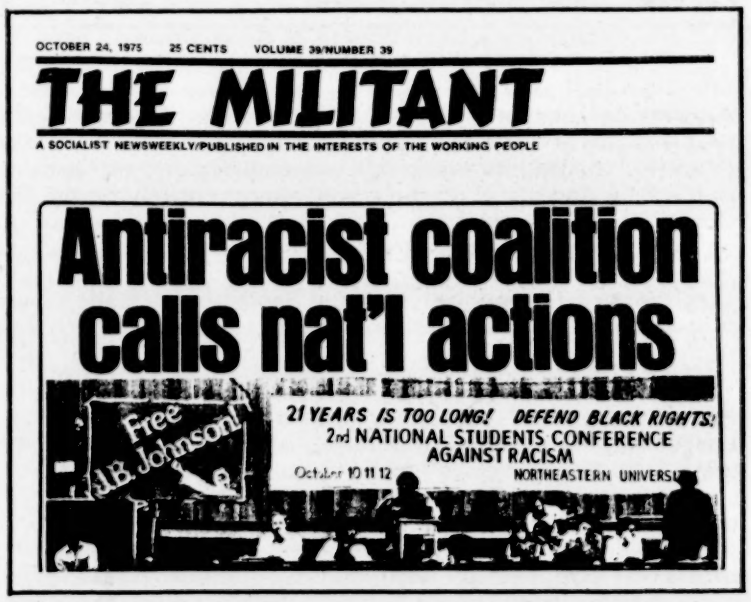
TROTSKYISTS GALORE

The remaining major party on the Left is the Socialist Workers Party. Begun by James Cannon, who was originally with the CPUSA in the 20's, the SWP's history extends back into the 30's. It is a Trotskyist organization, meaning a Marxist group that looks to Leon Trotsky as its chief guiding light. As Commander of the Red Army during the Russian Revolution, Trotsky was one of the top leaders in the USSR, until he came into strong conflict with Stalin, in part over Stalin's policy of "Socialism in One Country," the slogan under which Russia stabilized itself in the 20's and moved towards heavy industrialization. Trotsky felt that it was Russia's foremost duty to push for revolution worldwide, "Permanent Revolution," and he differed with other leaders in the Russian CP over how far and how fast such revolutions could be pushed — believing that they should be "one stage" revolutions which would not cease until true Communism was instituted (and thus "permanent"). Expelled from the CP in 1927 and from Russia in 1929, Trotsky became a prime critic of Stalin and his methods. He formed the Fourth International in opposition to the Third which was under the guidance of Stalin. On August 20th, 1940, Trotsky was assassinated by an ice-pick wielding Soviet agent in Mexico City.

Building on this tradition and history, the SWP stands in opposition to the present regimes in both Russia and China. The SWP and their youth group, the Young Socialist Alliance, were active in the leadership of the large mass mobilizations against the Vietnam War and came into conflict with many radicals by refusing to support the slogan "Sign the Treaty." SWP considered "U.S. Out of Indochina Now" the superior slogan.[32] Further conflicts between SWP and other Leftists (particularly Maoists) have arisen over the SWP's advocacy of the electoral system in achieving Socialist goals, and their support for a Black political party to rival the GOPs and Dems. For the most part, the SWP seems to mind its own business, running its members for national and local offices, and only occasionally engaging in polemics. Its thrust is towards building a mass party rather than a vanguard party with a cadre organization.

Perhaps the area where the SWP has been most valuable lately is in their ground-breaking court cases against FBI "Cointelpro" operations and harassment. By forcing the FBI to release files containing more than 400 documents, in March of 1975, the SWP brought to light proof of Government harassment of opposition political groups. Files released in March, and additional ones in October, revealed right-wing attacks on SWP coordinated by the FBI, attempts to get SWP candidates thrown off the ballot, FBI burglaries of members' homes and a host of other astounding activities.[33] Such accounts reveal both how seriously the Government takes potential threats to its rule, *and* the extent to which they will go in thwarting dissent.

One thing in SWP's favor is the skill they exhibit in their media. Their newspaper **The Militant** is one of the most readable and best designed newspapers on the Left. They have perfected the soft sell, avoiding heavy and ill-defined rhetoric, and carefully balancing out the bad news with the good, even if this does lead to endless articles on a Chapter's success in selling **Militants** locally. Though the SWP doesn't dwell on its relation to Trotsky in its public contact, it is unlikely that it will ever get any support from the rest of the Left.



OCTOBER 24, 1975 25 CENTS VOLUME 39/NUMBER 39

THE MILITANT

A SOCIALIST NEWSWEEKLY/PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

Antiracist coalition calls nat'l actions

Free J.B. Johnson!

21 YEARS IS TOO LONG! DEFEND BLACK RIGHTS!

2nd NATIONAL STUDENTS CONFERENCE AGAINST RACISM

October 10 11 12 NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Despite their somewhat beleaguered position on the Left, the Trotskyists are far from united among themselves. In fact, one SWP member I talked with voiced the old adage: "With *one* Trot you have a Party, and with *two* you have a split." Fearing for my sanity, I will forego trying to delineate all of the differences between the Trotskyist groups and just try to mention a few in passing. Readers desiring further information are directed to the addresses listed in the guide to Leftist Publications at the end of this article.

The Spartacist League (SL) is a splinter group with origins in the Revolutionary Tendency faction of SWP.[34] They are most notable for the incredible rhetoric which comes rolling off the pages of **Workers Vanguard**, their weekly newspaper. Such winning phrases as: "unprincipled fake-Trotskyist

31. Carl Davidson, Left in Form, Right in Essence, a Guardian pamphlet, page 3.

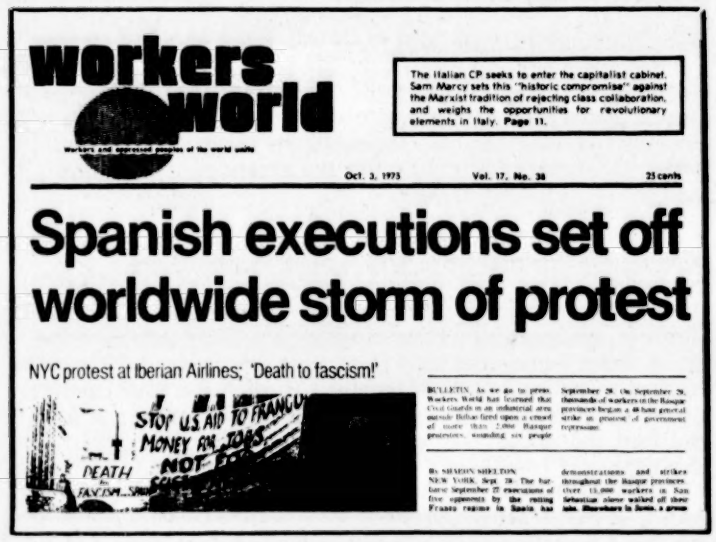
32. Tony Thomas, Marxism vs Maoism, Pathfinder Press, 1974, page 6.

33. Wallace Christensen, L.A. Star, Vol. iii, No. 52.

34. Spartacist League, "Eleven Years of Spartacist Press," Workers Vanguard, Sept. 12, 1975, page 6.

combine," "tying the exploited masses to the class enemy," "subordinate political line to petty factional maneuvers" and (my personal favorite) "If ever there was an example of reformist parliamentary cretinism, this is it!" all bobbed up in the course of one article in a recent issue.[35] I think that despite the optimistic title of their paper, SL seems unlikely to fulfill that role.

The International Socialists (IS) come across far better. Like the SWP, they differ with both Russia and China and have a knack for accessible language and an unthreatening though militant front. The IS is active in Union rank and file organizing, and their newspaper **Workers' Power** has the single best coverage of Union struggles of any paper on the Left.


workers world

workers and oppressed peoples of the world unite

The Italian CP seeks to enter the capitalist cabinet. Sam Marcy sets this "historic compromise" against the Marxist tradition of rejecting class collaboration, and weighs the opportunities for revolutionary elements in Italy. Page 11.

Oct. 3, 1975 Vol. 17, No. 38 25 cents

Spanish executions set off worldwide storm of protest

NYC protest at Iberian Airlines; 'Death to fascism!'

BULLETIN. As we go to press, Workers World has learned that Civil Guards in an industrial area outside Bilbao fired upon a crowd of more than 2,000 Basque protesters, wounding six people

September 28. On September 29, thousands of workers in the Basque provinces began a 48-hour general strike in protest of government repression.

By SIMEON SOLTON

NEW YORK, Sept. 28. The barbaric September 27 executions of five opponents by the ruling Franco regime in Spain has demonstrations and strikes throughout the Basque provinces. Over 15,000 workers in San Sebastian alone walked off their jobs. Elsewhere in Spain, a gener

Another descendent of SWP, the Workers World Party is perhaps best known for its youth group. Youth Against War & Fascism (YAWF). YAWF, though small, was active in anti-war actions in the 60's, and is still on the scene, almost entirely on the East Coast. The WWP newspaper Workers World recently ran photos of YAWF members being arrested after chaining shut doors of Iberia Airlines and taking over the phones in protest of Spain's executions of five revolutionaries in September. "Callers were surprised to her, 'Iberia Airlines. Death to fascism!' " according to the account.[36]

There are several even smaller Trotskyist sects, the Labor Party League, the Trotskyist Organization, the Workers League and more. Some, like the LPL, (slogan: "Rebuild the Fourth International") want to unite the Trotskyists, and I wish them luck. But despite their good intentions, most of these groups in this particular wing of the Left are crippled by convoluted sectarian histories & memories which they continue to dwell upon like stubborn puzzle buffs determined to solve a knotty double-acrostic.

MEANWHILE

Back in the mainstream of the Left, there are few groups that carry on the diffuse tradition of the New Left. There *is* the New American Movement which is caught somewhere between hopes of being a mass party and the inclination to transform it into a disciplined Leninist pre-party. At its convention last August, there were many caucuses representing different tendencies and concerns within NAM: the Socialist-Feminist Caucus, the Gay Caucus, the Marxist-Leninist Caucus, a Learning/Organizing Caucus, and various occupational caucuses. NAM, at this time has just under 600 members and was self-described in a report on the Convention in **New American Movement**, its newspaper, as:

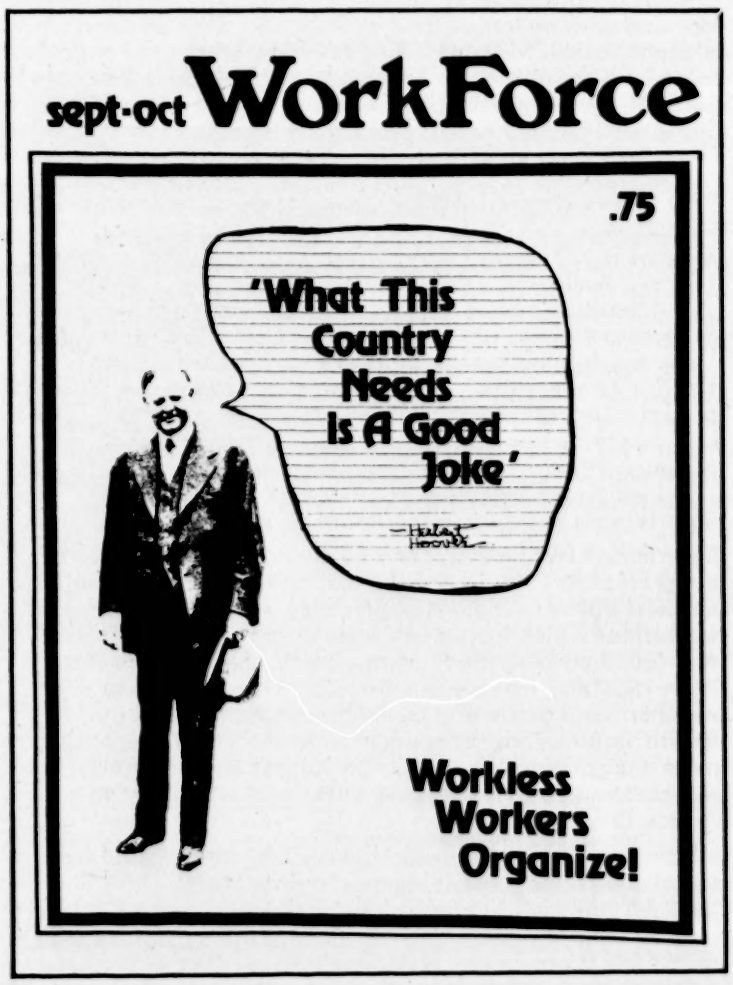
". . . a young organization with a still developing political perspective and unclear structures of leadership and decision-making."[37] It is too early at this point to tell what impact NAM will have on the rest of the Left. Its greatest virtue — a membership composed of well-educated people reflecting a wide variety of conerns — is also its greatest weakness in terms of settling on concrete actions.

SOME INDEPENDENTS

There are several publications that are independent of any formal political ties which are worth mentioning and are recommended for those who are also struggling to achieve a balanced overview of the current Left.

The first of these is the **Guardian**, an "independent radical newsweekly." Now entering its 28th year, the **Guardian** has a sizable staff and a welcome objectivity to its news articles. It concentrates on International news, news of domestic actions by the Government and labor, and has a lively Radical Forum where various polemics and arguments are presented by a variety of groups and individuals. It is Marxist-Leninist in its editorials and columns, and generally presents a rational (if sometimes rhetoric-laden) explication of M-L interpretations of current events. It has been active in the call for a new communist party in the U.S., and has exchanged views with a number of organizations in a non-inflammatory way. It is well designed, and has a superior editorial cartoonist, Bill Day.

Vocations for Social Change publishes **Work Force**, a bi-monthly magazine full of articles, news, job and local program listings all slanted towards changing the system. Not affiliated with any one party not strictly with Marxism-Leninism, **Work Force** has in-depth writing from a variety of people committed to change. With the Sept. - Oct. issue it went to typeset copy (instead of the cheaper but sloppier typewritten look) and all in all is an attractive and useful publication.


sept-oct WorkForce

.75

'What This Country Needs Is A Good Joke'

Workless Workers Organize!

35. Spartacist League, "SWP/OCI Tail Counter-revolution in Portugal," **Workers Vanguard**, August 29, 1975, pages 2 & 11.

36. Workers World, "NYC protest at Iberian Airlines; 'Death to fascism,' " **Workers World**, Oct. 3, 1975, page 1.

37. NAM, "Convention '75," **New American Movement**, Sept. 75, page 9.

The North American Congress on Latin America is an organization concerned with publishing accurate information about the U.S. role in Latin America. The viewpoint they work from is an anti-Imperialist, pro-Socialist one, and this committment often leads them to publish pamphlets and issues of their magazine, **Latin America & Empire Report** which are concerned with subjects such as the U.S. Military and Police apparatus, and national politicians and organized crime, in addition to their usual detailed information on the role of big American money South of the Border.

The **International Bulletin** is a bi-weekly 8-page newsletter devoted to unbiased world news culled from 5 wire services and scores of newspapers and independent sources. Its approach is thorough, if slightly dry, and you'd be amazed at the amount of information they can cram into 8 pages. While there is some level-headed analysis combined with the news it is present only to clarify the content and no particularly partisan positions are taken.

People and the Pursuit of Truth is a monthly 8-page newsletter (a popular format) published partially under the auspices of the Assassination Information Bureau in Massachusetts. The work of the AIB, a 5-man outfit, though more specialized and one-subject oriented than most of the groups mentioned above, deserves mention. In organizing around economic and racial issues, the Left has pretty much ignored the potentially society-shaking implications of the contradictions and officially covered-up aspects of the JFK assassination. The AIB works on the assumption that the JFK assassination issue has enough mass interest and support that it is a valuable thing to organize around. To that end they have gone to over 200 campuses over the last couple of years with a slide-show/film/lecture on the subject of "Who Killed JFK?" This is a serious and potentially explosive can of worms which may have nothing to do with Marx, but everything to do with U.S. Society.

One part of the legacy of Watergate seems to be an increased respect on the Left for research and information. In varying degrees, the five publications above all provide significant information not likely to be found elsewhere.

* * *

Just about all of the groups and organizations I've covered are on the "white" Left. Many claim to be multi-national and several do have a respectable racial and cultural mix to their membership, but by and large the slant is towards the pale end of the skin spectrum. I haven't dealt with the numerous worthy Third World and Women's groups on the Left largely because I have not felt qualified to do so, and because both categories deserve whole separate articles by themselves. This in no way reflects on their relative importance or position on the Left, for many of them, such as the American Indian Movement or the Puerto Rican Socialist Party are playing active roles. It is worth noting however that there is a lot of evidence that the white Left, the 3rd World, and Women's groups are coming out of a period of individual development and are beginning to combine their concerns. For instance, the first National Socialist-Feminist Conference this last July drew over 1600 women together to discuss the state of the Women's Movement and its relation to revolutionary Socialism.[38]

From this survey it is possible to see that there is a lot of activity on the Left in the mid-70's, though much of it is still hidden from the view of the mass media, and a certain amount of its energy is dissipated in factional disputes over the "correct political line" and tactics. As my personal "investigation" proceeded, the point was driven home to me that the activities of parties and factions was only *part* of the picture. For far more people on the Left are not part of any organization but are working (both as individuals and collectives) on tackling the inequalities and injustices in their local communities. One example of this is the Cultural Workers Front, which is a very loose grouping of individual artists, musicians, actors, writers and others in N.Y. and San Francisco. Individually and in small groups they do general movement support projects that utilize their creative talents.

EXXON
"HERE KID, EAT THIS!"
Ford vetoes food aid for hungry kids
At least Marie Antoinette offered the masses "cake" when they demanded food. President Ford offers vetoes.
Ford's reply to millions of ill-nourished American children last week was to veto the child nutrition bill passed by Congress. Acting swiftly and overwhelmingly, however, Congress smashed the presidential roadblock.
Ford's action was the latest White House assault on the living standards of the American people. The food measure he vetoed was to have extended and broadened a variety of child nutrition programs to include low-income pregnant women, children of temporarily unemployed workers and other school food programs for families of four earning less than $9770 annually.
Ford declared that these children were "nonneedy," claiming "if this bill provided for children truly in need, I would give it my wholehearted support." He said he would extend food aid only to "families living in poverty" who earn less than $5000 annually for a family of four.
Child nutrition programs now in effect are geared to a family income level of $8750 annually.
While many of these programs are not immediately endangered by the veto, several could have been stopped if the veto were sustained. These included food aid to pregnant women, school breakfast programs and food assistance to preschool children. The vetoed bill would have also extended aid to lunch programs in institutions housing mentally retarded and physically handicapped children.
This is the reality underlying Ford's blasts at the "greatly expanded" and "fiscally irresponsible" coverage of the $2.7 billion bill. Democrats in Congress had already slashed the bill by $75 million in anticipation of White House objections. Meanwhile, the Senate approved last month a military procurement bill costing some $30 billion.
Ford's veto was supported by the Oct. 7 Wall Street Journal as "courageous," since it was a "pork barrel" extending "benefits to people who really don't need them." The Oct. 5 New York Times, on the other hand, opposed it as "vetoing children," as did many members of Congress. Sen. George McGovern (D-S.D.) called it a "mindless exercise" of "a President who thinks the oil companies should have more and the hungry should have less."

Bill Day cartoon from the **Guardian**.

PROS AND CONS

That Marxism is achieving hegemony on the Left is not, for me, a totally positive development. In the course of my survey I became aware of several negative aspects to this trend, and I'd like to share both with you. If there is any one primary value to my reactions it is that I've been looking at the Left again with an openness to being convinced *and* with a personal resolution to try to remain true to my instincts and values. Let's begin with my Positive reactions.

Economically and politically the Marxist analysis of capitalism (and imperialism) hits me as essentially correct. For most Americans to reach this same conclusion would require a re-examination of the role of the U.S. in the world. Was the CIA-assisted overthrow of Allende in Chile, done in the interest of furthering "Democracy" or for perpetuating the interests of outsized multinational corporations? The first sentence of an article in **Billboard** magazine (a major trade newsweekly of the record and entertainment industry) earlier this year is particularly revealing. Titled "Vietnam: a Major Market Fades" the article began: "The takeover by the communists in Vietnam was the final closing of a mart that had meant countless thousands of dollars in record sales for U.S. labels."[39] While I would not want to conclude that the U.S. was in Vietnam for the sole purpose of selling records that were exposed via Armed Forces radio stations, it is fairly clear these days that America's political interests are almost impossible to separate from its business interests. It is far less clear that these business interests are identical to the interests of "Democracy," and I would contend that the government is far more willing to sacrifice the latter in the service of the former than vice versa. Readers are directed to Robert Scheer's absorbing **America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals** (McGraw-Hill, 1974, $7.95) for a compelling elucidation of this.

In addition to their analysis of our current political and economic realities, I am attracted by the Left's willingness to support major and minor societal change, to help correct the inequalities and injustices of Capitalism. Instead of hysterical paralysis, many on the Left have been involved with food co-ops, people's printshops, child care collectives, people's law services and other concretely helpful and useful

38. Berkeley Oakland Women's Union, "Socialist Feminism: 1975," Work Force, Sept.-Oct., 1975, page 29.

39. Claude Hall, "Vietnam: a Major Market Fades," Billboard, May 17, 1975, page 1.

projects. This is in contrast to a government which has been intent upon increasing military spending at the expense of social programs. The food and energy shortages all indicate that in order to survive, we will have to alter our priorities, and the U.S. system, drastically. The co-ops and collectives are a step in the right direction and speak well of the Left's vision of the future.

Their acknowledgement of the interdependence of nations, of the reliance of the developed industrial nations upon the Third World and vice versa, and the notion of international brotherhood, are also strong virtues. The recent United Nations call by the Third World for a "New World Order" was overdue, and efforts to that end will be essential in the years to come. In contrast to the Superpowers' attempts to keep the lid on the status quo, the Left embraces this call for change. Garrett Hardin's notions of the U.S. as a lifeboat which can (and must) go it alone or be pulled under (see CQ Summer '75 issue) fails to acknowledge the already inextricably intertwined nature of the U.S. reliance on Third World labor and resources. The Left is fulfilling the traditional American role of sticking up for the underdog, by fighting for the rights of the small countries and working people to have more say over their own fates.

* * *

Granting the virtues above does not erase several faults of the Left from my awareness. Without wanting to descend into the simplistic Anti-Communism which has been the bane of American thought for the last thirty years, the seriousness of the situation and solutions being sought demands the raising of some serious doubts. My understanding of Marxism is rudimentary enough that I am unprepared, at this point, to give an in-depth critique of it as a system. I can, however, offer some criticism of the Left's "style" and the tactics espoused for effecting revolution.

(83) 于是，职工们从上门服务"三定"中找到了差距，举一反三，进行开门整风，反骄破满，开展"四查、一斗"活动，并且深入里委、街道，主动、虚心征求工农兵群众的意见，改进工作。

Much lip-service is given, in Marxist-Leninist literature, to the notion that the working class can, and must, bring about the revolution. The rhetoric prevalent on the Left is of a particularly hoary sort which George Orwell described with lasting perception in 1944 as "a bastard vocabulary made up of Russian and German phrases translated with the maximum of clumsiness."[40] While some of the Left recognize the disservice such language does to clear communication, too many Leftists seem to revel in rhetorical convolutions. I dare any worker to make heads or tails of:

40. George Orwell, "Propaganda and Demotic Speech," Persuasion, 1944.

"minorityite elements in this fake-Trotskyist swamp may coalesce around the grotesque reformist impulse to front for the counterrevolutionary mobilization."[41] Almost all revolutionary groups suffer from this, though the SWP and the IS successfully avoid it on most occassions. Workers, (or Labor as most Americans are more used to saying) aren't going to be rallied to a cause if they can't tell what the hell anyone is saying.

Another problem is the "Orthodox Impulse" of the Left. This manifests itself in the notion that the correct rules for Revolution have already been laid down by Marx (or Lenin or Stalin or Mao) and that unswerving devotion to these rules is essential for ultimate success. Rhetoric such as "revisionist," "opportunist," "reformist," and "ultra-leftist" ultimately have only relative meaning. It is not uncommon to find two opposing groups (such as OL and Workers Viewpoint) using the same derogatory labels to describe each other. Robert Anton Wilson wrote a good tongue-in-cheek critique of this in the wake of the SDS split which it is worth quoting here:

> "Darwin revised Linnaeus, Einstein revised Newton, Galileo revised Ptolemy, and such continuous correction of basic axioms is customary in science. However, in theology, basic axioms must never be questioned, and hence when both factions of . . . SDS describe each other as "revisionists," this is not a compliment meaning "You have discovered something new," but is instead an insult meaning "You lack true Faith." "[42]

The Orthodox Impulse is behind the weird, floating, solipsistic, feeling that plagued me whenever I read literature from competing groups in quick succession. If PL was right, then RU was wrong. If RU was right, then PL was wrong. But what if I thought they were both partly right and partly wrong? Then obviously *I* was wrong! The root of this confusion comes from seeing conflicts as two-line struggles, between which there can be no compromise. The more adamant Marxists do this continually, and it will only be as the Left recognizes the destructive aspects of this world-view that a revolution will be able to be built that isn't inherently self-serving.

The next problem I'll call "The Spiritual Question" (in the same vein as "The National Question" or "The Woman Question.") Significant numbers of the people who were part of the anti-war movement and the "counter-culture" have been involved in "The Spiritual Movement" over the last decade or so. This is an amorphous movement (shades of the New Left) which includes people practicing Yoga, meditation, vegetarianism, Sufi dancing, spiritual healing, ritual magic, ESP, and Tai Chi. The unifying belief behind much of the movement is: "To change Society you must first change yourself." This is at odds with the Leftist notion that "You can't truly change yourself until you change Society." Where problems arise here is over the validity of inner experience, over the validity of religious beliefs, and over the implications of certain spiritual and occult ideas.

An increasing body of evidence has been building up during this century which indicates that concepts such as pre-cognition, telekinesis, clairvoyance, and astral bodies have a basis in reality.[43] There are as many people meditating and experiencing different levels of consciousness as there are people who believe in the need for revolution, and no amount of Marxist muttering about "superstition" or "mysticism" can change that fact. To the degree that spiritual beliefs and practices encourage quietism and passivity in the face of oppression and injustice, they can be rightfully criticized. Marxism-Leninism can be rightfully criticized when it writes off the possibility of there being further dimensions to our existence than the material.

41. Workers Vanguard, op. cit.

42. Robert Anton Wilson, "The Hodge-Podge Principle," RogerSPARK, July, 1969.

43. Two best-selling paperbacks, Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain and The Secret Life of Plants are as good an introduction to the area as any, and should prove easy to find.

Ultimately there should be no division between the spiritual and the political. Both areas of existence would benefit from greater interaction with each other, for the ideals they hold are not too divergent.

The question of violence enters into the picture here and deserves some discussion. The Weather Underground Organization speaks for Marxism-Leninism in general when it says: "For the seizure of power from the imperialists, armed struggle will be decisive."[44] Many groups disagree with the Weather Underground over the point at which violence becomes proper, the WUO contending that it has its uses right now, as well as later, as the struggle intensifies. I found most organizations contending that ultimately revolution *is* war, and that those in power were very unlikely to give up their power peacefully. Hence the need for armed struggle.

The WUO states:

> "It is a right wing error to argue that only legal forms of struggle are legitimate. For some, no level of mass struggle will justify armed struggle; these are naive and irresponsible people, never ready to raise the question of violence or the need to fight and ultimately win state power. They play into the state's strategy to separate out the warriors from the other parts of the revolutionary movement."[45]

This tendency to consider Pacifists and non-violent people as liabilities is an unfortunate aspect of many Leftists. It is around this issue that a major conflict is sure to rise on the Left, for just as many (and probably more) people were against the Vietnam War because it was a *war*, as were against it because it was an unjust or imperialist war. The call to a revolutionary war is likely to arouse the same anarchistic noncooperation from them that the government's beckoning to Indochina did. The Will to War has given us the obscene nuclear arms race as its logical and crowning achievement. It strikes me as unrealistic to presume to battle the government with rifles and hand-made bombs when they have tanks and missles. Vietnam did prove that guerrilla tactics can win out over superior weaponry, but it was at the price of millions of lives and acres of land.

It is not just American exceptionalism to suggest that given the complexity of American society, and the generally high educational level of the people in it, that other means can be found to effect major social change. I am not suggesting that classical non-violence (e.g., sit-ins, etc.) is the only acceptable method; far from it. If judo and karate prove anything it is that value of rolling with the punch and tripping your opponent with his own momentum. Chewing gum jams complex machinery just as well as bullets, and it tastes better.

Convincing people that a revolution is necessary and ultimately in their interest, even if it will probably mean a lowered standard of living for millions of them, is hard enough. (The lower standard of living will come *anyway*, one way or the other, particularly with capitalism still in power for the next 50 years.) But to rally millions to a heroic revolutionary war, which promises their children dead and their grandmothers blown up, will be a feat that even Madison Avenue would find incredibly hard.

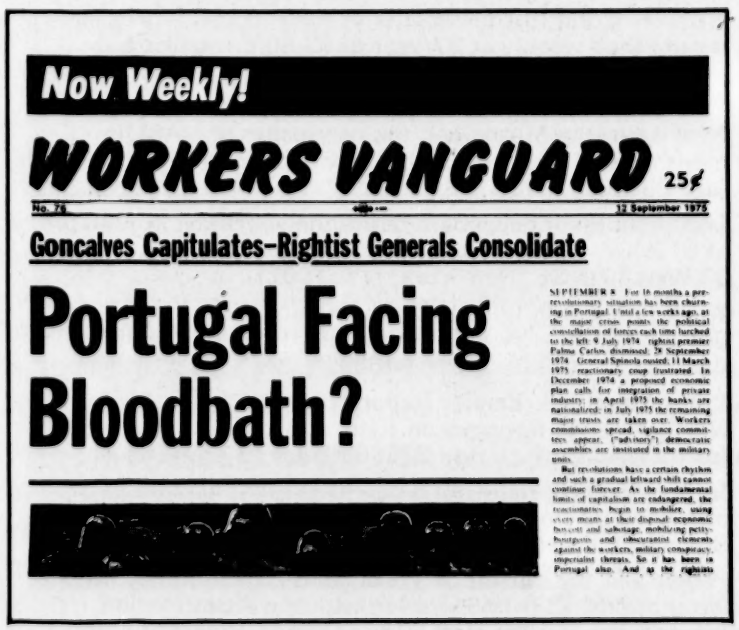
（76）一九六九年十一月十六日凌晨，黄炒郎同志逝世了。他是毛泽东思想哺育下成长起来的无产阶级先锋战士，是无产阶级专政下继续革命的好干部，他战斗的一生，实践了他生前的誓言。他为巩固无产阶级专政而斗争的光辉事迹，永远鼓舞着千千万万人民为实现伟大的共产主义理想而战斗！

Also disturbing is the willingness of some underground groups and their supporters to hand out death warrants to "traitors." The New Dawn collective, in the course of a statement on one such "fair target for revolutionary justice," stated the following:

> "Once upon a time this used to be a game . . . Now it is life or death. The underground is laying down new rules. Those who think and act with total committment are drawing the lines. Death to traitors. . . We can no longer accept that only the most overt ruling class pigs are the enemy. The people who do their day to day dirty work, pacifying and bullying the people, will also be seen as the primary enemy. . ."[46]

These people scare the hell out of me and a lot of other people, for they seem to be operating with the revolutionary equivalent of the government rationale for wiretapping. ("Why should you mind wiretaps unless you have something to hide?") Guerrillas who operate without the support of the populace become elitists with guns, and it is unlikely that the underground groups who operate under such logic will get the wide support of most people (working or otherwise). If revolutionary justice means faceless revolutionaries deciding who are pigs and killing them forthwith without trial or mercy, then even the most innocent common person may justifiably shake in his shoes — for who is so pure that they can withstand the glare of final judgement? The masses bank at Bank of America, patronize Safeway and Standard Oil, work for Lockheed or GM, and probably voted for Nixon in '72. Whose hands *aren't* soiled by direct and indirect contact with the "ruling class pigs?" Precious few. Tactics and edicts which scare most people serve no end but that of alienating people from social change.

A few other problems of Marxism-Leninism on the Left come to mind: the unfortunate willingness of the Left to


Now Weekly!

WORKERS VANGUARD 25¢

No. 78 — 12 September 1975

Goncalves Capitulates–Rightist Generals Consolidate

Portugal Facing Bloodbath?

SEPTEMBER 8 For 16 months a pre-revolutionary situation has been churning in Portugal. Until a few weeks ago, at the major cross points the political constellation of forces each time lurched to the left. 9 July 1974 rightist premier Palma Carlos dismissed. 28 September 1974 General Spinola ousted. 11 March 1975 reactionary coup frustrated. In December 1974 a proposed economic plan calls for integration of private industry; in April 1975 the banks are nationalized; in July 1975 the remaining major trusts are taken over. Workers commissions spread, vigilance committees appear. ("Military") democratic assemblies are instituted in the military units.

But revolutions have a certain rhythm and such a gradual leftward shift cannot continue forever. As the fundamental limits of capitalism are endangered, the reactionaries begin to mobilize, using every means at their disposal: economic boycott and sabotage, mobilizing petty-bourgeois and obscurantist elements against the workers, military conspiracy, imperialist threats. So it has been in Portugal also. And as the rightists

Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965

44. Weather Underground Organization, "Politics in Command," Seize the Time, October, 1975, page 8.

45. Ibid, page 9.

46. New Dawn Collective, "New Dawn on Maalik," The People United, Oct. 1975, page 9.

（16）列宁在会上作了关于当前形势的报告。列宁在报告中指出，苏维埃夺取政权的政治基础已经完全具备了。当时，潜藏在党内的叛徒加米涅夫和季诺维也夫却反对武装起义，托洛茨基则主张延缓起义日期，他们要等待苏维埃代表大会，等待临时政府召开立宪会议，来解决政权问题。

ingenuously overlook Stalin's purges and show trials of the 20's and 30's; the congenital lack of hearty humor and satire on and from the Left; and, Cuban posters aside, the rather chilling effect of Marxist-Leninist ideology on individual artistic expression. By themselves none of these things is fatal, and even combined I would not contend that they can't be dealt with and resolved. But as the Left of the 70's grows and increases in influence these contradictions will as well.

* * *

"Something must be done." Each person reaches that conclusion by a different route and the "something to be done" is different in every case. The best problems to tackle are the ones closest to home and most immediately annoying and unjust. And if nothing comes to mind nor seems in need of change, just give it time.

REVOLUTION

Organ of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party USA

25c

Vol. 1, No. 1 — October 1, 1975

Revolutionary Communist Party Founded!

The founding Congress of the Revolutionary Communist Party of the USA, composed of delegates from all parts of the country, has concluded its work, adopted the Constitution and Programme of the Party, and elected its leading committees.

This is both an act of determined dedication and a historic moment. The Party of the working class has been born out of struggle and will not abide until the full power of the class has been mobilized against all oppression, until the monied rulers of this land are driven from power by the working class and its allies, and the roots of exploitation are ripped out once and for all.

There are those who would say that the above is mere assertion and boasting to keep from weeping. They see the wealth bludgeoned out of our labor and tormented out of colonial peoples in the hands of a most powerful and unscrupulous ruling class; they see the navies and the armies, the police and the courts, the weapons of mass destruction, the secret and open terror, even the leadership of our

"Revolution" is a word that had dropped from my vocabulary for the past 4 years or so, and it seems strange to be using it again, particularly in the pages of the **CoEvolution Quarterly**. But with 1976 and the Bi-Centennial upon us, it is a word that we will once again be seeing in widespread use — not only from the mouths of the Left but from salesmen and presidents as well. We all have an obligation to make sure that its use fits *our* definitions as well as theirs. For that's what any revolution should be all about.

APPENDIX: ACCESS TO PROPAGANDA

The following are publications referred to in the article. You are invited to experience them first hand for a true feeling of where they're at. Of course by subscribing to one your name may end up on some FBI list, but that's the surcharge you pay for your right to read whatever you want these days.

Prairie Fire: The Politics of Revolutionary Anti-Imperialism available for $2.00 plus 25 cents mailing, from: PFOC-SF, P.O. Box 5246, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Osawatomie, No. 1, 2, and 3 are available for 30 cents plus ten cents postage, each, from: Water Buffalo Print Collective, P.O. Box 22184, Seattle, WA 98122.

The Call, Political Newspaper of the October League is monthly at $5/yr., from: The Call, Box 5597, Chicago, IL 60680.

Revolution, Organ of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA is monthly at $4/yr or $2/6 mo. from: RCP, PO Box 3486, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654.

Challenge, the Progressive Labor Party newspaper, is weekly at $5/yr, from: Progressive Labor Party, Box 808, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Workers Viewpoint, political organ of Workers Viewpoint is $1/copy from: Workers Viewpoint, 43 West 28th St., New York, NY 10001.

People's Tribune, the political paper of the Communist Labor Party is available from: CLP, PO Box 170, Brooklyn, NY.

New Solidarity, newspaper of the National Caucus of Labor Committees and the U.S. Labor Party is twice-weekly at $20/100 issues from: Campaigner Publications, Inc., 231 W. 29th St., New York, NY 10001.

Daily World, the CPUSA newspaper, is daily at $12/6 months or 1 year weekends only/$8 from: Long View Publishing, PO Box 544, New York, NY 10011.

People's World, is affiliated with the CPUSA, and is weekly at $8/yr or $5/6 months from: People's World, 1819 Tenth St., Berkeley, CA 94710.

The Militant, the newspaper of the Socialist Workers Party, is weekly at $7.50/year or $1/2 months from: The Militant, 14 Charles Lane, New York, NY 10014.

Workers Vanguard, the Spartacist League newspaper is weekly at $5.00 for 48 issues or $2/16 issues from: Spartacist Publishing Co., Box 1377, GPO, New York, NY 10001.

Workers' Power, a revolutionary socialist weekly, published by the International Socialists is $10/year or $5/6 months from: 14131 Woodward Ave., Highland Park, MI 48203

Workers World, the newspaper of the Workers World Party, is published weekly at $7/year or $3.50/6 months and available from: World View Publishers, Inc., 46 W. 21st St, New York, NY 10010.

New American Movement, the newspaper of NAM, is monthly at $4/yr, from: NAM, 16 Union Square, Somerville, MA 02143.

Guardian, the independent radical newsweekly, is available at $12.50/year or 8 weeks/$1 from: Guardian, 33 West 17th St., New York, NY 10011.

Work Force, published monthly by Vocations for Social Change, is available at $7/year from VSC, 5951 Canning St., Oakland, CA 94609.

Latin America & Empire Report, published monthly by North America Congress on Latin America, is $10/year from: NACLA P.O. Box 226, Berkeley, CA 94701.

International Bulletin, an 8-page bi-weekly newsletter is published by Internews at $8/yr. from Internews, P.O. Box 4400, Berkeley, CA 94704.

People and the Pursuit of Truth, an 8-page monthly newsletter published in cooperation with the Assassination Information Bureau is $9.50/year from: Berkeley Enterprises, Inc., 815 Washington St., Newtonville, MA 02160.

WIN, a lively weekly covering the Left is published with the support of the War Resisters League at $11/year from: Box 547, Rifton, NY 12471. ■

The Ohu Movement in New Zealand

BY ELLIOT SMITH

The Government of New Zealand, as part of its land settlement policy, is helping groups there to establish rural communes on government-owned land. These communes are called Ohu, a Maori word meaning "work together as a communal group." This report will supply the reader with the how, why, what, who and where of the Ohu movement, as well as offer information and advice for those desiring more specific answers on the Ohu Scheme, immigration, or other aspects of New Zealand culture.

The former Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Norman Kirk, first mentioned the possibility of a "kibbutz-type" scheme in late 1973. The Minister of Lands, Matiu Rata, had previously proposed letting young people lease Crown land so "they could try living off the land in a communal organisation away from the noise and pace of the city." Somewhere between Mr. Kirk's idea of using these communities to "stimulate nation-building" and Mr. Rata's hopes for "recapturing anew the deep links of people and land" the maturing concept of the New Zealand Ohu began to grow.

"For some time now I have been concerned with the needs of that section of New Zealand society that has worked so hard to gain social, economic and cultural integrity while trying to maintain spiritual and communal strength and self-respect. I refer, of course, to the Maori section of our society.

"For me, having two cultural frames of reference, and I suppose two life styles, it is an easy matter to understand and appreciate the different aspirations of other groups. It is easy to support others who want to develop their own life-style, their own interpersonal relations, especially when such life-styles have a deep spiritual and group strength. The need to set up alternative communities in New Zealand is, to me, just as logical as supporting Maori communities.

"The over-emphasis on the gross national product, perpetual greed, speculation, profiteering, unethical practices and the cult of individualism can only result in the further alienation of those who seek a return to community and group feelings. I share with other Government members the hope that Ohu will, in some way, lead the way to a more concerned society and recapture anew the deep links of people and land.

"There is the hope, too, that it will soften the harsher aspects of much of New Zealand's life style and result in a finer quality of life. Since many individuals and groups have expressed the desire to adopt different life styles, and as some are already living this way, we cannot neglect the opportunity of letting New Zealanders and their friends recapture the satisfaction based on cooperation, mutual assistance and communalism, which had been the force which motivated both the first Maori and the first European settlers of this land.

"This is what the Ohu principle is all about. It is not meant to be a copy of kibbutzim or any other communes; it is not meant to be Government's answer to dissident left or right wingers; it is not meant to be a cheap method of developing marginal lands – it is meant to give an opportunity to New Zealanders to experience the earth, the country, and each other in a new fraternal unity."

Photo courtesy New Zealand Embassy

In February, 1974, about a hundred people attended an open meeting on the Ohu scheme. The Acting Minister of Lands, Mr. Arthur Faulkner, explained more specifically the intentions of the Government. It wanted to give people "the chance to be self-sufficient and self-reliant, to live with as few rules and restrictions as possible – other than the laws that govern all New Zealanders." Land would be leased to groups by the Government at minimal or rebated rents, and the "success or failure of any community would be measured in terms of the happiness and peace of mind of the people concerned, not in book-keeping terms." The large-scale collective farming

emphasis of the Israeli model was obviously not to be the blueprint for the New Zealand Ohu.

A "Working Party" of fifteen members was formed after the February meeting, and soon guidelines for proposals were set up and the search for sites had begun. About two dozen Ohu proposals were received and distributed to those inquiring about the scheme during 1974, and the Working Party then was reformed as the Ohu Advisory Committee in December of that year. This group has received additional proposals such that about 32 had been received as of late 1975.

Of the thirty-two groups that submitted proposals, six have been allocated sites, nineteen are in various stages of looking or waiting for specific sites, and seven groups have withdrawn application either due to their buying land or disbanding.

Rules, Regulations, Procedures

The Ohu plan is for groups of New Zealanders. The minimum number of adults in a group is eight, and the majority of participants in an Ohu must be New Zealand citizens. Permanent residents (non-citizens) and visitors may join an Ohu on a temporary or permanent basis if the specific Ohu approves, and if all immigration regulations are met. (See immigration section at end for more specific information).

Groups of New Zealanders wishing to propose an Ohu would do so with the Ohu Advisory Committee. Upon acceptance, the groups would contact the local Lands and Survey District Office in the area they preferred to settle. After examining several sites, a choice in that district could be made, or the group could check sites in other land districts.

If a site was chosen, legal arrangements for leasing, access, fencing and other bureaucratic matters would be worked out with the appropriate governmental bodies, including local county councils. If all went well, a license for one year would be approved. At the end of that trial year, if satisfactory progress had been made, perpetual leases of ten years length would be established. Rentals would amount to 4½% of the current market value of the land, with possible rebates during the first three years.

Leases would include the following provisions:

1. No right of freehold (the land can't be sold, etc.)
2. Transfer not possible to another group;
3. Group must be predominantly New Zealand citizens
4. If no longer used as an Ohu, land reverts back to government
5. Ohu groups must comply with local by-laws.

Problems, Solutions

Finding enough suitable sites for the specific groups has been a large, if unexpected problem. There is much unused land in New Zealand, but this is partly due to the parcels in question being either very hilly or very swampy or very small. Most of the groups have had trouble finding suitable land in the warmer North Island, though the "colder" South Island appears to have much more potential. The growing season is shorter in the south, but the climate probably compares favorably with our Mid-Atlantic region, if not warmer. Other North Island sites are also being sought from government agencies previously not contacted, such as Forestry and Railway offices.

Due to a fairly slow bureaucracy (in New Zealand terms, not ours) several groups have disbanded or decided to buy land on their own. Since many groups were formed from diverse people all with a common interest to get back to the land, problems have also arisen over time as the groups remain in the cities, tied to their old jobs and locations. Originally a minimum of 15 adults was required, but this type of stability problem caused the OAC to lower the minimum to eight adults.

Initially the Government assisted people in the formation of the actual Ohu groups, but this function has been taken over by two alternative publications in New Zealand, "Mushroom" and "Environment." Groups already formed that still desire additional members make this known through both the governmental channels and these publications.

There has been some fear on the part of local residents that there would be a great "hippie invasion" of the countryside, but this has not occurred. The number of Ohu is relatively small in terms of numbers, even for a country with a population of only three million. Since actual sites are really still proposals rather than settlements in most cases, future problems may still occur in some areas. Mr. Rata has been especially outspoken on the need for local authorities to help out the people in the Ohu Scheme rather than hinder them. His success in this area has yet to be fully measured.

Hopefully the land needed for good sites will appear, hopefully most of the groups formed for the Ohu scheme will remain together even though their Ohu is not yet in existence, and hopefully the locals will

give the Ohu a chance before condemning them.

People and ideas

Ohu people are not just from the younger generation in New Zealand. One Ohu proposal had members listed from 57 years old down to two months of age; an "all youth" Ohu is more the exception than the rule. The proposals themselves are also quite varied. One was to be essentially a "Crafts Ohu," while the Dharma Center is attempting to establish a "Buddhist Community" under the Ohu Scheme.

Each Ohu proposed usually consists of an explanation of its economic intentions, that is, whether subsistence agriculture will prevail or some cash crop or product will be the mainstay of the community. Most favor a high degree of farming and animal husbandry, with perhaps one or two cash crops for items to be purchased in the community. Instead of spending a lot of money to buy land outright, the Ohu Scheme gives groups an opportunity to quickly invest in seeds and tools, etc., and thus reach a high degree of self-sufficiency in a relatively short time.

One of the more interesting aspects of the Ohu Scheme to Americans has to be the role the government has taken in the plan. It was initially proposed by government officials, and when interest was shown by the citizens, the government facilitated the communications between those people and put much of the responsibility for the success or failure of the plan in their hands. Thus the Working Party, primarily a non-governmental group, coordinated the proposals and approved them for the search for sites. It is true that certain legal agreements must be approved by the government at the final stages, but even these guidelines for approval were established with much input from non-governmental sources.

Those members of the government that have been associated with the Ohu have also been very supportive. In addition to Mr. Rata, much credit must also go to Mr. Peter Kelsey of the Office of the Minister of Lands. He has done much of the work behind the scenes, as well as acting as the contact point for anyone and everyone interested in the Ohu movement.

The ease of communication from this side of the world with the Government of New Zealand has been better than expected, to say the least. Norman Kirk answered my first request for information, although he did so only to say that Mr. Kelsey would respond in the future. Mr. Rowling, the new Prime Minister (after Mr. Kirk's death in September 1974) personally responded to my queries on his feelings about the Ohu Scheme:

Dear Mr. Smith,

Thank you for your letter of the 15 December last regarding the Government's sponsored Ohu communes scheme. Thank you also for your personal congratulations and best wishes that you offer to me personally.

The responsibility for the establishment and encouragement of the Ohu scheme is one that rests with my colleague, the Minister of Lands, the Hon. Matiu Rata, and the principles underlying the whole scheme which has the support of my Government is to provide a further opportunity of land settlement to New Zealand citizens of a life-style to recapture cooperation, mutual assistance and to experience the land, country and each other in a new situation. I can tell you that some 5 Ohus have been approved by my colleague and consideration is being further given to other applications.

When the scheme was first mooted, representatives of the people interested in this life-style were invited by Government to form a Working Party to advise on what steps could be taken to get the scheme under way. The New Zealand Land Settlement Board was directed by my colleague, the Minister of Lands, in the terms of the Land Settlement Act 1948 to give effect to the Government's policy in this matter and that the Board was required to have due regard to both the suitability and the availability of land. Applicants are being given the opportunity of examining the sites and as a first step the land concerned is owned by the Crown and generally is unalienated. Should the site be suitable for the term of one year and should satisfactory progress be made, the temporary licence is cancelled and a special lease of 10 years with perpetual rights of renewal and review of rents is issued. The lease for an Ohu contains no right of freehold but can be transferred to another Ohu group subject of course to the approval of the Minister of Lands. The rent for the land concerned is 4½% of the current market value.

It is necessary for any applicants to form themselves in some kind of legal entity so as to secure and safeguard their tenure. Any 8 persons may apply for land but they shall be New Zealand citizens, however the rules of the group may provide for an increase in the number of persons joining and they may not necessarily be New Zealand citizens.

To date approval for 5 Ohus have been given in Coromandel, an area of 200 acres; in Taranaki, an area of 200 acres; in Te Kuiti, an area of 90 acres; in Taranaki, an area of 90 acres and Nelson/Blenheim, an area of 10 acres.

I trust that the foregoing is helpful to your enquiry and I appreciate both your support and interest in this scheme.

Yours sincerely,

W.E. Rowling
Prime Minister
Wellington
New Zealand

I can't imagine Gerry Ford ever communicating with me personally, except if I were to be drafted.

The Ohu idea appears to be only the tip of the iceberg in New Zealand's back-to-the-land movement. Several publications have been started in recent years, the most formidable in terms of communication of ideas being **The New Zealand Whole Earth Catalog**. It is modelled after our own **Whole Earth Catalog**, but has more in the way of do-it-yourself articles and less in the way of book and product reviews. A second

edition of **The New Zealand Whole Earth Catalog** should be out by now but I'm not sure if there are sales outlets in the US.

Another good publication on the alternative lifestyle being developed in New Zealand is **Mushroom**. This periodical has articles on Ohus and the Ohu movement, as well as other do-it-yourself features. Its second issue contained recent Ohu developments, as well as an interview with a New Zealander in the commune movement. Excerpts from that interview should serve to sum up the Ohu movement and its relationship to other aspects of New Zealand culture quite well, so I'll present them to you as my conclusion on the subject for the time being:

> "I started off pretty cynical because I didn't expect the government would allow a community thing, an almost communist thing like an Ohu to get going within a capitalist society which is what we have; but it seems to be going all right. The government seems to be making reasonable land available and going out of its way to help."
>
> "You're going to have to drop a lot of your old prejudices and learn to be tolerant of other people. If you're not an emotionally open person and you find it difficult to display your feelings and to say what you think, you're going to have to learn to do that . . . Of course for Maoris and other people from a communal background and culture, they do this automatically. They tell each other when they're sad, and they tell each other when they're happy. But for pakehas (white NZ'ers), they've got to learn to drop a lot of their guard."
>
> ". . . most people in New Zealand come from the cities and were brought up in a way of life that was divorced from the land and from growing things and building things and maintaining things. . . We've got to relearn so many skills and I think for city people going into Ohus its going to be very difficult for a while."
>
> "People just suddenly find that, boy, they don't like the way they're living. You listen to the radio and realise how much is bullshit. You see people getting pissed every weekend, and you ask yourself, is it worth it? You see people chain smoking and popping all sorts of bloody things and you think 'is this life or not?' Then you start realising, when you see other people who are living in communities, that living together seems to be an awful lot better; it's much more pleasant, and people seem to need less drugs; and getting back to the land is so shit hot – like being able to grow your own vegetables. People are, through some deep reaction within them, demanding back the basic human needs that have been denied to them for so long." ■

Immigration to New Zealand

Immigration itself, that is, becoming a permanent resident of New Zealand, is extremely difficult these days. One needs a job in advance, and it has to be in a category that natives of the area cannot yet fill on their own. Most of these jobs are in the skilled labor area, such as carpenters, mechanics, fitters and turners and electricians. Teachers are no longer needed from outside New Zealand. These categories do change from time to time, so it is best to specifically check with the consulates.

A working holiday permit is easier to obtain. This is a visa that allows the visitor to work at certain jobs while in New Zealand, for a period up to six months. Some permits can be renewed for an additional six months, but one year is the absolute limit on this visa.

In order to secure a working holiday permit you must either be qualified in specific needed skills similar to those mentioned above, or have a firm job offer from a New Zealand employer. The latter is difficult to obtain unless you have direct connections there. The other group eligible for this visa is students, but permits are only good for six months.

In neither of these cases is Ohu participation considered a job offer or skill.

The only other way to visit New Zealand is as a tourist, and this is initially for only thirty days, though extensions may be granted if sufficient funds can be shown.

My only advice for those interested in the working holiday permit is establish your credentials in a skill you have that is needed in New Zealand, or go while you are a student. These categories may change, however, so check with the consulate if you're serious about a working holiday visa.

Those wanting to emigrate should go there first on either a tourist or working holiday permit, and try to find a job in a skill needed, or subscribe to New Zealand papers and attempt to get a job that "counts" through correspondence.

Normal roundtrip airfare from the West Coast to New Zealand is $1400 on a year-round economy rate. However, this can be greatly reduced if you buy three separate tickets: San Francisco-Hawaii-San Francisco; Hawaii-Samoa-Hawaii; and Samoa-New Zealand-Samoa. Then it will run about $1000. Airlines won't tell you this, and you'll have to actually make three separate purchases to get the cheap rate. It's a mistake in the routing through Samoa that lets one do this, to the chagrin of the airlines. It's perfectly legal, however. Call Peter Edison at the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington if you have trouble.

The above tickets are good for one year, but if you want to go for a month or so you can save even more money. Excursion rates are about $800 for 35 days, and several travel clubs offer even cheaper flights for the same period. Check under "social" or "cultural" organizations in the yellow pages, or ask some friendly traveller or recent visitor from abroad about these clubs.

For more information:
Ohu:

Office of the Minister of Lands
Government Office Buildings
Wellington, New Zealand

or:

Mushroom
c/o Alan Admore
Post Office
Waitati, Otago
New Zealand

or:

Environment
c/o 51 Browns Road
Christchurch, New Zealand

New Zealand Immigration information:

New Zealand Embassy
19 Observatory Circle NW
Washington, DC 20008

Consulates:

Alcoa Building, Suite 970
One Maritime Plaza
San Francisco, CA 94111

Suite 530
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10020

10960 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite 1530
Los Angeles, CA 90024

The author is indebted to Mr. Peter Kelsey, and to **Mushroom**, for much of the information supplied in this report.

Nonviolent Direct Action Is Alive and Well in Europe

(SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WAR RESISTERS
INTERNATIONAL TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE HELD JULY 1975 IN HOLLAND:
PLUS FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE RADICAL GERMAN LEFT AT THE PRESENT TIME)

BY LEE SWENSON

During the month of July, I travelled to Europe to give talks in Germany and to attend the War Resisters' International (WRI) triennial (every three years) conference which was held in Holland. I'll try to pull together some of the many experiences and stories of political struggles that came my way at the conference and then describe my whirlwind tour of the German radical left.

The WRI conference was an amazing time, a great joy to spend a week with 350 activists from all over the world. We camped together, ate together, and talked endlessly. Previously, these conferences were three days long, mainly planned business meetings with long days of structured time, everyone chaffing to talk at length, informally with their counterparts from Spain, Italy, Germany, India, etc. So this time it was decided, wisely, to take a week, with the first four days open time to be filled in as people formed together around common interests. The last three days were for on-going business of the WRI.

The walls and halls of the center (near Amsterdam) were soon covered with posters and signs, setting up discussions, slide shows, movies, and if these didn't inform there was a daily newsletter called the **Daily Subversive** in French, English, Spanish and German. It worked very well – the days roared with activity, years of work and life compressed and shared. I can describe only a few of the many working groups that attended the conference.

One extraordinarily tenacious campaign in Europe against militarism is taking place in southern France, and was described at one gathering. Larzac – remember the name– is a farming community on the plateau not far from the towns of Millau, Roquefort (where they make the cheese) and Clermont Ferrand. Blessed with a military training camp in the midst of their 7500 acres, local peasant farmers learned in October, 1971, that this camp was about to be expanded into a major NATO training base occupying 42,500 acres. One-hundred-and-three farms were to be absorbed and closed to accommodate the camp.

Resistance began at once – local farmers contacting Lanza del Vasto from the Communauté de l'Arche in the Cevennes, an old Gandhian in the Tolstoyan ascetic tradition, who ten years earlier in 1959 had commenced at the Larzac camp a nationwide nonviolent direct action campaign against the internment and torturing of prisoners from the Algerian war. With his local reputation, simple communitarian life style and strict religious precepts stressing the value of manual labour, del Vasto is highly regarded in the peasant communities of southern France.

WRI has described the current Larzac campaign as "an exemplary nonviolent struggle in Europe." Just over a week after the shock of the government's expansion plan, in November, 1971, 6,000 people marched on Millau protesting the lack of consultation and the deliberate downplaying of the agricultural value of the land. Church bells sounded the alarm in solidarity with the protest. In February, 1972, bonfires were lit on the slopes overlooking Millau and the bells again rang out.

Later in 1972, some farmers chained themselves together during the annual army ball in Millau. Del Vasto staged a two-week public fast near the camp and the campaign began to receive nationwide publicity. The 103 farming families all pledged *not* to sell their land to the military and *not* to give way to any enticement or intimidation. In July, 20,000 people and 70 tractors demonstrated in front of the Prefecture at Rodez. Later, in Paris, sheep were

Lee Swenson is a nonviolent anarchist who lives with two children and two goats in East Palo Alto, California. He works with the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence in Palo Alto.

–Gurney Norman

transported into the heart of the city and allowed to graze under the Eiffel Tower!

In October 1972, thousands of protest letters poured into the public inquiry held by the authorities to consider the army's plans, but the court ruled in favour of the expansion. Collectively, the 103 farmers then took a truly radical step – they agreed to send their military papers back to the Defense Ministry. A major demonstration of tractors headed 400 miles toward Paris. In June 1973, the farmers began construction illegally of La Blaquiere, a sheepfold, on land reserved for the military. In July, 50,000 people attended a fair held at La Blaquiere.

In the summer of 1974, a large NATO exercise was held at Larzac with parachutists plunging into farmers' crops and low flying fighter planes and helicopters frightening the sheep. It was maintained by the military authorities that this demonstrated their need for expanded training area. The farmers captured an army truck . . . That fall, 100,000 people assembled at Larzac to celebrate the wheat harvest which was sent to the Sahel in Africa where drought had brought on famine. Immediately afterwards a field recently bought by the army was illegally ploughed.

In October, the "army's field" was sown and two families occupied a farm bought by the army. A part of this farm was held by paratroopers who, after discussion and fraternization with the farmers, began to weaken in their resolve. The troops were withdrawn and "Les Truels," the farm, liberated!

At the beginning of this year, the farmers took their offensive further. A ditch was dug toward the condemned farm to try to pipe in water. When the trench reached the main road, the police stopped the work and had to drag farmers and several supporters out. This action (which Danilo Dolci in Sicily has called the "reverse strike" – persistently attempting to do meaningful work that the authorities won't let you do) was repeated many times.

When, in February 1975, a public inquiry was opened to organize the compulsory purchase or expropriation of the land by the army, the farmers totally boycotted the proceedings. Nine out of eleven local village councils refused to let the inquiry be conducted within their council buildings. At Millau, hundreds of demonstrators padlocked the doors and prevented access to the police squads sent by the authorities. When the police literally broke in through the back doors, the council clerks left their desks and refused to work. The files relevant to the inquiry were brought out of the building and burnt in the village square. Files at Creissels, a nearby village, were similarly destroyed.

In March the Mayor of Millau led a delegation to visit the French Minister of Defense, who acted as if he was ignorant about what was going on. In the same month an explosion at 3 a.m. destroyed the home of one of the most militant farmers. Fortunately no one in his family was hurt and money poured in from all over France to rebuild the house. In May the farmers blocked a military convoy on its way to the camp and leafletted the soldiers. By June, more than 200 Comités de Defense du Larzac had been established and with films, exhibitions, records and books, the farmers' resistance had become a national issue.

Six hundred thousand dollars has been raised by selling five franc shares in a "Groupement foncier d'achat" which allows the farmers to buy, before the army can, land which they don't own. The land will be held in a land trust. To help develop a longer term strategy, the farmers have opened the Larzac University which combines local educators with university professors from Paris, Toulous and Lyon in studying military, economic, agricultural and other questions. After four years of continuous struggle, the Larzac farmers are tired, but they just keep plugging on. And the power of their example to move others grows.

Larzac has become a symbol for farmer resistance to land expropriations in rural areas of France and Germany. Betsy Cornwoman and Randy Kehler are two American friends who were with me at the WRI triennial and who later made a tour of the areas where opposition is mounting to nuclear power plants or "nukes." They say that activists in these places specifically make the connection with Larzac. At Wyhl in West Germany, a major anti-nuke campaign was encouraged by the successful five-month occupation of a lead plant site across the border at Marckolsheim in France. Scared of lead-poisoning from the Marckolsheim plant, hundreds of people in September 1974 had obstructed workmen clearing the site, pitched their tents and prepared an elaborate plan of occupation – involving walkie-talkies and a major telephone network on both sides of the French and German border. At one point, when the French government attempted to close the border to Germans crossing over to support the occupation, the people completely blocked the roads, thus forcing the Prefect to open the border the next day. Twenty people were constantly on hand. Weekends brought in up to 2,000 to take part in activities which were centered on a "Friendship House" built on the site. Early this year it became clear that a lead plant would not be built at Marckolsheim. The victorious demonstrators stress that part of their inspiration came from farmers' struggle at Larzac. (See Betsy Cornwoman and Randy Kehler's article in **WIN**, September 25, 1975; also **Peace News**, February 7, 1975.) The more recent movement in this part of Europe to block the construction of nukes is something that we in America have scarcely heard about. The drama and scale of the struggle was something that took us by surprise when, at the triennial, some of the people involved gave talks and showed a 90-minute colour film.

There are plans in West Germany to build 50 nukes by 1985. Ten are already completed and 13 are currently under construction. Over $7 billion has been invested in this program over the last 20 years. Similar programs are underway in France and Switzerland.

The Whyl occupation in the Rhinelands grew out of nuclear hearings at the nearby town of Brisach in 1971. Opposition to the construction of the nukes was so strong at Brisach that officials decided to move the

18 February 1975 – The Second Occupation of Whyl. 28,000 demonstrated and occupied the site to prevent construction of the nuclear power plant.

project to Wyhl. When residents heard of these plans in 1973, the town divided between those who welcomed the project for economic reasons and those who opposed it on environmental and other grounds. The site was a particularly valued nature preserve bordered by the Old River Rhine. In August, fishermen demonstrated in protest. The following April, 400 tractors drove around local towns to publicize farmer opposition. One hundred thousand signatures were collected in anti-nuclear petitions and a major coalition of local citizens action groups was formed – with Swiss and French support – which issued a proclamation of protest.

As connections between local government officials and the company building the nuke were revealed, opposition mounted. Five thousand winegrowers staged a hostile demonstration. Finally, the Mayor of Wyhl announced a referendum by the townspeople to decide whether the site should be sold for the nuke construction. This vote was lost – 55% in favour of the sale, 43% against. But when, in spring 1975, the first fences were erected and trees cleared, about 100 people stopped the bulldozers and occupied the site, before they were dragged off by 700 police. The following Sunday, however, 28,000 people showed up to demonstrate their opposition. Police tried to hold the crowd back but were overwhelmed. And a second occupation began – which still continues.

The occupiers have constructed another "Friendship House" on the site, amidst a park, informational displays and sleeping huts. Most of the original demonstrators have long since returned home, but a hard core remains to hold meetings and public education classes and to raise the alarm in case of further police action. Opinion is still divided in the town on whether the nuke will be built and whether it is desirable – but the action groups that came together in this campaign remain strong and have added their support to new campaigns elsewhere.

Six weeks after the nuke site was occupied in Wyhl, bulldozers began preparing another site, 50 miles up the Rhine at Kaiseraugst, Switzerland. On April 1, this site was occupied following a large demonstration. By June the occupation was temporarily suspended – and the site remains deserted – while Kaiseraugst nonviolent action groups negotiate with the government. But local leaders say that thousands will be back on the site if the talks break down.

At Schweinfurt in central Germany, a 1300 megawatt nuke has been under construction for 2 years. Objections to the nuke center on the damage to three nature preserves and interference with the groundwater level. Ecological and citizens action groups have combined to fight the project and the issue is now before the courts; but construction still continues. Local

April 1975 – Scene inside the "Friendship House," erected by demonstrators on the nuke site in Whyl.

activists, according to Betsy and Randy, believe "there is only one way we can stop the plant, and that's by occupying the site as they did in Wyhl."

On the French side of the Rhine at Fessenheim, the first two of four planned nukes are nearly completed. According to a member of the Committee to Safeguard Fessenheim, local people are resigned to the first two, but will not permit any more. In this area, residents are incensed because promised governmental support of social services has not come through for the expanded population which has followed the nuke development. Throughout French Alsace, a network has been established to publicize the problems and dangers with nukes. "An elaborate alarm system has been organized," says the Committee spokesman, "so that people can be called to occupy a site the moment construction, or even surveying, begins."

It is this detailed preparation, public education and careful organization over several years – plus the examples of successful direct action elsewhere – which appear to have made possible the dramatic actions at Wyhl, Kaiseraugst and probably somewhere else before long. In the Kaiseraugst area, 40 citizen action groups have been campaigning on the nukes issue, writing articles for local papers, organising visits to power plants, leafleting, and so on. The support of the farmers has also been crucial. In Wyhl and Kaiseraugst, they have been supplying food to the occupiers, taking part in the occupation itself, organizing protest tractor caravans – and their presence as a conservative force makes it much harder for the government to move against the occupations. Also, the groups have been careful to exclude sectarian politics and this, coupled with the nonviolence of the protests, has been effective in winning public support.

Another issue that came across strongly at the triennial was the central theme of war resistance. The draft, or conscription, for military service is practiced in most European countries and in some, like Spain, Greece and Italy, there is no legal recognition of the individual's right as a conscientious objector to refuse to take up arms. (See **Conscription: A World Survey**, by Devi Prasad and Tony Smythe.) Comrades from Spain and Italy were with us to describe their experiences.

From Spain was Pepe Beunza and his seven companions, men and women. Among them they had served 14 years of prison. They were full of life and joy, excited to be out and seeing and hearing new ideas, meeting people who were names only. We knew of Pepe because in 1971, WRI had launched a world campaign to protest Pepe's trial for refusing military service on pacifist grounds. We had staged a demonstration in San Francisco. Now was the time to meet brave souls like Pepe, a sharing of life and work. These

Spaniards were full of spirit and we ate and talked and played together. They all jammed into one little car; it bounced down the road as they sang and laughed while they rolled along.

Pietro Pinna of Italy was there, just out of prison for defaming the Italian army with a poster that listed all of the army's defeats in the last 200 years. Pietro received his first jail sentence for refusing military service in 1949. Theoretically, resisters in Italy can be tried repeatedly until they reach their 45th year – the age of final discharge in peacetime. In practice, the first sentence is usually less than a year. After one, two, three or even more further sentences the objector is eventually declared unfit to serve – as was Pietro Pinna – or some other expedient is found for discharging him.

There are other countries in Europe, such as France, West Germany and Belgium, where limited legal recognition of conscientious objection to the draft has been granted, but as in West Germany, the terms of the CO law are liable to be revised, and dissatisfaction among war resisters is great. A new International Collective Resistance has been formed with headquarters in Belgium which is organising total resistance to the draft. Many members are refusing to collaborate with their government's powers to draft them for alternative instead of military service. Small numbers of these resisters are now going to jail throughout France, Germany and Belgium.

Organising within the military is also growing in Europe. A statement was presented to the conference from the International Soldiers Movement calling for closer cooperation between pacifists and resisters inside the armed forces. In Holland, the soldiers' union, founded in the 1960s, now has 30,000 members (70% of all conscripts in the Dutch army) and has gradually moved into more militant forms of struggle, including mess boycotts, demonstrations and, in 1974, strikes. The soldiers' movement in France is even more clearly political – the Army Chief of Staff in a recent confidential report expressed a fear that in the event of a confrontation similar to that of 1968 the army itself might be affected. Soldiers' organizations in France arose initially from widespread civilian opposition to changes in the draft laws in 1973 and the first mass action arose in 1974 out of the **Call of the Hundred** which was signed by 4,000 servicemen and led by the end of the year to the formation of 100 soldiers' committees. Since then demands for better conditions and freedom of expression have led to a number of demonstrations, hunger strikes and trials, and recently links have begun to be made with the trade unions. A similar story can be told in Italy where a national movement, the Proletariat in Uniform, has formed inside the army, and unrest is also growing in Germany, Switzerland and Sweden.

It is in Britain, however, that an anti-militarist struggle is building which particularly caught the attention of the conference. For two years now, people from the British Withdrawal from Northern Ireland Campaign have been leafleting troops with a handout headed "Some Information For Discontented Soldiers." The draft was abolished in Britain some twenty years ago and once a man or woman has signed up to join the professional army it is extremely hard to get out. Also the state has harsh laws to deter civilians who try to persuade soldiers that they should get out.

The BWNIC leaflet gives soldiers "who have decided not to go to Northern Ireland" a number of options – CO status, discharge on personal, political, sexual or health grounds, AWOL status, and refusal and court martial – and provides addresses of advice centres in Britain and support groups for deserters in Sweden. In September, after trying for a long time to ignore the whole thing, the Director of Public Prosecutions finally moved and had fourteen people charged with conspiracy to incite soldiers to disaffect from the army (under the marvellously titled "Incitement to Disaffection" Act). Since then other charges have been added – such as harbouring a deserter and – wait for it – inciting people to incite soldiers to disaffect – and four more people have additionally been charged.

Six of the 14 were at the conference and they were about to face a major trial at the Old Bailey in London, starting at the end of September. They told us that they were arguing four main points: first, the right of civilians to communicate with soldiers; second, the right of soldiers to organise themselves and to leave their employment like any other worker; third, opposition to the use of conspiracy charges (half of the BWNIC 14 had never met each other); and fourth, their objection to the role of the British army in Northern Ireland. By the middle of July, 370 people had signed a statement which was forwarded to the Home Secretary saying that they possessed copies of the leaflet and intended to distribute it. Military bases all over Britain are being leafleted. It will be interesting to see whether the trial helps build the movement further.

All this, then, at the WRI conference and much, much more. The non-violent movement in India, now viciously suppressed by Indira Gandhi; pacifists in the Middle East; Vietnamese Buddhists, engaged in reconstruction in their country; the *Fri* yacht sailing against nuclear tests; workshops on sexism, on environmental pollution, on alternative community building; Operation Namibia, a direct action campaign in South-West Africa. When the next WRI conference comes in three years I am planning to go with as many family and friends as I can take. It's an important "larger family" gathering, it connects you to all the world, deepens and broadens our local work and connects us to our common non-violent heritage.

In Germany, as here in America, the diverse parts of the left have their own history and momentum. The German student left has the usual subparts and threads – from the orthodox Marxist-Leninist wing to the non-orthodox or spontaneous left, or as they call themselves, the "spontis." There are a number of people in each of the major university areas who see themselves as part of this nonauthoritarian left

tradition, often sharing a common base in radical literature, coming together through struggles in the 1960s and 1970s. These are the people I traveled with and talked at length with about where they had been and where they are going.

My friends in Frankfurt, Karl-Ludwig Schibel and Bernd Leineweber, who arranged my trip and the talks I gave there, are part of this spontaneous left. They had traveled in America in 1973 and again in 1974, when we spent a week together in Palo Alto.

A strong part of the left ethos that had developed in the 1960s in Germany was "the long march through the institutions." For them the role of a radical was to enter into the institutions and through protracted struggle inside them bring about the institutional changes needed to create a nonauthoritarian socialist society. The emphasis was on change in the larger society through working within the dominant institutions while personal change took place in the communes that sprang up to support the struggle in those institutions.

Their present crisis, and I think one can call it a "crisis," is that both the long march's process has its limits in the institutions' high resiliency – and ability to resist meaningful change, and also in the capacity of government and business to shut off or close the doors to those very institutions one seeks to march through and transform. The German government, using the terrorist activities of the Baader-Meinhof anarchists as their main reason in showing the need to cleanse the universities and the social services of radicals, has moved to the right and is sweeping out many of the left who were working in the schools, hospitals and social services. Both Karl-Ludwig and Bernd are being fired from their university teaching jobs as are many other political activists before they get tenure or permanence in their jobs. To be fired from a teaching job or social worker position in Germany has long, even life-long implications due to the centralized bureaucracies that can guarantee that one stays fired. Also the centralized state forms in Germany make for much less working room for alternatives than we have here in the United States.

So, for now, the long march grinds to a halt, the alternative vision and institutions that developed so strongly here in America was not such a developed process there – the free schools, the people's medical clinics, the co-ops and food conspiracies that took so much energy here, were theoretically and practically different from where the German student wanted to put its energy. We have much to learn about that struggle, of going into factories, schools, etc., to learn about the lives and problems of production workers, while the German left has much to learn from the American impulse of creating alternatives, of changing one's day-to-day life – of what we eat, how we live, in terms of building community level forms that support the personal changes.

So our dialogue was full and rich, each of us realizing how little of our vision we have actually been able to concretize, to bring into reality. I talked about, specifically, our five year old land trust, our now defunct people's bank, about Briarpatch co-op garage in Palo Alto, with its worker controlled staff servicing 1,200 households and a yearly gross of $180,000, and Briarpatch Coop market servicing 400 households with the bulk of their food buying through the co-op.

The prior German critique that was hostile to building these kinds of alternatives was changing. The previous answers, factory organising and radical subparts in the dominant institutions, has had limited results so there was keen but still critical interest in the building of models of self-management – co-ops, land trusts, and experiments in changing one's day-to-day life at the community level. Karl-Ludwig and Bernd, while fighting against their being fired from the university system are joining other activist friends to start one of the first consciously political rural commune farms in Germany. In moving to lower Bavaria and leaving Frankfurt they are receiving much of the same criticisms that people received here in America – that rural living and alternative building was retreatist and isolationist and was avoiding the crucial issues in the cities among working people. These were the same arguments that the Total Loss Farm freaks in Vermont heard, as did Wendell Berry and Gary Snyder when they moved to rural areas.

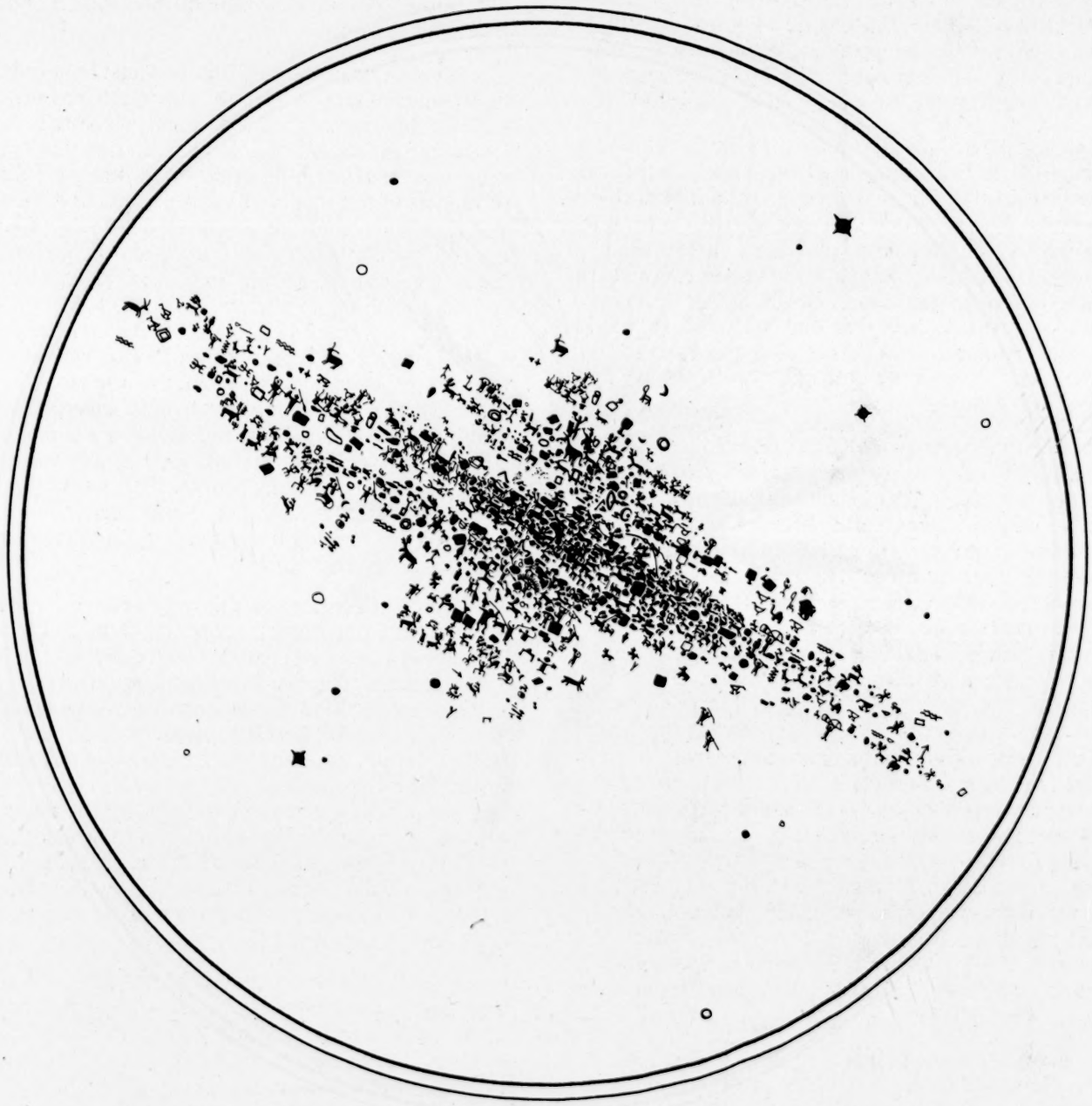
The focus then of the more sharply defined political action of the German left is opening more and more to cultural and social concerns on a community building level. The explosion of energy here in America in the 60s and 70s around changing one's own life, in a community building context on a social and cultural level, pushes out and expands the political vision. The German left that I met was very interested, in a cautious way, about what had gone on, and is going on, here in the United States. They were also extremely concerned about what was going on in Portugal. While I was in Frankfurt, carload after carload of "Sponties" were driving off to see and feel what was happening in Portugal.

From the United States they wanted to learn how to take their sophisticated communal living situations to a broader, more community based level, and from Portugal they sought to learn from, and give support to, the workers decentralist taking control of the workplace and in their organizing their communities on an assembly basis (as opposed to our traditional republican form of representative government).

As with much of the European left, there is a high degree of sophistication in terms of theory and history of left politics. Also, among the German nonauthoritarian left there have been years of experimenting in living situations, in communal living. The monogamous, nuclear family has been smashed, literally, but, as with here, little has developed to replace it as yet. As the student movement gets older there, as it has here, the long term questions of family, childrearing, work, press harder and harder and long term supportive cultural and social forms are sought to sustain one's radical work. ■

The following eight pages were done by Gordon Ashby – The Transformer. ⇨

FINDING OUR PLACE IN SPACE



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A HANDY STEP BY STEP GUIDE FOR GETTING FROM WHERE WE ARE TO WHERE WE OUGHT TO BE

STEP ONE

*

CLEAR YOUR HEAD
CLEAN UP YOUR DREAMS
GET EASY AND BELIEVE IN
THE NEW POSSIBILITIES

STEP TWO

*

MOVE ABOUT · LOOK AROUND
PICK A PLACE · COME DOWN
GENTLY AND TUNE YOURSELF
TO THE NATURAL VIBRATIONS

STEP THREE

*

LOOK AND LISTEN
MOVE SLOW · TREAD SOFTLY
STAY OPEN AND BE PART
OF WHAT THE PLACE IS BEING

STEP FOUR

*

GROW SLOWLY · FLOW STEADY
TRY HARD · DON'T WORRY
REMEMBER THAT EVERYTHING
IS CONNECTED

STEP FIVE

*

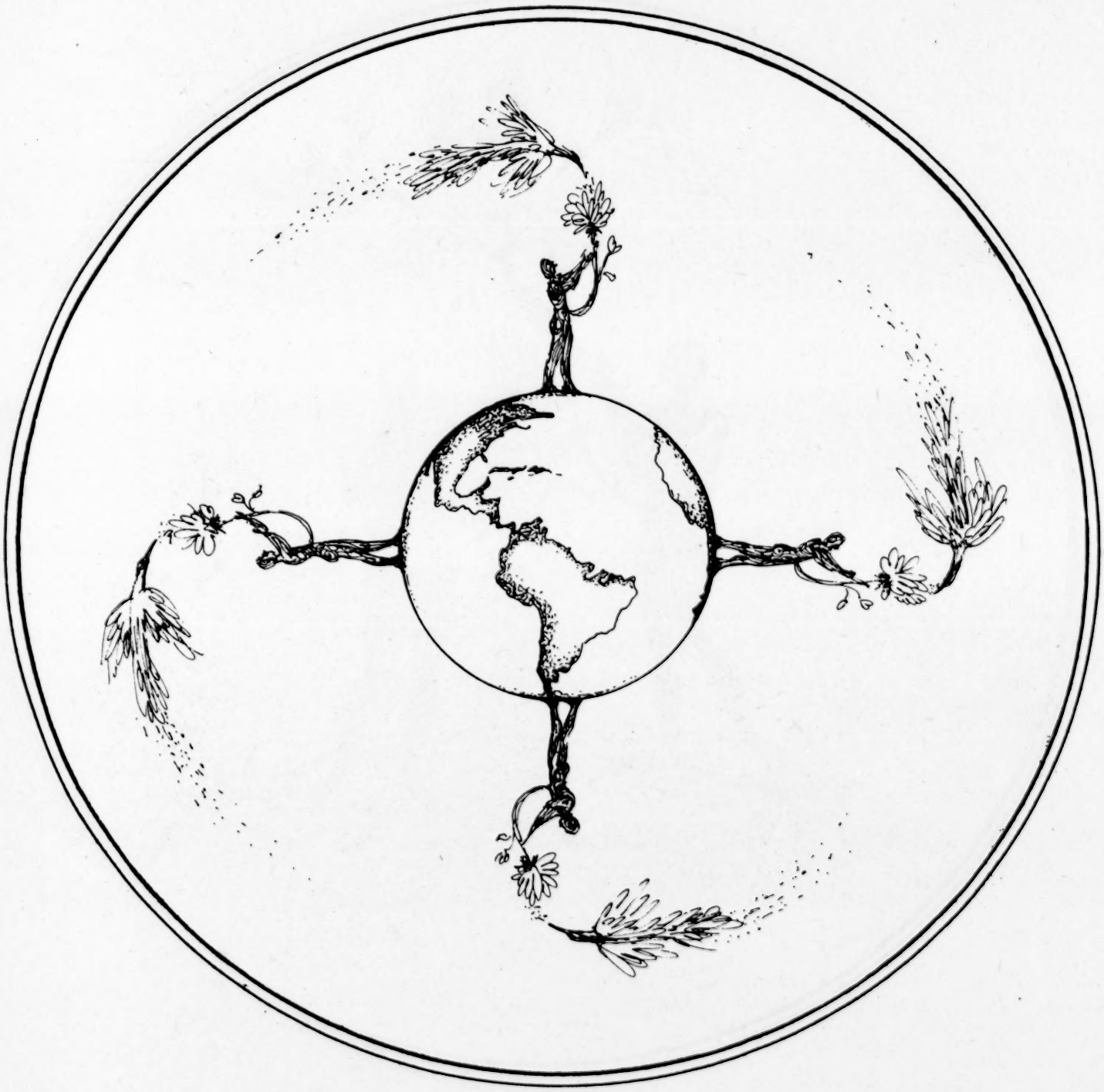
LIVE LIGHTLY ON THE LAND
SHARE · RECYCLE
DO LESS WITH LESS
DREAM SMALL · FEEL BIG

STEP SIX

*

CARE · TEACH CHILDREN
THINK HEALTHY · THIS IS
THE GLUE WHICH HOLDS
THINGS TOGETHER

STEP SEVEN



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MAINTAIN YOURSELF
STEWARD THE EARTH
LOVE AND WE WILL ALL HAVE
A PLACE IN SPACE

The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

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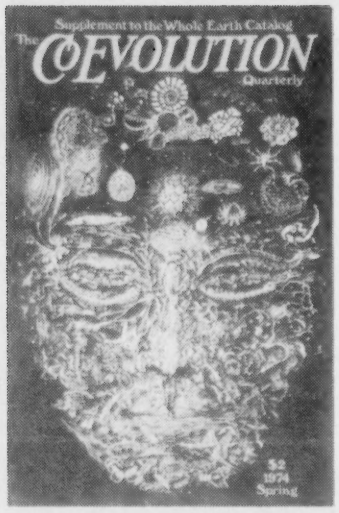

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–SB

Poems

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

We Are in a Kitchen

We are in a kitchen
in Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Some bacon is frying.
It smells like a character
that you like in a good movie.
A beautiful girl is watching
the bacon.

A Penny Smooth As a Star

I keep forgetting the same thing: over and over again.
I know it's important but I keep on forgetting it. I've
forgotten it so many times that it's like a coin
in my mind that's never been minted.

Tom's House
Montana
October 13, 1973

Seconds

With so short a time to live and think
about stuff, I've spent just about
the right amount of time on this
butterfly.

A warm afternoon
Pine Creek, Montana
September 3, 1973

January 4 3

I've started off with a mistake
but I'll try to get better
and put the day in good order.

Fuck Me like Fried Potatoes

Fuck me like fried potatoes
on the most beautifully hungry
morning of my God-damn life.

Autobiography

When the moon shines like a dead garage
I travel with gasoline ghosts down all those haunted
miles of the past, twenty-seven Model A miles an hour in
1939, going to where I have forgotten.

Copyright © 1975 Richard Brautigan

Land Use

Guide to Hand-Operated and Animal-Drawn Equipment

These Intermediate Technology People work very hard and consequently come up with a lot more than prophecies of doom and useless propaganda. This manual is a sort of catalog of worldwide devices, with clear photos and addresses of suppliers. You can learn a lot from that. But better, the same people also publish dimensioned drawings for such things as ox carts and seeders, and complete excellent shop prints for certain other equipment such as a people-powered peanut thresher. I'd send for a list of all their publications.

—J. Baldwin

Intermediate Technology Development Group
1973; 81pp.

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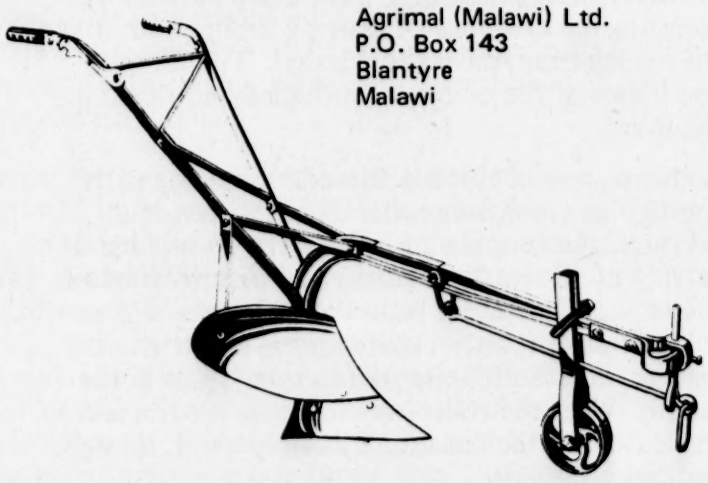
Animal-Drawn Single-Furrow Mouldboard Plough

This VS series plough is available with an 8 in or a 10 in cut. The share is made of the finest quality steel, and the plough beam is of rolled steel. A furrow wheel is fitted.



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Albert Animal-Drawn Rake

This is designed for pulling by one animal and fitted with steel wheels. The operator's seat and lever for lifting the rakes can be supplied for use with horses or oxen. The working width is 2.20 metres.

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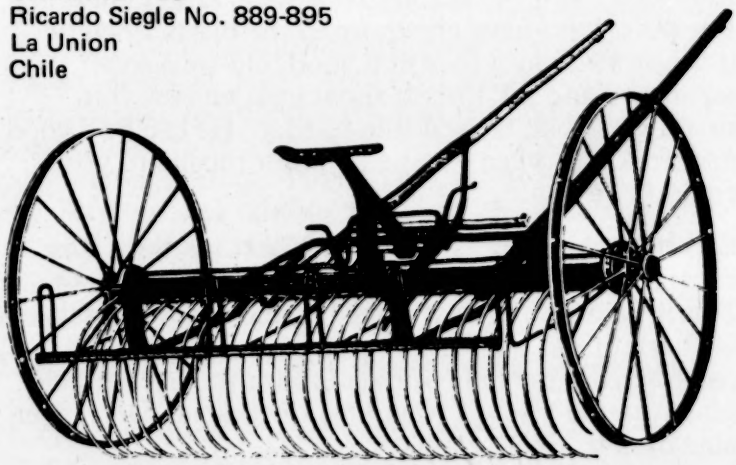


Goat Artificial Insemination

Dear Mr. Smith:

My business requires extensive travel to collect and freeze goat and bull semen for use in Artificial Insemination. We offer a Complete Buck Pedigree Book for $5.00 and make these up when ordered because of available supplies and new ones being offered from time to time, then some die or have to be destroyed due to undesirable traits. Any way, at present you will see it is extensive and offers almost anything anyone could want! I've thrown in a few pedigrees to show what they're like also several sheets from the book to outline our objective. I hope it helps. Maybe later I would have more time to explain it in depth.

Yours

Clem Martin
A-1 Custom
Collecting & Breeding
3668 Summerhill
Carson City, NV 89701

A Guide to Buying Horse Equipment

BY JACK CARROLL

Jack Carroll is one of the best saddlemakers in this country. I own one of his saddles. For a copy of his catalog, send a dollar to Carroll Saddle Company, McNeal, Arizona, 85617.

—jd

In buying equipment for your horse the old English adage that, "the best is the cheapest in the end," holds true. Knowing how to be reasonably sure you get what you pay for is the purpose of this article.

When it comes to leather, your nose can tell you much. Those who can remember the distinctive odor, clean and pleasing, when you opened a pre-war box of shoes or boots or sat in a new, leather-upholstered car, know the smell of barktanned leather. A good shoe-repair shop uses oak-bend leather for soling, same thing. For those who have grown up in the plastic society it is not a bad idea to visit a good, old-time shoe repairman and ask him to show you, and let you smell, some oak-tanned sole leather. He can be a good man to know when you need minor repairs to your equipment, too.

Barktanned leather is used in the best saddles. It is expensive to produce and time-consuming to make. This is because the best is made from the fast-disappearing bark of the California scrub oak, the last of it coming from the hills of Baja California. Acceptable substitutes are South American quebracho bark. Even pine bark is used today.

Due to the cost of tanning, poor hides are seldom bark tanned. Therefore if your nose indicates such leather was used in a piece of equipment the chances are it is well-made.

Cheaper goods are made of chemically-tanned leather. This is a process employing chromate salts, the final product having no odor. Usually such goods are tinted and lacquered to give them color and the cut edges of the leather dyed to cover the greyish color chemical tanning imparts.

My objection to chemical tans is that finished leather made this way keeps curing, which weakens it. The bark tanned leather quits tanning when removed from solution. Such lacquered leather will not accept oil or tallow, this puddling on the acrylic coating where uncoated leather takes up water or oil readily and disperses it throughout the leather fibers.

Saddlemakers use what is known as 12/14 ounce barktanned which is approximately 3/16th of an inch in thickness. As skinned, and coming out of the vat, the sides of leather, (a side being half a hide split down the backbone for ease of handling) are put through a huge splitting machine that peels off the excess on the meat side, evening the thickness.

The trim from the meat side is a by-product. In its natural state it finds use in cheap gloves, hay aprons and cheap outerwear such as jackets. In saddles, it is used as a cheap seat cover over padded seats. In other cases it is given an acrylic spray job and sold as "patent" leather. It is even sometimes used for chaps. But as such leather will take up water like a sponge, a padded seat made of sponge rubber and covered with this porous material really takes up water like a sponge in a rainstorm. As such leather is sometimes offered as "sueded" leather or "rough-out" it behooves the buyer to check the edge of a padded seat cover to see if the underside is top-grain or if the cover is split leather. Chaps are of course easier to check out.

Hand-carving or stamping of a saddle demands bark tannage. The Romans, Hollywood to the contrary, depended on leather armor overlaid at critical points with brass or bronze plates. They found that pounding the leather via a mallet and a stamp that concentrated the pressure on a small area firmed-up the fibers and made a tougher and longer-lasting product.

The horseman of Spain and the New World follows the same practical method, hand-carving leather—mis-called "tooling" which is another process—depends on tracing a design on the damp leather. A swivel knife makes light cuts to separate the design from the background. A matting tool pounds down the background, raising the design. The flowers and leaves of the design are moulded and raised in bas-relief.

A cheap copy of this is achieved by putting parts through an embossing roller under tremendous pressure, thus impressing a design to imitate hand-carving on the leather. Inspection of such goods shows that the leather lacks the hundreds of graceful incisions the swivel knife makes which give the leather the "tooth" essential to rider's grip in the saddle. What the roller-pressure does is compress the leather to the consistency of plywood, though, another giveaway.

American cowboys, excepting those on the Pacific Slope, generally ordered their saddles basket-stamped. Such leather was not incised but the sharp stamp used made just enough of a cut into the plump leather to give essential tooth for best grip. Advocates of stamping claim the even stamp aided shaping up the saddle to the rider's legs and seat as well as toughening the leather. Since the hand-carver had to be something of an artist-craftsman, the basket-stamper merely had to be a craftsman so this method cut the cost of a saddle, important when a "using" saddle cost $100 to $125 and a top hand drew $40 a month and ordinary riders got $30.

Barktanned leather is essential to good carving. In pounding down the background the leather turns to a deeper brown where this is done, providing a rich contrast. Needless to say the maker has to buy A or even A-select leather tanned from young, plump cowhides that have no scars, brands or tickholes and using only the backs and sides of the leather, discarding the belly.

In an effort to achieve grip, saddles are sometimes ordered made roughout, the leather reversed to put the meat side out. This is self-defeating as the meat side soon wears slick. The buyer is at the mercy of an unscrupulous maker too, as cheaper SS, B or even C-grade leather can be used on such a saddle, the flaws hidden.

Another indication that the client is not knowledge-able about saddles, besides ordering a saddle made with a padded seat, some will ask that the leathers be made adjustable via patent buckles. Such buckles are essential on saddles sold by stores whose main business is selling cowboy suits to adults. The buyer may be a girl with a 20-inch inseam or a man with a 34-inch leg. The girl, by pulling the fenders way up under the jockey, which adds bulk under the thigh, can use it and the feller built like a stork can let them out to the last notch.

In our shop, we use several patterns for rosaderos, or "sweatfenders" as they are called today. These are proportioned according to the inseam measure the customer furnishes. In this way we are able to fit them to the girl and preserve the narrow front to the seat, essential in a woman's saddle due to the fleshier thighs women have. The largest pattern allows the long-legged rider to still have the top edge of the rosadero under the jockey instead of hanging below it and biting him occasionally at the back of his thigh.

When the buyer understands that his saddle is tailored to fit him he generally cancels the order for patent buckles and lets us send him laced leathers. This allows us to wet and turn the leathers before shipping, putting a smooth curve in the leathers and rosaderos. After he gets the stretch out of the new leather, he will probably take up some or tack small pieces of leather under the treads to get minor adjustments. It is essential that pressure be even on both stirrups to ride forward on a balance.

Jack Carroll

Uneven pressure is an invitation to a sore back. A plus for the professional or advanced amateur who is beginning to train his own horses is that the offside stirrups are turned at right angles to the horse, awaiting his pointed-toe boot tip. This elminates fumbling around and digging the boot-toe into a horse's ribs to locate a stirrup laying flat alongside the horse's barrel. This can produce some explosive results on some. Another benefit, should the horse cut up, is that the damned patent buckle won't come apart at an awkward moment, either.

The tree, which also should be custom-made to fit both rider and horse, is the heart of the saddle. The terms, "Arab" and "Quarter Horse" trees become meaningless due to wide variations within these breeds. The true desert Arab conformation is characterized by a short back that is peaked in working condition and a high wither. But we also have what are called "Polish" Arabs. In Poland, as in England, the military added big-boned local stock to produce a cavalry mount or running horse. The English called their product the Thoroughbred, though, not an "English" Arab.

The Quarter Horse, a term initially used to describe anything from a draft horse to a mustang that showed exceptional speed in a short dash, became a "breed" during the war. With the introduction of Quarter Horse racing, Thoroughbred blood was introduced until "Quarter Horses" that are 7/8ths Thoroughbred are not uncommon.

I own a Steeldust-strain Quarter Horse whose draft-blood shows in his straight up-and-down shoulder, non-existent wither, flat back and straight pasterns. I also have owned a running Quarter Horse of Parker's Trouble stock whose high wither, peaked back and sloping pasterns and slanted neck bespoke his Thorough-bred lineage. The only thing the two horses have in common are high, well-muscled hindquarters.

If you put the saddle made for the chunk on the running horse the wide tree would be supported on the thin skin of the wither at the fork and by the back ends of the bars digging into his kidneys. Sooner or later the rubbing of the saddle gullet would cause a fistula on the wither, ruining the horse.

Putting this horse's saddle on the chunk is as bad. The

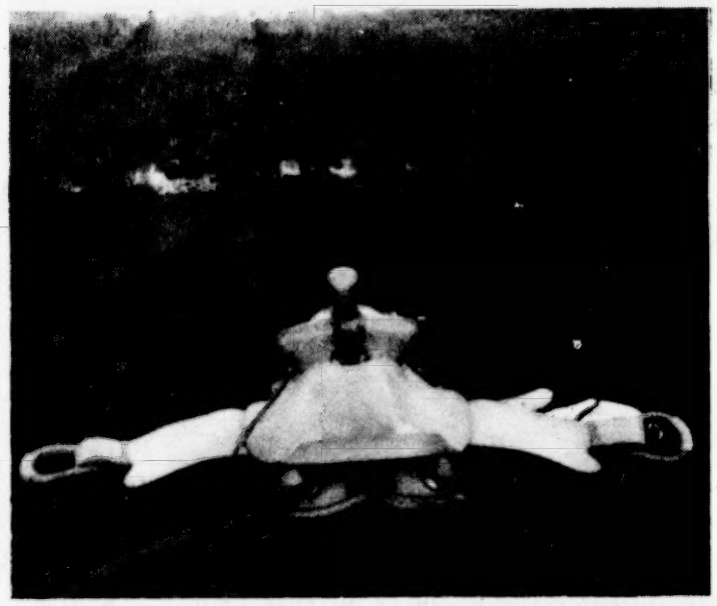


Photo by Jay Hester

Jay Hester's and Editor Smith's saddle

support here would be on the edges of the bars along the back and the front of the saddle would stand very high due to the gullet being unable to span the withers. As it is a horse's nature to either buck off, or fall backwards on what feels like a mountain lion biting his wither or spine, putting the wrong saddle on this good little cowhorse has made for some interesting rides.

As even nomenclature is no help in describing a tree needed to fit your horse, it should be obvious that no one saddle can fit all breeds.

The problem is not new. In WW I, when horse transportation was essential, the French came over here and bought anything that had four legs. Faced with the wild variety of backs unloaded in France, the cavalry school at Saumur designed a saddle made with bars hinged at the fork and cantle. As the bars were padded like an English saddle the fit of the bars along the backbone was not critical. Hinging of these bars was supposed to adjust them to a back peaked like my Arab mare's or flat like my bulldog chunk's.

It was a makeshift to solve a pressing problem in wartime. The regulation French cavalry saddle, as was the U.S. McClellan, was designed for a good back conformation. Remount officers bought horses whose backs would fit that conformation. As a good saddle will outlast a lot of horses and if made well should last a rider a lifetime, it behooves the horse buyer to consider back conformation as well as feet, eyes and head and other points in choosing a horse. It can save the expense of having to buy several saddles to fit various conformations.

Whether sending away to have a saddle made or buying one in a store the following can be helpful. Twist two 36-inch strands of wire solder together and bend over the wither of the type of horse you either breed or which has the back conformation you look for when buying a horse. Bend and press the lead wire into the "pockets" bisecting these hollows, which are just behind the shoulder blades. Then carefully remove and trace this pattern on cardboard or stiff paper.

Repeat this on the loin, 14 inches back if you are a small person, 15 if medium size and 16 if you are large and heavy. Make a pattern of this and cut the halves apart. The lower halves represent a cross-section of the back that must carry the weight and span the wither. The upper halves can be used to check to be sure the wire did not deform in transferring the shape to the paper.

Choose a store with a good selection of factory saddles and sit all of them until you find one that fits you, remembering to put a jacket or blanket under the front of the saddle to raise it to the approximate way it will sit on the horse. When you find the one that suits you, turn it upside-down and check the fit via the templates you made. If it fits them, and if the saddle is made well and passes the nose test, buy it! No custom maker can do better for you.

If you go to a custom maker who has a stock of trees on hand, use the template, remembering that the bare tree has to be about an inch wider to allow for skirts and woolskins. If none of his stock trees fit you and your type of horse he can send the templates off to a treemaking house and have the tree made to order. This costs a few dollars more but it is worth it.

The saddlemaker should be able to offer the rider a selection of riggings. The easiest to make is the common double strap rigging seen on roping saddles. The most difficult to make is the plate rig that eliminates the need for a back cincha. The plate rigging, a West Coast favorite, is screwed to the fork of the saddle and runs along the tree and is again screwed to the bars back of the cantle. As this exerts an even pressure all along the bars instead of concentrating cinch pressure only on the fork as the double rig does – the back cincha of a double rig has to be ridden loose enough to pass the hand between cincha and horse or it restricts his breathing – such a rigging made on a good fitting tree allows the rider to use a much looser cincha. As usually made at the 3/4 position and low, this puts the rider's leg ahead of the latigo and allows a narrow front to the seat that is essential for riding forward or "on a balance" instead of being forced back on the loins because of a dee in front of the legs.

The plate rigging is difficult to make because each rigging must be cut according to seat size, an art in itself. But if the saddlemaker can't make any rigging the rider needs, I would tend to hunt up another who can.

I am wary of "custom" saddles that come only as pictured and only in a single seat size. These generally are factory made jobs. If you want a different shape of cantle, or a larger or smaller swell, a different seat size such as a 14½ instead of the offered 15-inch, or a different horn, it should be willingly made as you want it. The groundseat, the skived layers of leather under the overseat, should be available made flat or raised as you indicate and narrow at the front for comfort. If you get excuses or static, look elsewhere.

The tree in the saddle, as well as being made to fit you and the horse, should be bullhide-covered. Sewing the wooden tree into wet rawhide is an art, too. The rawhider has to balance the parts so that when the rawhide shrinks down uneven pull will not warp the tree. The only thing that can be done with a warped tree is to burn it. Attempts have been made to make trees of aluminum and plastic and to cover trees with semi-skilled labor using fiberglassed canvas. But since the rawhide, properly applied by a skilled man, gives the tree strength plus a little "give" essential in a good tree the best and more expensive saddles are built on rawhided trees.

The best saddles utilize more handwork. Critical hardware such as rigging dees are generally of bronze or brass. Where rivets are used these are pure copper with a separate copper rivet flanged on. Cheaper construction uses iron brake rivets. Such rivets are hollow, drive through the leather and spalled on the opposite side. As these, like dees, are sometimes copper-plated to imitate copper rivets, a magnet applied to rigging dees, cincha rings and rivets can be revealing. Rustable iron has no place on strain points in a saddle because as iron rusts it rots the leather around it. (Copper or brass actually lubricate the leather via the verdigris they produce.)

Another test of quality is to apply the magnet to the saddle string conchas the saddle carries. The cheapest are made of nickle-plated tin. Better ones are made of stainless steel. Better than that are ones made of solid nickel, brass, or silver.

The strings on a saddle should pass through the skirts, the tree and the housings. Cheaper construction nails the strings to the outside of the tree. This is much cheaper than boring through the leather and tree so that the strings help hold the saddle together and allow the rider to strip the skirts and seat so as to oil underneath as should be periodically done.

Seeing such construction on the outside would cause me to wonder how the riggings are attached. Good riggings are first nailed down and then non-rust pan-head screws are also added. But as I have repaired some saddles that used only long carpet tacks to hold the riggings and another saddlemaker reports that he came across one that had the riggings held with staples, caution is recommended.

As stated before there is nothing wrong with a good production saddle if it fits you and your horse. Armed with your nose, magnet and templates plus the knowledge you get what you pay for you should be able to judge whether what you are offered is worth what the dealer is asking for it.

The same reasoning applies to buying halters and bridles. The best leather needs no paint to cover defects. Good leather darkens to a rich walnut color from sunlight, use and oiling. In buying a bridle note color, the sewing and also how the keepers are put together. Cheapies have the ends of the keepers fastened with a staple. A good hand-made bridle will have the ends of the keepers skived, overlapped and cemented, then sewn. A small detail, but significant. As with a saddle, the more handsewing, the better the article.

If you have ever left a cotton rope exposed to manure fumes and sweat and weather, it rots. Machine sewing is very even and prettier than hand-sewing. Trouble is, machines use cotton thread. Hand-sewing today uses waxed saddler's nylon. The best hand-sewing will show the ends of the thread knotted and the knot fused by heat so as not to come undone, showing that care was exercised in the making. The magnet will tell if non-ferrous fittings were used.

Another place to tread warily is where the word "silver" is used. Genuine silver fittings are coveted by horsemen. However, federal law forbids calling anything less than 88% pure silver content (the other 12% being hardening alloy such as copper) "sterling."

Euphemisms such as "German silver" and "nickel silver" are used to trap the unwary. Such alloys are base metal containing no silver at all. Nothing intrinsically wrong with conchas or corner plates made of such metal. But calling such "silver" is like calling a hunk of glass set in a brass setting a "diamond ring." Nitric acid won't affect real silver – a test your jeweler or you can perform if in doubt.

The booming saddle horse market has created a tremendous demand for tack. Many shrewd businessmen, seeing this 7-million horse market, entered it whether they had ever ridden a horse in their lives or picked up a draw gauge knife.

Wasn't it Ruskin who said, "No matter what has ever been made there is always somebody who can make it cheaper and worse, and the seekers of such are this man's lawful prey?"

About the most pitiful thing to me is to see a man pay an awful price for a "papered" horse you couldn't turn in a 4-acre field and which has a conformation like a camel's and then go looking for a "bargain" saddle to put on it.

In the highly competitive saddlery field this is something like looking for a brain surgeon to do a good job for $75. A good saddle takes two sides of leather that cost $55 each today buying in quantity. A tree custom-tailored to man and beast, about $75. A set of bronze dees cost $8.80 the pair. Woolskins cost about $12. Add on copper rivets, cincha, stirrups and latigo leather for ties and strings, thread, cement, screws and nails, etc. plus the fact that a skilled saddlemaker gets $5 an hour, add on taxes and overhead, and it becomes readily apparent that good saddlery costs good money.

In writing this article I went to Tucson to see what was offered. At $450 I found a saddle that looked pretty good. The skirts, however, had threads peeping out between the woolskins and skirts. Closer inspection showed that the maker, a leader in the volume field, has used acrylic fake fur to line the saddle's skirt!

What we do is buy grade A, spready woolskins. These have a yellowish color because the skins are bark

tanned. We specify bark tannage because, since the hides do not keep curing as do chromate-tanned ones, the hair does not pull out as the hide weakens.

Woolskin liners in a saddle have a dual purpose. They pad the hard bars and, being compressible and springy, compensate for minor differences between bars and back.

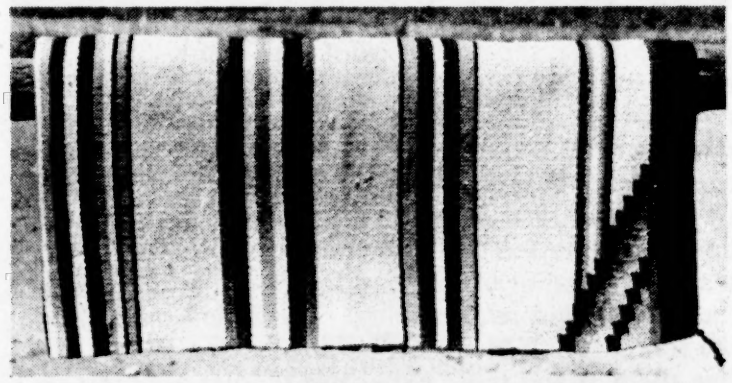
The woolskin, when used against a wool saddle blanket, holds the blanket flat against the back to avoid wrinkles and thus galls.

Now, maybe the maker who bypassed using expensive woolskins in favor of the acrylic lining knows something I don't. But as centuries of saddlemaking have demanded woolskin liners in skirts, the thicker the better, I hesitate to substitute a petroleum-derived, inorganic product for what experience as a saddlemaker and horseman tells me is satisfactory. I like using nylon thread as I consider it better than what was available in the past. It won't rot out. But common sense tells me a thick wool cushion against the horse's back whose natural "grab" holds the blanket flat is superior to a some kind of slippery synthetic mouse-fuzz. I would therefore suggest the buyer of a ready-made saddle check this out as another means of determining quality and value. As this saddle was priced at $450, I can't condone the use of a fake material in a critical area to save a few dollars in manufacturing the product.

Nothing I have found so far beats pure wool against the back. If the saddle fits the horse a good Navajo double blanket should be all the padding that is needed. In the Arizona heat sometimes a hair pad made of criss-crossed mane and tail hair is sandwiched in the blanket. The springy hair causes drying air to be pulled in and sweat expelled as horse and rider move. As a wet back will gall quicker than a dry one will, this explains the hair pad.

As for saddle blankets made of man-made, non-absorbent fibers, these sometimes mixed with cotton, and, final injury, woven in, "Indian" patterns, I rate these with the acrylic mouse-fuzz.

As America's new horsemen catch on to basic truths



100% virgin wool saddle blanket

as expounded by Charles Williamson in his **Breaking and Training the Stock Horse** (LWEC, p. 258) utilizing basic dressage principles, they get more critical. Another force that has is taking a lot of nonsense out of horse-handling is Ed Connell's **Hackamore Reinsman** ($4.00, Longhorn Press, Box 150, Cisco, Texas 76437).

Williamson, who became a veterinarian after WWI service as a cavalryman, has been a cattleman in Montana, ranger and packer and Connell, cowboy boss for the huge California spread of Miller & Lux whose book explains the genuine, Spanish-derived method of making a saddle horse, learned what they know when a 60-mile ride was not an "endurance ride" but a day's circuit for the average cowboy. I check my own designs with these men feeling that they have probably forgotten more about horsemanship than I could learn in two lifetimes. I feel my job of reproducing equipment these men find essential to doing the job they describe is my contribution.

As a final note I would suggest the serious rider study the books of these practical horsemen and utilize their stored knowledge in choosing his equipment.

On the basis that a man's judgement can only be as good as his information, if anything is not clear in the foregoing I will answer inquiries if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ■

Jack Carroll
Rt. 1, Box 90
McNeal, AZ 85617.

Farm and Ranch Supplies

If you need a serious quantity of stock fence or irrigation pipe, check Bernstein Brothers' prices. Their current prices on field fence are similar to Sears and on farm gates 25% less. Since Bernstein prices include prepaid freight, while Sears do not, Bernstein is 10 to 35% cheaper. They carry a variety of other heavy duty items such as cattle guards, large stock tanks, windmills, hog feeders, and squeeze chutes. Some of their fabricated steel items are surprisingly cheap; less than what it would cost you to build it of wood or steel. For example, they sell bull-proof corral panels made of 1/4" steel rod welded in 4" x 4" mesh, 5 feet by 20 feet for $37.00. Wood reails for a similar section of a recently constructed bull-pen cost more (and failed to hold the bull).

—Alan Kalker

Catalog
Free
from:
Bernstein Brothers
P.O. Box 917
Pueblo, CO 81002

HEAVY-DUTY CAST-IRON PITCHER PUMP

Neat, attractive Pitcher Pump made of highest grade gray iron castings. Cylinder is machined smooth and polished. Closed spout and closed base promotes sanitation. Good grade leathers used. Modern advanced design. Raise the handle to full height to drain cylinder and prevent freezing. Tapped for 1¼ inch suction pipe. $27.95 postpaid.

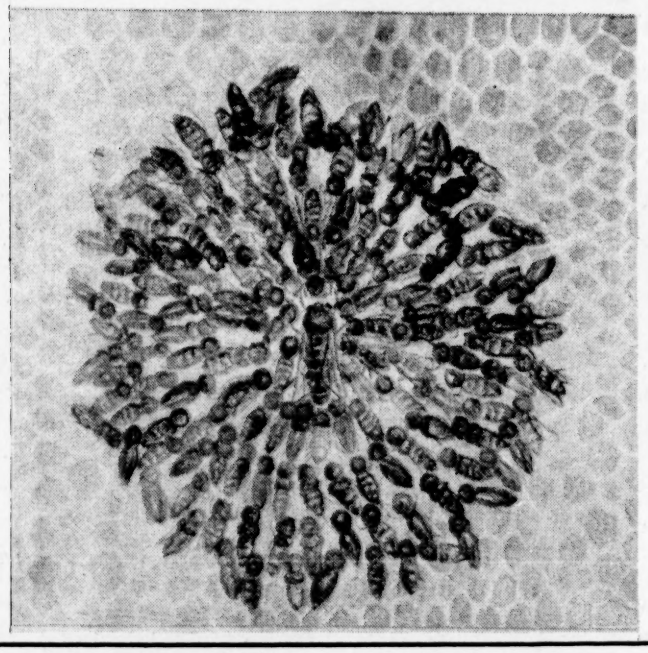
Bee Books

We kept bees on our place in Colorado at 9,000 feet. After 2 weeks of -20° weather, it warmed up and we went out to check on the bees. They were frozen dead in almost perfect concentric circles around the queen.

We had done two things wrong – not enough hay had been packed around the hive for insulation; and too much honey had been taken out – bees need more food the colder it gets.

*These three bee books cover three aspects of bee-keeping: biological (***Bees & Beekeeping***); mystical (***Nine Lectures***) and technical (***Art & Adventure of Beekeeping***).*

–Rosemary Menninger



Rosemary Menninger

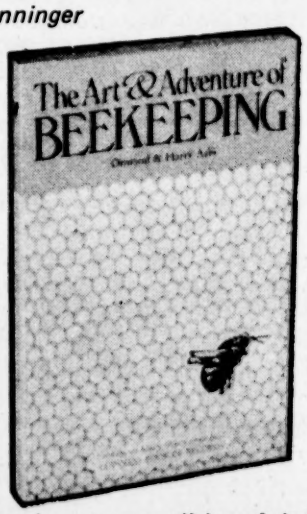
The Art and Adventure of Beekeeping

Serious beekeeping, laid out with the precision of a full work day. Like any dairy operation, beekeeping has a variety of by-products: honey extraction, wax refining, and raising queens for sale. These are explained in clear detail. But the main product of beekeeping is what permeates the book – that a living beehive is one of those wonders of the world, like volcanoes and dolphins, that makes anyone who learns a little want to learn a lot more.

The father and son authors, whose last name means "honeybee," even made the Guinness Book of Records *for most honey from one hive.*

–Rosemary Menninger

The Art and Adventure of Beekeeping
Ormond and Harry Aebi
1975; 181pp.
$4.95 postpaid
from:
Unity Press
Box 1037
Santa Cruz, CA 95061
or Whole Earth



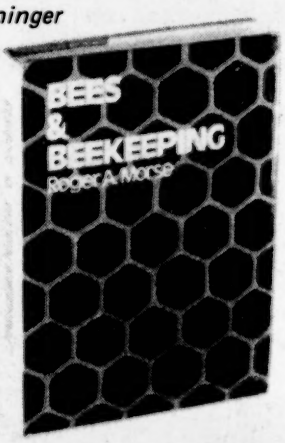
Here let me say that honeybees have personalities of their own, much like human beings. Some hives are gentle, others are cross. This seems to be due for the most part to the temperament of the queen. As stated before, it is my belief that bees will not sting unless they are frightened or offended. However, as with people, some are more easily frightened than others and some are more easily offended. Just as we are sometimes unaware of how we may have offended someone, so we may be completely unaware of how we have offended our bees. Also, not all people or bees are offended by the same set of circumstances. First of all we should try to find out what it is we do that angers our bees, for more often than not it is the beekeeper who is at fault. When working with our bees we always have a smoker going and use a few large puffs of smoke at the entrance and under the cover of the hive when working with all but our most gentle bees. This is just good policy and helps greatly to keep the bees from becoming angry at us or others in the neighborhood. We approach our bees with an attitude of respect, talk to them as soon as we come near the hives, and visit with them every day so that they get to know their keeper.

Bees and Beekeeping

This is science speaking. A fascinating book which about covers the extent of man's knowledge of bees and beekeeping to date. Taught me so much that I've been rapping bees to anyone within earshot. Unusual pictures too.

–Rosemary Menninger

Bees and Beekeeping
Roger A. Morse
1975; 281pp.
$13.50 postpaid
from:
Cornell Univ. Press
124 Roberts Place
Ithaca, NY 14850
or Whole Earth



A fruit grower once told me that honey bees did not visit dandelions in his orchard; he went on to say that he was not going to remove the dandelions, and thought it was foolish to suggest that it be done. He said he had spent over half an hour one day examining his orchard for bee activity and found most of the bees in the apple trees and on the apple blossoms, not visiting the dandelions. It was difficult to understand why bees would not visit dandelions in his orchard. The answer lies in research by John B. Free (1970), who discovered that dandelions produce the greatest quantity of pollen between 9:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m.; 63 per cent of dandelion pollen is produced between 11:00 a.m. and 12:00 noon. Thus, dandelions are much more attractive to bees during the forenoon than at other times. Furthermore, Free found that apples produce pollen from about 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. but that 67 per cent of apple pollen is produced between 12:00 noon and 4:00 p.m. Free's observations were made in England, but we presume they have application in North America. Thus, during the day the number of bees actively foraging on various plants may vary depending upon the food available to them.

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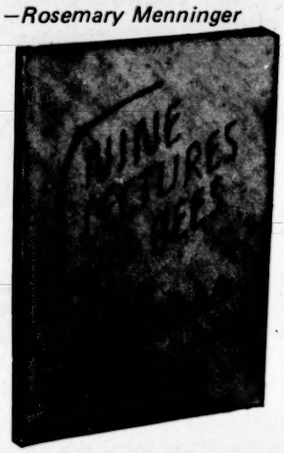
Honey bees are cold blooded animals, but in the winter they form a cluster and generate heat. If brood rearing is taking place, the interior of the cluster may be between 27 and 33°C. (approx. 80 and 92°F) even when the temperature outside is subzero. Bees on the exterior of the cluster become cold and in fact so cold that they cannot move. However, they do not normally die of cold for bees from within the cluster will move outward, pushing the cold bees to the interior where they may warm their bodies.

Nine Lectures on Bees

Steiner, the great horticultural mystic, discusses the intimate relationship between bees and the sun; parallels their hexagonal shapes to crystals and sees there a power similar to that attributed to pyramids. He stretches science and the imagination, but the basic idea is not farfetched: that you can study the universe in a beehive and learn more than you would from a wasp's nest.

—Rosemary Menninger

Nine Lectures on Bees
Rudolph Steiner
1964; 90pp.
$5.95 postpaid
from:
St. George Publications
Box 225
Spring Valley, NY 10977
or Whole Earth



The Queen need not necessarily be fertilised to lay eggs. Then we have what is called "virgin-brood." This also happens with other insects; the scientific name for it is parthenogenesis. But only drones can emerge from these unfertilised eggs; no workers and no Queens. Thus when a Queen is unfertilised, worker-bees and Queens do not hatch out, only drones; such a colony is naturally useless.

You see, in "virgin-brood" only the *opposite* sex is produced, not the *same* sex. This is a very interesting fact, and an important one in the whole household of Nature — namely that fertilisation is necessary if the same sex is to come into being (this applies to the lower animals of course, not to the higher ones). With the bees it is the case that only drones emerge where fertilisation has not taken place.

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But now the following happens. In order that a new Queen can come into being, the marriage flight must have taken place. The Queen goes out into the Sun. A new Queen comes into being. At that moment a most remarkable thing happens to the whole host of the workers who feel themselves so united with the old Queen. Their tiny little eyes *begin to see* when the new Queen is born. This they cannot endure; they cannot endure that that which they themselves are, should come from elsewhere. The three minute frontal eyes, these three very small eyes of the worker-bees, are built up from within; they are permeated with the inner blood and so on, of the bee; they were never exposed to the external working of the Sun. But now the new Queen is born from out of the Sun, and brings Sun-light with her own body into the hive; now the bees become — I should like to say — clairvoyant with their little eyes. They cannot endure this light of the new Queen. The whole host of them prepares to swarm. It is like fear of the new Queen, as though they were dazzled. It is as though we were to look at the Sun itself.

Recipe for Raising Chickens

Unlike bees, chickens are not something I'd want to spend my evenings reading about. A "recipe" is really what this is. She gives the basics plus the tender love and care and tricks it might take years to discover. Tells how to learn from your chickens, and except for the ommission of butchering, it's the best beginning chicken book I've seen.

—Rosemary Menninger

Minnie Rose Lovgreen's Recipe for Raising Chickens
Nancy Rekow and
Claire Frost, editors
1975; 31pp.
$6.95 postpaid
from:
Pacific Search
715 Harrison St.
Seattle, WA 98109
or Whole Earth

You can test a hen to see if she's laying. There are two bones either side of a hen's rectum. You see, a hen only has one vent for everything. If you can fit two of your folded knuckles between those two bones, then the hen is laying. Otherwise not. The technique takes a bit of practice, but it's worth it. The longest it pays to keep a hen is about 2½ to 3 years.

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In the bug line, they like beetles and earwigs and small worms. Earwigs especially. They help keep your garden free of bugs. I had an apple tree with a crotch in it, and at night I used to take an old newspaper and roll it up and put it in that crotch. In the morning it'd be fill of earwigs because the earwigs like to crawl in the newspaper at night. I'd take that out and shake it, and every time the chickens saw I was about to take that paper out, they'd come running right away.

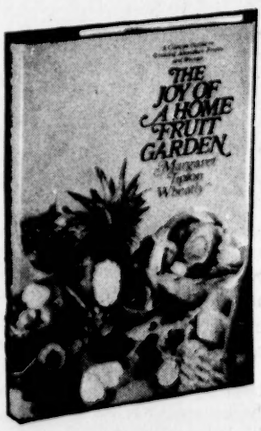
The Joy of a Home Fruit Garden

For home use, this is the clearest, fullest fruit tree book since Tukey's **Dwarf Fruit Trees**, *which is now out of print. Most gardening books aren't half this specific about various soil conditions, watering, harvesting and bugs. Includes dwarfs, standards, citrus and berries; and has the best instructions I've seen for two classic frills: the strawberry barrel and the espaliered fruit tree.*

Written by a woman who grew an orchard in her trailer court.

—Rosemary Menninger

The Joy of a Home Fruit Garden
Margaret Tipton Wheatly
1975; 146pp.
$6.95 postpaid
from:
Doubleday & Co., Inc.
501 Franklin Ave.
Garden City, L.I., NY 11530
or Whole Earth



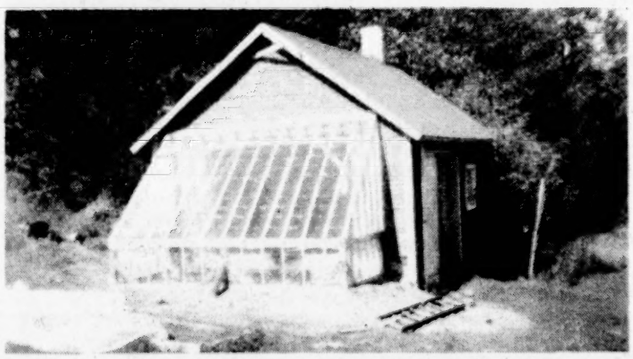
Fruits vary widely in their water requirements, so to assure success you must know their individual needs. To offer two contrasting varieties, berries are very juicy and therefore require abundant moisture during production. On the other hand, figs and grapes will not only split open if soil moisture is too high, but the fruit will mold and be unfit for use. For berries, two or three light applications of water per week, on average soil, is about right during and just prior to harvest. We need to consider, also, that berries come on in early summer, when some natural ground moisture from winter rains may still be present. Since they are surface rooted to some extent, at least, light frequent watering is more beneficial than deep soaking once a week. By light, we mean a penetration of eight to ten inches, or about a half hour of sprinkling on good to fair soil.

Wild Rose Solar Collector

Presently, my family and I are living in a home where the fuel required for heating has been reduced by one third to one half. This has been made possible by a simple solar collector. So far, this system has worked trouble free all winter. This is my first attempt at describing my solar energy projects, and I will need to do more work and studying to make a more complete description.

By way of introduction, however, I would like to begin by stating that the purpose of my effort is to demonstrate that solar energy can be used right now in place of other fuels in a manner that could benefit both the individual and our country as a whole. In addition, the aesthetic rewards of bringing a bit of the outdoors inside greatly contributes to the enjoyment of this alternative living arrangement.

Our first project, a greenhouse addition to a 16 x 20 ft. one-room dwelling, was designed and built during the fall of 1973 by John Baldus and myself. The basic novelties of this greenhouse addition are the insulating panels to reduce nighttime heat loss and the styrofoam insulation surrounding the growing pit (4 inches thick around the pit and 2 inches underneath the pit).



This greenhouse is covered with 4 mil polyethylene (one or two layers). The insulating panel frames have 4 mil poly and fiberglass insulation stapled to them. These panels are held to the greenhouse by hooks and eyes and string tie downs.

The greenhouse (44° N. Lat.) allows tomatoes and other plants to be grown in wintertime. On sunny days, the sun provided all or most of the heat required for warmth. The rest of the building has been happily used as a living area for almost two years. The material cost for this project was $200.

The next project, my "solar heated" home, was begun in the fall of 1974. Right now, this 1,000 square foot home has a 300 sq. ft. transparent section on the south wall that serves as a simple solar collector. The solar collector in this house consists of two sheets of 4 mil polyethylene stapled to opposite faces of a wood strut. The use of one sheet would let in more light but would allow more heat to escape, giving the plants more light and the house less heat.

The struts are inclined 60° from horizontal making the collector relatively perpendicular to the sun's rays in January, at high noon, in Wild Rose, Wisconsin (44° N. Lat.).

The collector is a flat plate oriented to the south. It is appropriate for this area since 3/4 of the sun's energy, during winter, occurs between 10:00 a.m and 2:00 p.m. (Graphs in **Direct Use of the Sun's Energy**, by Farrington Daniels, p. 26).

This solar collector works the same way as the inside of a car warming up on a sunny winter day. We also have foam insulating panels that serve to reduce heat loss at night. This important feature is not usually found on the ordinary greenhouse. Finally, we have a simple heat storage system consisting of 28 fifty-five gallon drums of water that absorb some of the day's sunshine so that daytime temperatures are cooler and nighttime temperatures are warmer. Excess heat had previously been ventilated out.

When the sun is shining, it is both exciting and dramatic to be in this house. On *any* sunny or slightly cloudy day, the sun alone heats this house, even if the outside temperature is zero degrees Fahrenheit. During the day, the inside temperature can reach 85° while at night it can drop to 60°. On certain nights and cloudy days we heat the house with wood. But a bright sunny day often means that little or *no* wood will be required for that day and evening.

I have also tried to calculate the gross heat gain for January, February, and March in order to see what this amounts to in wood, oil, natural gas, L.P. (liquid petroleum) gas, and electricity. I used solar data for Madison, Wisconsin as found in the **Climatic Atlas of the United States** (U.S. Dept. of Commerce). After allowing for 5% loss due to the polyethylene that makes up the solar collector, I arrived at an amount of energy close to 21½ million BTU's. This works out to 2 to 4 chords of wood (50% efficient heater), *or* 192 gallons of No. 1 fuel oil (80% eff. heater), or 23,300 cubic ft. of natural gas (90% eff.), or 253 gallons of LP gas (85% eff.), or 6,300 KW-HRS of electricity. In terms of money, the heat gain would be $69 @ 30 cents/gallon of oil, $140 @ .6 cents/cu. ft. of natural gas, $76 @ 30 cents/gallon of LP gas, *or* $202 @ 3.2 cents /KW-HR of electricity.

Additional features include:

(1) simple shed type pole building construction that allowed application of six inch fiberglass insulation,

(2) four inches of styrofoam around house perimeter (16 inches deep) and two inches of foam under cement floor and dirt growing area.

(3) 3 ft. by 56 ft. earth area inside house for growing vegetables year round (depth of dirt area is 16 inches).

Floor areas include:

Living area, 660 sq. ft.
Area for heat storage drums, 170 sq. ft.
Vegetable growing area, 170 sq. ft.
All three areas add up to 1,000 sq. ft.

Approximate costs include:

5½ acres of land, $3,000
4 inch well and pump, $2,000
Septic system and plumbing, $2,000
House materials and labor, $6,000

Total cost was $13,000.

We grew and ate vegetables this past winter and spring; they were a source of food, supplies a patch of green during the winter, and increased the relative humidity, making a humidifier unnecessary.

Much of this project was inspired by the work of Steve Baer and Day Chahroudi. I would like to conclude by stating that these projects, as unsophisticated as they may be, are extremely significant in the sense that they offer solutions with immediate value. We see something we can do right *now* in terms of substituting for fossil fuels and working toward better utilization of the sun's energy. Plans for both the solar heated house and the greenhouse addition are available at a cost of $5. ■

David Kruschke
Route 2
Wild Rose, WI 54984

Brill's Bible of Building Plans

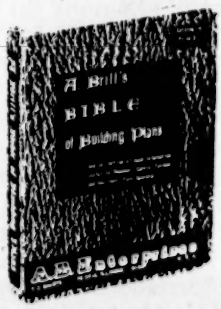
Amuse your cows with a 43 whistle circus calliope? Join a carnival as a knife thrower or 'shake-em-up' ride owner? What A.K. Brill sells is methods of making fantasy less improbable. His **Bible** *is part book, part catalog. The 30 page book portion ranges from the economics of carnivals to the recipes for raunchy carnival food (like a "mashed potato center covered with chocolate"), from operating three phase motors on single phase to a method of arthritis relief. The catalog portion offers for sale all the plans and info required to entirely recreate the midway of a sleazy county fair: scarey rides, fair games of skill, and curious concessions.*

The building plans he sells are uncommon. They convey the old builder's art of scrounging up the parts needed from what's lying around. It's kind of like hunkering down with the old builder and hearing: "now you can build this out of a surplus gear box or this way out of an old truck differential and this part can be made of a fly-wheel and front wheel spindle and here is how to figure the gear ratios to get the speed you want. . ." A typical twenty buck building plan might be twenty poorly dittoed legal size pages. Ten pages of single spaced monologue, the rest sketches plans and drawings. You learn the cheapest ways of building it in Muncie or Micronesia, how to build the equipment, to decorate it, and how to operate it as well.

On top of some 200 building plans there are offered for sale tricks of the trade — the Magic Horseshoe (No. 719, $5) actually enables anyone to letter large signs easily. In his spare time, A. Brill also sells the 4 foot tall "giant running chicken" and the "smartly dressed rooster," as well as other oddments.

—Alan Kalker

Brill's Bible of Building Plans
[Catalog] and Collection of much information useful to Showman, Carnie, Fairman and Amusement Park Operator
1975; 287pp.
$1 postpaid
from:
A.B. Enterprizes
P.O. Box 875
Peoria, IL 61601



Foundrywork for the Amateur

A foundry need not be a huge industrial complex or even a purchased kit. You can start with your kitchen stove, an old pot, some sand, scrap aluminum, and this book. Such a kitchen foundry would give you an immediate source of emergency replacements for a broken pulley or small bracket on that old "patented 1892" water pump. Recycling a scrap auto into cast bridge washers and boot scrappers takes a bit more. Directions for construction of the requisite backyard blast furnace, patterns, and molds are provided.

—Alan Kalker

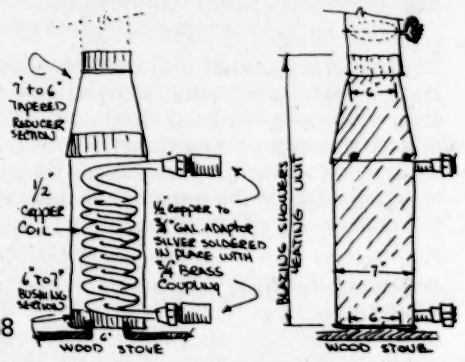
Foundrywork for The Amateur
B. Terry Aspin
1972; 108pp.
.50p + .50p postage
(currently $2.05 total)
from:
Model & Allied Publications
P.O. Box 35
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
England HP1 1EE

Blazing Showers

Those heat riffles going into a woodstove pipe can be turned into hot water using this manual of design and construction of a coil element stovepipe — installed water heating system. The company sells a kit for $49, but you can buy the manual separate, and it tells you how to build your own without the kit. That shows me the company has its heart in the right place.

—J.D.

Blazing Showers Manual
$2.25 postpaid
from:
Blazing Showers
P.O. Box 327
Point Arena, CA 95468

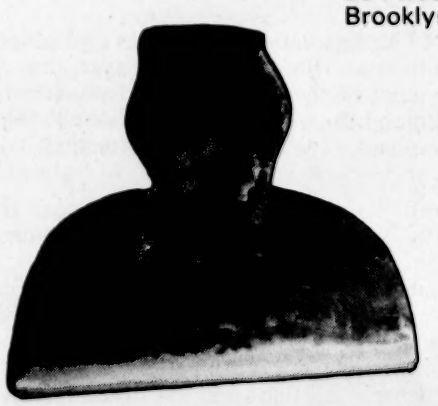

1" to 6" TAPERED REDUCER SECTION
½" COPPER COIL
6" to 7" BUSHING SECTION
WOOD STOVE
½" copper to ¾" GAL. ADAPTER SILVER SOLDERED IN PLACE WITH ¾" BRASS COUPLING
BLAZING SHOWERS HEATING UNIT
6"
7"
WOOD STOVE

The Hand Hammered Axe

At a farm sale around Donnely, Idaho last summer, I watched a tourist pay forty-five bucks for a broadax head that looked like it had been used as a sledgehammer once too often. Guess the fellow figured a tool in that bad shape had to be an antique. Truth is, broadaxes are getting hard to find, but Ken Sole has a line on about a hundred brand new, hand hammered broadax heads in blade lengths from seven to thirteen inches. If you have any hand hewn house designs in your head, but no tools in your hands, I'd recommend buying a broadax instead of your next lid of primo Columbian. They cost the same, and the axe head weighs a good eight pounds more.

—J.D.

Broadax Heads
$35.00 postpaid
from:
The Hand Hammered Axe
Ken Sole
25 Parade Place
Brooklyn, NY 11226



Exposition of Appropriate Technology Vancouver, Canada June 1976

Organizations from all parts of the world are now being invited to participate in an exposition of appropriate technology to be held in conjunction with the United Nations Conference HABITAT.

An international committee will select proposed displays that best represent the concept of designing small technologies for the betterment of mankind and the planet earth.

Interested groups may submit suggestions to the coordinator:

William N. Ellis
7410 Vernon Square Dr.
Alexandria VA 22306 USA

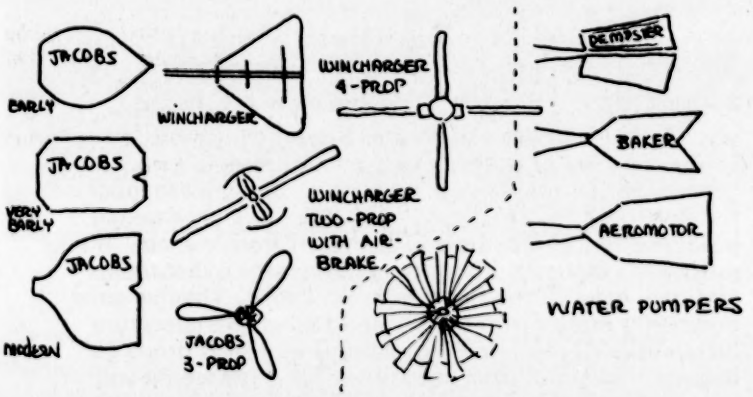
Homebuilt Wind-Generated Electricity

The same people who brought us **Wind & Windspinners** *(Epilog, p. 537) now offer this book to those considering restoration of an old machine. (The title is a bit misleading; there is little about building your own). The chapters on towers and raising machines, electronics, and why, are extensive and well illustrated with diagrams and good photos. The chapter on finding that old machine will probably result in there not being any more findable machines. But the book is marred by shallow research that shows up in the sketchy restoration chapter and a lack of critical details such as how to size tower fasteners. The breezy conversational style makes the book easy to read but not easy to peruse for quick facts when you need to know something. Nevertheless, it'll do until somebody writes that much-needed Compleat Manual of Antique Wind Machines, and it should help many who are struggling with the complexities of getting some power from wind.*

–J. Baldwin

The Homebuilt Wind-Generated Electricity Handbook
Michael A. Hackleman
1975; 195pp.

$7.50 postpaid
from:
Earthmind
Saugus, CA 91350
or Whole Earth



Tails and Props

Characteristically, the Wincharger had its model number painted on the tail and sometimes printed on the generator; the first things you'll probably want to know is the voltage and power rating. There are four digits to the number. The first two digits will indicate the voltage of the wind machine; if it's a 32-volt machine, the model number will read 3210, 3220, 3238, 3240, and the like. The last digits will indicate how early or late a model it is and this is an indicator for the power rating; the last two illustrated numbers — the 3238 and the 3240 — are 1500 watt machines. The two earlier model numbers are 1200 watt or lower; we have not yet determined their precise wattage capability. If you have found a 110 volt wind machine, the numbers will read 1109, 1112, 1119, and the like; we know that the latter one is a 1500 watt unit, but we have no information on the others.

Country Light

Good source of low cost (I hesitate to say cheap) Aladdin lamps heaters and parts.

–jd

Country Light
Catalog
Free
from:
Country Light
P.O. Box 1963
Athens, GA 30601

Aladdins complete line of Aluminum **kerosene mantle lamps** includes handsome shelf and table models, convenient wall-mounted and graceful hanging styles, many accented by permanently beautiful parchment shades. The shades are available either pre-assembled in all-white, or unassembled with brown lacing.

B - 139S Aluminum Kerosene Only Table Lamp with white parchment shade
Retail $34.50 Your Price - $27.60

B - 139M Aluminum Kerosene Only Table Lamp with white parchment shade assembly kit
Retail - $34.00 Your Price - $27.20

B - 139 Aluminum Kerosene Only Table Lamp without shade and tripod
Retail - $29.00 Your Price - $23.20

Whole Earth Access Company

Jay Baldwin, our resident tool freak, claims he buys better than half his tools through the Whole Earth Access Company, and particularly likes their style of racing products against each other. (Ten food mills lined up and grinding against the clock). While the Whole Earth Truck Store in Menlo Park has remained mostly a center for access to books as tools, the folks at the Access Company have been getting into hardware, keeping up a kind of independent tool research that we here in the propaganda wings don't really give ourselves time to do. Funny thing is that other than the **Whole Earth Catalog** *having spawned the idea, the Whole Earth Access Company has no ties with us.*

–jd

For hardware needs contact:

Whole Earth Access Company
2466 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94704

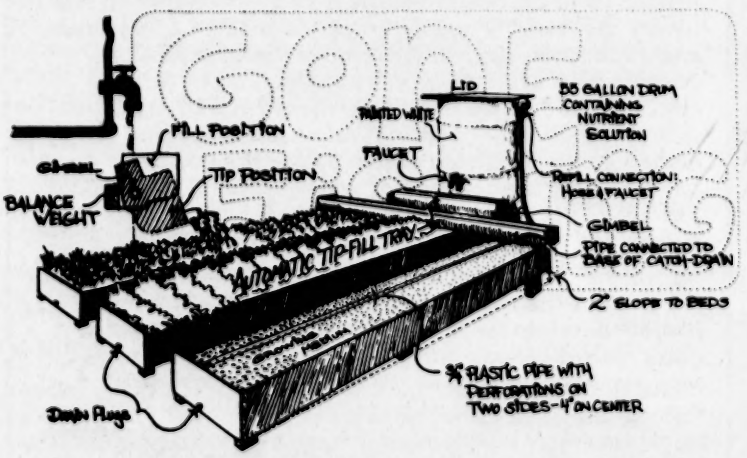
Hydroponic Gardening at Home

Hydroponics is a controversial but effective way to grow things in a small space with not much water. This book is one of the more clear discussions of the various methods and techniques available to the amateur. Much better illustrated than most other similar books. Kathleen says it's a bit too general, but that you could actually develop a working hydroponic garden from the information given.

–J. Baldwin

Hydroponic Gardening at Home
Charles E. Sherman and Hap Brenizer
1975; 95pp.
$3.95 postpaid

from:
Nolo Press
Box 544
Occidental, CA 95465
or Whole Earth



THE LESLIE DRIP SYSTEM Designed by our illustrious illustrator

Marlon Brando plans a Whole Earth TV Special

CONVERSATION WITH J. BALDWIN AND STEWART BRAND

Marlon Brando, now 51, has been helping promote **The Whole Earth Catalog** *practically since its beginning. In a rare interview for* **Life** *with Shana Alexander in 1972 he would talk about little else. ("On the floor by his bare feet is a copy of* **The Whole Earth Catalog**. *In it, he tells me he has at last found a statement of purpose that matches his own.")*

This Fall Brando contacted us about doing a TV special on soft technology. In due course I and J. Baldwin, with Kathleen Whitacre and Diana Fairbanks, flew to Los Angeles and joined Brando for a quiet Sunday afternoon and evening (Oct. 12) at the remote Beverly Hills home he's lived in for twenty years.

What follows is no interview. Brando simply turned on a tiny tape recorder and minded it faithfully for the six or so hours we talked. Part way along he suggested the tape might be publishable. I agree. Besides his ideas of using farce as an information medium, there is abundant hard information from Brando on protein-producing techniques, nuclear-caused cancer in the South Pacific, and other subjects, as well as some insight into Brando himself. In addition, he inspires an admirable survey of the expertise and philosophy of our Soft Technology editor, J. Baldwin.

Of the innumerable on-screen Marlon Brandos the one closest to the present off-screen Brando is in "Last Tango in Paris," particularly the story-telling scenes. His talk is filled with imaginary dialogue, with each speaker enacted in full-bodied detail. The convention I've adopted here is to use italics whenever Brando slips into character.

Not present in the tape is the amount of analytic attention Brando pays to everybody's kinesics (e.g., William Buckley: "His tongue seems like a serpent just lashing out trying to find moisture anyplace."). Sharing this form of self-consciousness is part of the pleasure of his company. Also not present in the tape is the extent of Brando's commitment to American Indian causes. The depth of his experience and real help has never been credited in the press. I doubt if any other non-Indian has helped more in recent decades.

To follow up on the Beverly Hills conversation Marlon invited us to his South Pacific island near Tahiti to see where the film/TV special might be made. J., Kathleen and I spent ten days of November there, mostly in consultation with the atoll's manager, a tiny tough-sweet American-Japanese lady named Reiko, and the classy French lady handling business in Papeete, named Madou. Marlon joined us for the last two days, when the photographs were taken. The island, Tetiaroa, is now a hotel open to the public, quite simple and remote and fine. Details follow.

As for the TV special, it still is awaiting something. We at the CQ *can't convert full-time to TV, and the project needs some full-time commitment. Brando has a feature-length film on Wounded Knee to do yet, along with other chores. Perhaps this article will scare up some sponsorship and framework.*

—SB

Marlon Brando: Why I wanted to talk to you guys is to tell you what it is I would need from you, and to see what it is that you might want or need from me. I have the medium. I can make a picture, and I would like the **Whole Earth Catalog** to be involved in a visual demonstration of what can be done with soft technology. Principally on my island, in the South Pacific, which is an atoll, five miles by five miles, with a land area consisting of twelve islands and 600 hectares, or roughly 1500 acres. I'm giving half of those islands to UNESCO, or some United Nations agency, and I'm trying to get the funds to make demonstrable applications of environmentally oriented devices so that these people in the outlying islands would be able to use simple technology.

Stewart Brand: How many people are there on the place?

Brando: Well, there's thirty right now. Those islands are sterile in terms of soil. There's a lot of minerals that are brought in by the sea, and are washed up, which account for the original growth, plant life floating in and taking hold, and being nourished by minerals from the sea. But mostly it's difficult. They're making some experiments and they have all the findings in St. Croix. They've gone down 800 meters into the sea and found a temperature differential. I think in 50 or a hundred feet it drops 30 degrees. They pull that cold water up — it's sterile and it's nutrient laden, largely phosphorous and nitrogen. They bring that up and they put a particular kind of algae in it, and you get an algae bloom instantly, and then you start the food chain with oysters, and shell fish and krill and then small fish, and on up. The original work was done by a Frenchman in the Gulf of Aqaba. They were trying to get electrical power through the temperature differential. I was going to have him come down to Tahiti and put one in, but he wanted $600,000 for it, and I said, "Well, hell, I think I can do it myself for that," but you need his guy. They've got a chemical formula. They've done experiments with plants that hang in air, tomato plants, plants that normally grow in ground, and they are blowing this moisture-laden nutrient through, and the plants are picking it up without any soil at all. They can have four crops a year when normally they'd have one crop.

I want to get useful, proven systems, that are cheaply done, that can be done without sophisticated technology.

J. Baldwin: The City of Davis just passed a solar building code last Wednesday, and they got an $80,000 grant from the government to implement it — train the building inspectors and the developers in what's required, and to fight out the law suit on making shade on somebody else's collector when you put up your apartment house. Somebody has to fight that suit.

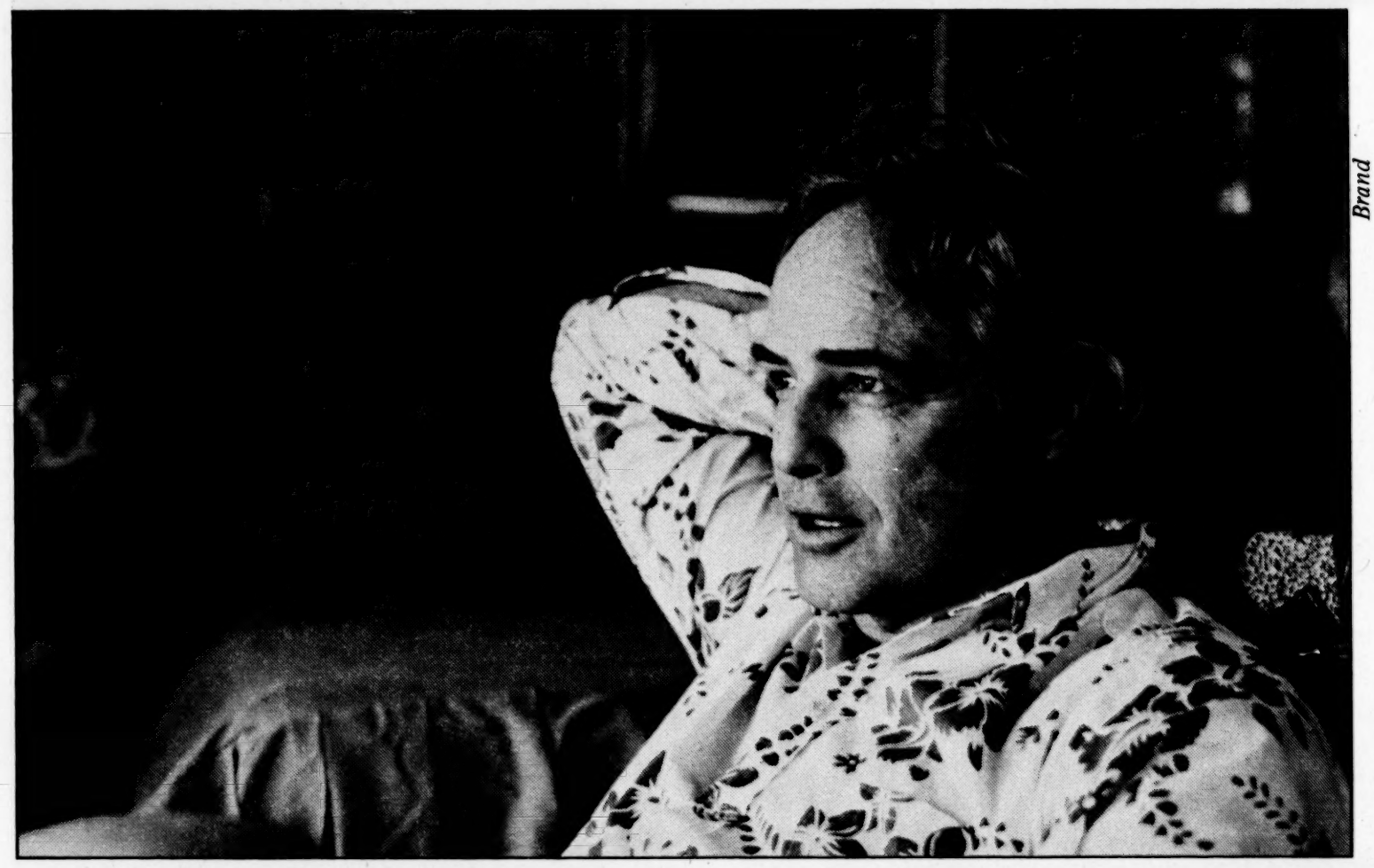
Brando [To Brand]: There's one you never thought of.

SB: That's one I never thought of.

Baldwin: But, the play is to design the whole thing as a system. If you add a solar collector to this house, for instance, this house wasn't built for it. It would cost you an enormous amount of money and it wouldn't perform very well.

Brando: Well, you know what I was thinking, that there might be a law introduced that would give people a tax break who spend money on converting.

Baldwin: Yeah, but the real play is to insulate. That's the best thing to do, retrifitting, is to insulate the house. Paint



Brand

Brando in his bungalow at Tetiaroa. The walls are woven palm frond (nee-ow).

the roof white, that makes a big difference. My friend Hammond found in condominiums in Davis, that the condominium on the top floor of a three-story building had triple the energy bill at the end of the month that the one on the bottom floor did. The roof makes a big difference.

SB: This is the energy going into the air conditioning?

Baldwin: The air conditioning and heating both.

Brando: I would think that you'd have it white for the summer and black for the winter.

Baldwin: That's what they do in Mexico. They whitewash the adobes for summer, and the first Fall rains wash the whitewash off and make the adobe a dark color, and it helps.

SB: Aah, that's nice.

Brando: But what's even nicer is that I thought of that, all by my little lonesome, someplace when I was looking at adobe. It's so nice, even if you invent a can opener, even though they've had can openers for twenty years, the thrill of inventing it yourself is . . .

SB: It's like inventing a vertebra.

Baldwin: We met an old sheriff in New Mexico, he was telling about his mother's home. He's half Indian and half who knows — a big burly dude. They had a window that in the winter the sun shined in and shined on the interior adobe during the hottest part of the day so that it heated up this interior chunk of adobe around the stove assembly in the room, and then at night that would exude heat. In the summer the sun didn't hit the wall, it just sort of beat around in the very thick window opening without coming in.

Brando: I want to flush my johns here in Los Angeles with oil, and I want to have a methane generator right out here and bootleg it. I don't want to get a city permit. And if they come and say, "You've got to take it out," then I'll just take it all the way to the Supreme Court, to assist any budding legislation.

Anyway, what I'd like to do is put the **Whole Earth Catalog**, and all of the salient aspects of its findings, into the movie. But at the same time it would have to be a program where it would be entertaining. Some of it would be gags — we'd fix it some way so it would be digestible fare for people looking at it.

Baldwin: I was just thinking of Steve Baer loudly proclaiming in a solar-heated shower that it increased his virility. There were all these ape calls and beating on the wall and so forth.

Brando: You get a small crew of guys who'd just sit and bang away with a camera. Shoot the whole goddamn thing in 16. And here's another thing that I figured out. I hate to learn lines. I can't stand it. It's a waste of time. So I have the lines written on the wall. Or, you know, if I'm talking, having a scene with him, I'll have the lines written right there on front of his shirt or maybe on the back of my hand, or on the ceiling, or wherever I have to look, so it saves a lot of time, cause it's just dead time learning lines.

SB: You could have the camera just pan across them and save you all that time.

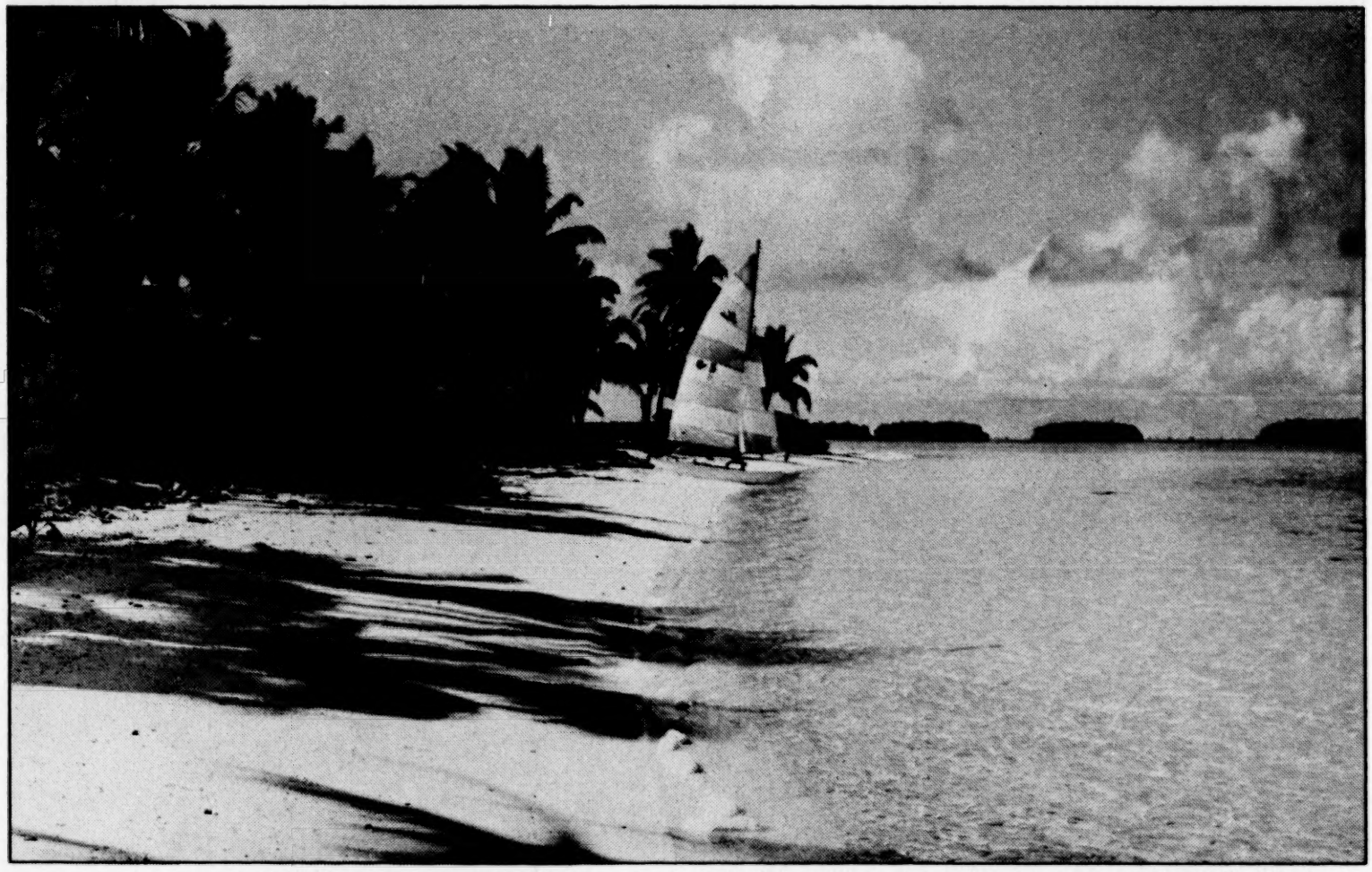
Brando: And then I have to sing a song, and I thought, "Christ, I don't want to learn that damn song, it's too much." I didn't know the tune, either. So I had the sound guy make a little rig that went under my hair, and fit into my ear, and went down my back, a small wire, you never saw it, and the song was *[strumming his stomach] "Life is like a modern railway," CHANGE, "With an engineer that's brave," CHANGE,* . . . so they would tell me where the chord changes go so I wouldn't have to memorize it. For instance if you talk to me, I can repeat what you're saying, at the same time that you're talking. Say something to me.

Baldwin: I know about that, uh.

Brando: *"I know about that, uh."*

Baldwin: I heard somebody do that with foreign languages.

Brando: *"I heard somebody do that with foreign languages."* See with the UN it's a completely different problem, because you have to interpret the language, and then you have to look for the idioms, so that's really a piece of brain gymnastics



In the palms, Brando's experimental shack that he built of fanyo, *the durable stalk of the palm leaf. Transportation is by coral-battered Hobie Cat. To the left in the trees, the solar hot water heater and tower.*

that's very tough to do. But if somebody says, *"Sho wasa danai kara ne manguts noyoronewa ana toe oh oh moi dashi masu," [phonetically transcribed - not accurate]* I can mimic that. That's some Japanese. So it looks like I speak Japanese, Swahili, Zingu, any language that's available. You can make this thing in six different prominent languages. You could make it Bantu, and Kosa. But in order to get a diaspora of information about this stuff the bottlenecks are communication, I always ask people, "Have you read the **Whole Earth Catalog**?" I'll ask taxi drivers, I'll ask all kinds of people, and I don't keep accurate track of who knows and who doesn't, but my impression is that there is about 33% of the people that I ask know, but then I have to put a file on those findings, and hone it down too, because they're people I hang around with. But this is going to make the **Whole Earth Catalog** and New Alchemists, and what not — they're going to be known all over the world. It's instant communication. Rather than just make movies you can use them. It has to be entertaining, because people aren't going to go see it if it's not. That's why Ingmar Bergman is not bankable. You can't get Ingmar Bergman or Luis Bunuel — indisputably the best film makers around — or Fellini. They don't make any money principally because you've got a language problem, plus the general themes of their pictures are not comprehensible. If you get enough music, or if you get enough entertainment, you can still get the information in it. So anyway.

Baldwin: I'm trying to whip it down to a manageable size, it's so enormous.

Brando: There are any number of ways to go. You can make a television film, and you can go to German television, Eurovision, or Japanese television, and say "OK, we're gonna make this picture, do you want it? If you do want it, give us some of the bucks to do it with." Now, we can share the profits involved. Because it would be your input, and that would go right in to POINT Foundation, and what I would want to get out of it would go into my foundation down there with Tahiti, or it might be that we could have some kind of a middle foundation. I don't particularly care about the dough. It would be helpful to me to have the dough, but I would rather do it for nothing than lose you guys.

Another way to go is to say to American television, "OK, we'll sell it to you, NBC, and give you the exclusive right to show it. After a certain number of shows it would belong to us." That's bang, right now, 180 million homes listen to it on one night. Then the amount of money we'd get in theatrical releases is far in excess of what you get in television, because television budgets are about, I don't know, a million is cracking the top of it, but you can go to foreign distributors and say, "Do you want to release this film? OK, then be a part of its creation." Now if you come in with somebody who is well known, and who is a bankable commodity, then they'll take the gamble with you. They'll say, "OK, here's 60,000 from Germany, here's 20,000 from France." And the airlines will kick in because you'll fly over Tetiaroa, and it says Air New Zealand, or whatever it says, and the wing dips down, and you come right into the middle of the lagoon.

SB: I didn't follow the distinction between the television property and the theatrical.

Brando: You can release it as a television film here and then also have it for theatrical release in Europe. But this would have a higher saleability because of the fact that I would be speaking in Japanese and everybody else would be speaking in Japanese, except for the part that you make an amalgam of languages. Foreign distribution is 50% of your gross, probably.

SB: And a lot more than 50% of the benefit, I would think, in terms of usefulness of the information.

Brando: If we made a Bantu version, the Bantu-speaking world goes from sub-Saharan right down to South Africa.

SB: They would relate to this?

Brando: The governments would. We could have certain scenes that would apply locally. For instance, I play bongos, I was a musician at one time, so we could put on

a musical track which is African. We could put a Japanese track, we could put in an Indian track. We could get Ram Bux Singh to come and do his number, with Ravi Shankar playing a raga while the methane generator is going. *[Indian accent] Well, it would be very nice to have this in my country,"* Ram Bux Singh is sitting there, and I say, "Well, what's happening, how about some coconut water?"

SB: You have a foreign following?

Brando: Oh yeah, you get a world following after a number of years. People will go see your movies. Now, in America, there are only a handful of people that are bankable. Everybody used to be bankable, but now it's gotten so tough that instead of a seven-run, making seven bad pictures in a row, you can only make about three, and then your bankable capacity is diminished.

The thing about the **Whole Earth Catalog** is, you've got to go to a bookstore and get it, then you've got to read it. People don't want to get that involved. They would rather sit and look at a movie, and absorb the information. The people who go over it and go over it and want to refer to it are a different cut of pie. The reading public is very small, and especially in places where you don't have high literacy rates.

SB: Yeah, I agree. We've been through a number of discussions on how you illustrate how-to books. The best of them are almost entirely illustrations. The text is really irrelevant. You look at the pictures, and you know how to do the thing.

However, most of the stuff we carry is tools that are really kind of worthless unless you're using them to do something with. This makes it a somewhat different medium than television or theater show, because you can put down the book and go to work. If you're in a theater, all you can do is go buy popcorn. There is something like a personal conversion that happens when people start to make stuff. They enjoy it, so they make more stuff, and from that they become this kind of responsible character.

Baldwin: They also become less dependent on authorities.

Brando: That's the main thing. We don't have to go to Ma Bell, Ma Standard Oil, Ma General Electric, any of those people. We can go to our own resources. Or we can do what they do in China. You know, somebody calls up from the Szechwan province, to Peking, and they say, "We're having trouble," and Peking says, "Fuck it, do it yourself. Solve your own problems." And they do it as a matter of policy. But then of course if it gets sticky, then they'll send a representative out or technical engineers. All the cities in China are relatively self-sustaining.

SB: I didn't know that.

Brando: Well, I don't know as a matter of fact, either. I know it only by report from people that have been there. I think it was a matter of national defense. One of the things they did was to make people self-sustaining so that if someone blew up Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, people would still function, they would be independent.

SB: That's the opposite case of making the freeways so that tanks can run on them, which is the American answer.

Brando: That's right. I can't fix a television set. I can't do any of that stuff. I suffer exactly the same kind of ignorance that the peasants in Africa suffer. Maybe not on the same level, but the same kind of ignorance. I've gotta call the plumber in. So I'm getting mad at that, I'm doing it myself, I'm ruining my house, we're completely in chaos and disorder.

SB: Well, how far is this film project now? What's in the works so far?

Brando: Well, pending further conversations with NBC, and German television, and people like that, I'm going full ahead. We've made notes, on it, George England and I. George is a really close friend of mine. We're going to write it, kick it together, and get it done as soon as possible.

Baldwin: It seems to me that all this is less a matter of devices and less a matter of technology than it is a matter of spirit.

Brando: Yes, that's what you use. How do you communicate that spirit if not by audio-visual aids?

What we had in mind was to get people off a quiz show and say *[hysterical announcer], "And as your prize you are going down to Marlon Brando's honeymoon island in the South Pacific,"* and they go down there, – Mrs. Size-52, and *Ralph [big dumb smile] with a lot of teeth, and glasses and good will, going down for the thing of his life,* – and then we pull all kinds of jokes on them. We say things like *[solemn], "We have to reorient you here because people have to be acculturated to Tetiaroa. It does live at a different tempo and we are trying to reinstate all those old customs which they recognize down here."* And then you make up some nonsense like: *The ancient Polynesians were rowing in these damn boats for four and five months between islands, so it became a custom when they got on to land, they were so joyous that they had the Ceremony of the Legs, which meant that they built a bonfire, they joined hands, and they danced sideways around the bonfire. So in respect to that ancient tradition, one day a year we do go around sideways wherever we go, to show our religious respect."* And if you go over to get a match across the room you go like this, *[sidles to fireplace]* and we have people doing that, walking sideways, and get all the Tahitians to do it. So all the Tahitians are laughing, and you say, *"Well, of course the Tahitians laugh at everything."* Then the Tahitians fall down laughing.

And then we have ridiculous ways of wearing the traditional form of the parea, in which one corner is tied to the foot and comes up over the back, over the shoulder, and down to the other toe, and then you wrap it around and clamp it with seashells – the whole thing's insane. And then we have a super bouillabaise, a Tahitian bouillabaise, that just smells awful. We say, *"The French cooks fly all the way down here from Paris to eat it."* And we have this great big bowl that's fixed to the table with a pipe in the center and a small octopus attached to it, and it works on sort of a piston, so it only comes up into the bowl as I have left, or somebody else has left, and then it goes back down, and they say, *"Well, there's something in here. I saw something coming out." "Well, you must be mistaken because all we've got is radishes floating around the top, some seawater, and some octopus ink. God, that's just delicious!"*

And then we say we're having our toilets flushed with oil, and Ralph has to flush the toilet just right because it's a delicate operation. And he presses the wrong button, and we have compression valves that open up and a sound like whale flatulence comes out and takes the roof off in the flushing. Then, we say that "This is all just jokes, and this is fundamentally the way the toilets do work, and this is my windmill and maybe it's not as good as the one Whole Earth built, but goddam it I made it, and I'm going to make it work."

Of course at the same time we're showing the beauty of nature and the balance of nature. Tahiti is a wonderful place to see how perfectly integrated everything is. You can't see it here. We got too many goddam things. We don't see the fact that it takes 140 acres of trees to produce one Sunday issue of the New York Times. There what you see is what you got. One of the reasons that I'm concerned about Tahiti is because they are having to accept French money for the bomb. The French have come in and said, "Okay, we're going to use Mururoa for bomb tests." I took some milk from Tahiti and brought it back here and had it analyzed, which was God's own work because nobody wanted to touch it. The AEC has slammed that door closed so that you can't get any information on the amount of radioactivity in any given substance. I had to give it to a guy, and he took it to another guy, and he couldn't tell me who it was. I got the full report back from him, and it was ten times the permissible level of radioactive material in that milk. New Zealand and Australia were yelling about it, they were 2,000 miles away. The reason they were screaming was that New Zealand's products are largely dairy products. They export meat, and eggs and cheese.

SB: The top of the fallout food chain.

Brando: And they couldn't say, "You're ruining our product because the radioactive levels are going up." The people that are selling the milk down there now, they're selling powdered milk from Foremost. I called up the President of Foremost Milk, and asked him what the arrangement was and did he

know that his competitor Sachet had ten times the permissible amount of radioactivity. And he gave me a fairly straight answer, because he wasn't aware that that was what it was. He was approached by the French government to have powdered milk sent down there, so they evidently had anticipated . . . Anyway, to make a long story short, the incidence of goiter and leukemia is going to make itself known in the next 10 or 15 years from now. My wife had a goiter and I brought her up here. And the first thing the doctor said was, "Where was she when they blew the bombs off in Eniwetok and Bikini after the Second World War?" I said, "Why do you ask that?" And he said, "Because there has been an enormous increase in the amount of cancer in the South Pacific as a result of that." Part of this I'm guessing here, but as near as I can tell that American testing thirty years ago was the dirtiest ever. The crabs at Bikini, I was told by the government scientist on the project, are still too hot to eat.

But here we are, and the situation in the world is, there's a lot of people sitting around forlorn, absolutely forlorn, who just come home *[anguished] and put their hand to their forehead, "Christ. What the hell am I living for? I don't understand it. I'm not getting anything out of it. The society is going to hell, and the kids are on dope, and . . ."* So let's use the tube instead of being used by it. People are dying for some good news to come over that goddam thing. They're dying for a little hope. We're just all out of fucking hope. We haven't got any hope left.

Baldwin: I just started teaching again at Sacramento State. A lot of the stuff that I'm talking about – it's an ecology course, most of my students are freshmen – their reaction is largely, "I never realized all this stuff was going on. I thought everything was going to hell. I had no idea that anybody was trying to do anything about it." And the next step is, "I didn't have any idea that *I* could do something about it."

Brando: Well, that's the exciting thing. People feed off other people's spirit and then they put it back in, it's metabolized, and it comes out in a different form, and it goes around again.

SB: We've seen a curious side effect of that. It seems that many of the people who start taking this kind of relationship to their lives, their environment, and so on, then become politically active in a different way. Instead of putting their effort into supporting some president, they put their effort into making the school board really responsive or maybe getting on the school board, or running for county dog catcher. They get into some more personal involvement, rather than trying to push all the solutions out there somewhere. This sort of thing has been, I think, in the heart of a lot of the transition from outlaws to citizens, the outlaws of the 60's to the citizens of the 70's.

Brando: And citizen to outlaw, too. I mean, I'm going to tangle with the fucking city out there and have my methane plant right out in my front yard.

SB: Here's an item you can do. The Gemini Inverter. When you get your wind generator going, it'll run your electric meter backwards, it'll feed power into the net.

Brando: I heard about that. I'd like to get arrested doing that. What a sweetheart issue.

Baldwin: I just talked to the guy that's working with the Gemini yesterday at a wind-generator conference in Santa Rosa. They have a bunch of them out now, eight of them, in eight different states just to try them out.* The thing is very insidious, because if they get approved that means that the citizens begin to have control over the utility company, if you run the meter backwards. It has legal precedent, because apparently for 35 years big industries have been using regenerative devices. For instance, in big office buildings the elevator *makes* electricity on the way down, gives it back to PG&E, runs the meter backwards, in effect. The Gemini device is beautifully-made, built by a very competent engineer. It has to be tuned to your wind machine. But it doesn't have to be, by the way, with a wind machine. It can be with any alternative power source, even a diesel engine. You can have a wind machine and a diesel, and the diesel will put out just as much electricity as you need more of than the wind machine is making. In other words, it eliminates the need for batteries, and we can tell you from experience that batteries are a plague. They're dangerous and troublesome and expensive.

Brando: Let me ask you one question. There was a Canadian kid, 17 years old, four years ago, that invented a battery that got quite a bit of play in the papers. You could run it off a cabbage, you could run it off any decaying material. I don't know what happened to it, I never heard of the kid since. I tore the thing out of the paper, was going to call the kid, and I never got around to it.

Baldwin: A lot of that kind of thing has a fatal flaw in it, like the mystical carburetor that gives your car 100 miles per gallon. There was a carburetor when I was in college, called the Fish carburetor. I bought one and put it on a Volkswagen, and it raised the gas mileage from 37 miles-to-the-gallon to 47 miles-to-the-gallon, but the car wouldn't run below 30 degrees F., and there was absolutely no way around it. Just like Ram Bux Singh's methane-digesters won't work in this country. With our seasonal temperature fluctuations, the machine makes just enough methane to heat up the digester hot enough to make the methane.

Brando: What about John Fry's? I saw him in Santa Barbara. He was showing me the tire digester, and punching it, and making gas, and so on, but then he told me that they ran out of pig manure, and they went to the abalone factory and got the abalone guts that are thrown away, and he said they heat up 40% more than they got from pig manure, which had been the top of the list, above chicken manure.

Baldwin: You can get them to work, like Fry's machines work, but as far as we know, there is nobody in this country, except for several large municipal plants, there's nobody on a domestic level that has made a methane digester work on a continuous useful basis.

Brando: Because of the temperature?

Baldwin: Well, there are several problems. Corrosion of the parts is serious, because the characteristics of turds is that they dissolve just about anything they touch. And then there's problems with sludge formation in the machine, and there's problems in loading it and unloading it, which is a messy, horrifying job that nobody wants to do. Most of the people we know personally that have messed with methane digesters have loaded it once, and it ran a while, and they lit a match in front of the hose, and then said, "See, it's making gas," and then somebody says, "OK, now we have to load it again." And everybody says, "This is the weekend I'm going skiing." So it never gets loaded again.

Also, the methane, depending on what you put into it, varies greatly in its BTU's. Household gas doesn't vary much, and welding gas doesn't, but methane does. You can get methane that it would take you 15 minutes to boil a quart of water, and the next day it might take you five minutes to boil a quart of water on the same stove. And some brews of methane, the gas itself is corrosive, it eats up the burners. Some of it smells bad, and some of the exhaust from it can have pathogens in it. It's not that simple, very little of intermediate technology is that simple when you get it down to every day use.

SB: Solar mostly is, I guess.

Baldwin: Solar's the best of the bunch, right now.

Brando: Well, getting down to the skinny stuff, where do we stand with this film idea?

SB: POINT, our foundation, at present is $100,000 in debt, due to returns of the **Epilog**. By Spring we should be back in the black. The **Quarterly** is struggling toward self-sufficiency, and may get there in another year, or something like that, with 18,000 subscribers. The somewhat long-term schedule is to have POINT build up a war chest of about $100,000 which is what it will take to do a "Next Whole Earth Catalog" about two years from now.

Brando: Because of money or because of time?

*The Gemini Synchronous Inverter was reviewed in the Fall '75 CQ. It costs about $1275 from Windowrks, Box 329, Mukwonago WI 53149.

SB: Time. I don't want to do another catalog right away. The **Catalog** and **Epilog** combination plus **Quarterly** should keep us and our readers current. I'm enjoying a vacation of about three months, while J.D. Smith edits the **Quarterly** that's now in process. My prime obligation is the steady improvement of the quality and usefulness of the **Quarterly**. It takes three months, really, to get a quarterly together – a month of kind of feeling around, a month of bringing together, and a month of production, then turn the crank again. Every so often – I hope once a year – I can back out of an issue and range more widely, such as with projects like this, both to *do* other stuff, so that I'm not just an editor, and to get around and *learn* other stuff so that we're not saying the same thing in **The Quarterly** over and over again. For me a really functional magazine is when you don't have the slightest idea what's going to be around the corner of the page when you turn it. I would like to extend our range in that regard.

Brando: What about a **Quarterly** that comes over public television, national educational television? Get somebody like myself or like Paul Newman, I don't know who all. Shoo the people in, and then you can have about a half hour program, saying, "Here you are folks, here's the questions you asked, and here's some of the answers, and now today we're going to talk about wind, and you get 280 stations. They'd go for that in a second.

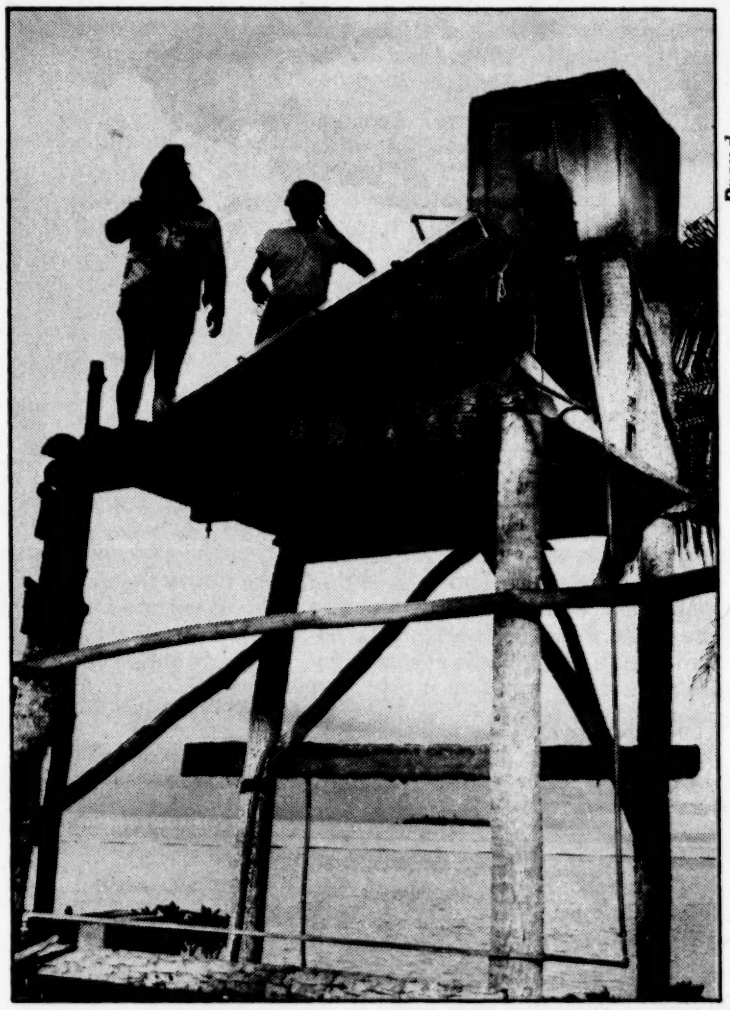
SB: I'm not averse. I'll give you a little history of these kind of temptations. We've had two requests to do Broadway musicals called "The Last Whole Earth Catalog." Both of them kind of came apart, and there've been four television thing so far. One, years ago, that seemed very unserious, and one that came up, I guess about a year ago, the KQED one, where they wanted to work up a series called "Whole Earth Chronicles," which would be, I guess, one-hour shows which, as it evolved, would involve our going around and finding pockets of excellence where something really good was going on, and just home in on how it came to pass. We made a sort of little pilot of me interviewing two of our editors on community gardens in San Francisco. That worked out all right. But they then ran into a money problem. So that's not only on the back burner, it's off the stove and back in the refrigerator. And some studio in Burbank called a year ago. And I just got a call day before yesterday from someone named either Sarah or Susan Butler who wants to do something like this in New York with educational television there. Anyway, that's all that's been done so far. I have worked in film a tiny bit, and enjoy working with it very much as an editorial medium. The thing I have to assess is how thin I want to spread my peanut butter.

Brando: Thinness of peanut butter in relation to objective I would think would be meaningful. If you want to do it in a big way and get the Whole Earth Catalog philosophy known and out, then television and movies is about the best way you can do it.

SB: Well, I've got a double commitment. One is distribution and salesmanship. But the prime commitment is to not stop in terms of the depth of whatever set of probes we might be making, and to a certain extent that's a literary medium.

Brando: It is a literary medium, but then on the other hand, in the phone conversations we've had, you've had one particular assessment of me based on what you've heard, what you've guessed, what you've intuited, and all that. Now I would guess that your assessment of me is different since we met at the airport. There are a lot of things that have been going on in my face and my body english, and muscle tissue that have given you information that you couldn't have gotten if we'd had a written conversation. One of the things that I gleaned from the **Whole Earth Catalog** was, I saw a bunch of young people out there who said, we don't really give a damn about how anybody does it, as along as it's better and as long as it's more fun. There was an undercurrent of joy. There was an undercurrent of camaraderie. There was an undercurrent of sassiness.

We could do a program that had that, so that it wasn't this ponderous thing of, *"Well, ah, I'd like to present Stewart Brand this afternoon, and our guest Marlon Brando, or Governor Brown, we're here to discuss any number of pertinent issues." [Falls asleep]* Instead of doing that you open up onto a rhinoceros trying to fuck another rhinoceros. *[Wowed viewer] Did I see a rhinoceros trying to fuck another rhinoceros?"* You make a program where you couldn't . . . people would talk about it enlessly. You'd have guests coming in like this *[walks by on hands and knees]*, saying *"Good afternoon. This afternoon we want to talk about a few things. . ."* People would be taken aback by the fact that you crawled into view speaking quite logically or reasonably. And you say, *"OK, I crawled in. What do you think of that? Made you look, didn't it? We had a little communication there. It didn't scare you too much, but enough to get your attention."* People will start talking about it. They'll say, *"You know, what I saw on the goddam Whole Earth Show? There was a guy doing a balloon dance."*



Brand

Brando and J. Baldwin checking the Hitachi hot water heater (pointing north; Tetiaroa is at 17° south latitude).

People when they get in front of a television, they think, *[stiff] "Now-I'm-on-the-television, and-I'm-speaking-to-a large-number-of-people, and-I'd better-find-the-common-denominator-of-our-communicative-efforts-to-try-to-get-my-story-across."* You start repressing certain aspects of your personality, instead of saying, like Harry Truman said, when somebody criticized his daugher's piano playing . . . he wrote the guy a letter, the President of the United States, and said, *"You son-of-a-bitch, if I ever see you I'm going to break your nose. You goddamn son of a bitch."* Those are the things that are going to collect us all. They're going to bring us all together like magnetism, and it's that spirit that I saw in the **Whole Earth Catalog**.

SB: I mentioned this little pilot interview we did. Intentionally we got an intelligent guy behind the camera who could do very long shots. He was shooting from his shoulder, and we were walking through the garden doing the thing. I was asking questions, and occasionally the camera, the guy behind the camera, would ask a question, and it was miked so that he would come onto the tape. It was nice. It was as if the viewer had asked a question, because everybody would

now look into the camera, look at the guy with the camera, talk to him, give him the answer, and then move on down the garden. It worked amazingly well.

Brando: You know why? Because it was real. If you get people to break their listening stride — because people will listen in certain patterns — if you break their listening patterns, then you've got people looking at the tube who believe in it. I think it's time to try to regenerate a faith in something, in the sincerity of somebody, so they don't feel set up, formula-ized, formatized to death, so it's not rehearsed spontaneity or manicured improvisation, it's something that's real. There're ways to make film candid. You can get hidden cameras, you can also get cameras that run silent run deep.

Baldwin: But what do you get? In the exploratory stuff, like most hardware that's being worked on now is prototype, and so what happens is that the pace that actually occurs might drive you mad. When I'm designing a solar collector I might come in and pick up a few boards and look at them, and my head is thinking about soldering a pipe to something else, and somebody comes in and says the Chevy needs its spark plugs changed so we can go to town to get the pipes, and that's the day's work on the collector. We'll get something finished and look at it and say, "Piece of shit," and and take it apart and do it over, and it may be six months before it gets to run.

SB: This is where the kind of writing that Marlon's talking about might save it, where you do the thing as comedy-with-content. A gang of keystone cops swarms by, puts you under arrest, the only way you can get off is to explain how the solar collector functions within five minutes or you're killed. Ha. And maybe you know that's coming and maybe you don't. I think there probably are ways to compress the information and jive it.

Kathleen Whitacre: It's also much more realistic to have things in progress. That's part of the message, that this stuff is in progress.

Brando: It's true, but then you're locked into a crew that's gotta get paid, film that costs so much per foot.

Baldwin: And stuff in progress often doesn't look like much. A solar collector just sits there. Especially when we're working now towards what's called passive solar collectors. They don't do anything at all. There's no pumps, no machines, they collect the energy just by laying there.

SB: Well, that could be the bit, "Where are your pumps?"

Baldwin: Have you ever noticed that when people who are digging what they're doing use tools, how beautiful they are? Have you ever watched a guy putting duct work in a house using his pliers and his snips? It's like it was choreographed. He's reaching out like that, and he whips one thing out of his belt, and sticks the other thing back in there.

SB: Let's have a slow-motion replay of that bit with the tacker there.

Brando: You can lead people in. You say, "Now listen, most people wouldn't see the beauty of what you're going to see in the next few minutes, but take a look at this guy. This guy is an artist with tin snips. If you want to know what tin snip artistry is, get a pair of tin snips and do what he does. Tin snips and scrap tin, you must have some laying around the house." The idea being that you always surprise people with new capabilities of the individual and always reinforce their effort to fix their own lawnmower, to do it themselves, to think for themselves, to feel for themselves, and to get involved with other people — in a hostile way, or in a friendly way, or in a loving way, or a laughing way, but to get involved. *[enthused Brando]* There I am standing under my solar shower in Tahiti, and I say, *"I built this thing myself and busted my finger three times with a hammer thanks to the* **Whole Earth Catalog.** *Now the water that's coming out over my face is hot water, and the heat came from the sun. I didn't have to buy it from Exxon. Exxon, I'd like YOU to know that this isn't hot water that you made for me."* Or I'm in a hole. I'm

Brand

Hunting for coral with machete and "Mother Hubbard" hat against the fierce tropical sun. Air and water at Tetiaroa are about 75° F. all the time.

sitting in a hole, and my head's back like that, and there's a piece of plastic, cone shaped, and water's dripping into my mouth. I let some drip onto my head, not bad, and then you discover the fact that I'm in a hole in the desert, and I'm down below getting moisture from capillary action condensed on this piece of plastic. *"You wouldn't live where I am, and I'm not going to tell you where I am for a while 'cause I'm thirsty. You know how many gallons of water I drank today? Three! Until I got in the hole. I'm not going to sit down here all day long. I'm only going to sit down here for a minute, just to keep you guessing. I've got this can, I'm going to stick it there, and I'm going to drink it all later, and it'll be a lot of fun."* I've got some special shoes, and I'm doing this, *[stomping rhythmically]* and you wonder what the hell I'm doing, and I don't say a thing. What I'm doing is mashing cactus, to expose more moisture to the air in this hole, and finally I say, *"I was not working out a new way of drumming with your feet so much as I was mashing cactus, because I want to make more water, because I have to have water to live here in the desert. Here's the thermometer, and believe it or not, outside it's 120°, and inside it's 61°. Now laugh that off. You might well ask, 'So what if you're down in a hole?' Well the so what is, it means that the desert is a liveable place, it's a place where you can survive."*

Neighbor kid *[leaning in door to ask about Brando's teenage son]*: Where's Christian?

Brando: He just went around the corner on a glass bicycle.

SB: How long do you see working on this project?

Brando: I would say two months. That wouldn't be two months for you, it would be two months for the whole thing. One of the hooks would be that this is the 15th anniversary of making "Mutiny on the Bounty." We could get all the Tahitians who were on that show to come over to Tetiaroa. And after we do the con number on the tourists, then the tourists would turn around and do a con number on the Tahitians who would be coming in. And then we'd have a big party, and that would be a sort of a lock up. We'd say, "From all the things that crawl and fly and wake up on Tetiaroa, good night." End of show.

[Break for lunch. Tape resumes with J. talking about paddle-wheel wind generators that used to be all over Nebraska. J. worked with one in Alaska.]

Baldwin: What my friends in Alaska did is they ran like a dozen car generators off the paddle-wheel, all hooked up in parallel, so when one of the generators quit they'd still have juice. A car generator is designed to last about 50-60,000 miles before it needs new bearings or new brushes, or whatever. A car alternator lasts about three months in wind service, and that's not counting salt air, and grit, and tropical fungus. Now, Jacob's made tropicalized generators for use in the Florida Keys, where apparently there's a number of them still working.

Brando: Couldn't you put it in a box, a sealed box, and put a collar on it?

Baldwin: Yes, you could.

Brando: Plus you would have heat, you could have some kind of heating arrangement in there that would reduce the humidity.

Baldwin: That's feasible. Generators are not very efficient – they're about 80-85%. You'd have to cool the generator anyhow, so you could use its own heat to drive moisture out of it.

Brando: You could have a small pump with a coil on it, running sea water through the coil, which would cool the area, just have the whole place finned.

Baldwin: You could just design a generator, a sealed case, with fins all over the outside. They make large electric motors that are absolutely sealed for exposure-proof use, like in refineries, and the motors are finned all over like a motorcycle.

Brando: Let's say you'd have a paddle wheel like this, turning in this fashion, wouldn't it be useful to put a slant on here so the wind hits just the top and not the bottom where the paddles are coming back against the wind?

Baldwin: That's exactly what they do. And not only that, they have great big funnel of boards or they move dirt with a bulldozer to funnel the wind into the thing.

Brando: Yeah, you could make a ramp of sand, and then fix that sand with soil cement.

Baldwin: Then you also have to have in the shield on the bottom side of the axle an air exit on the front side, so you don't compress the air in the box. These guys in Alaska, when they got drunked up, used to jump on this machine and ride the blades through the box and come up the other side screaming. Nobody was ever mauled and turned into tomato juice doing it.

Brando: One of the problems you're going to have, is let's assume that it's dead east, actually it would be northeast, because that's where the trade winds are on Tetiaroa, but even when you get a southeast wind, you'd still get some efficiency if you put cups like this to trap the wind on the blades.

Baldwin: Just a few strips would do it. Actually, it's been found that the wind can vary about 30° back and forth and still do OK.

Brando: Can you put the entire thing on a piece of 2" pipe with wheels, so that you could wheel it into the wind?

Baldwin: You could, but it would be easier and more reliable, just to build another one facing another direction, and when the wind is in that direction, carry the generator over there and attach the belt to it and put it to work.

Brando: Yeah, but then you'd have to go across the island, because you've got 60 foot coconut trees, unless you build it on a platform.

Baldwin: Uh uh, the jumbo's too fat and horrible to put up in the air.

Brando: Oh. Too fat.

Baldwin: The machines those guys in Nebraska built were really huge. They were literally as big as the barn. What they considered an undersized one was a six-foot blade, nine feet wide.

Brando: Why couldn't you use a sail material instead of boards?

Baldwin: You could. That would work very well.

Brando: I was thinking, we could make those paddle wheels out of nee-ow, which is woven coconut leaf. They're stronger than hell, and you just put chicken wire over them so that the wind won't catch them and flip them. For something even stronger, the center of the palm frond is called fanyu, which is the stem on which the leaves are attached, and that's stronger than hell. You get six feet of that, and put a piece of tar paper in between, and you've got a swell paddle wheel. Now, how about the height?

Baldwin: They can be triangulated with themselves. The tip of each blade can be attached to the tip of the next blade, and then you can X them so they don't tend to flap into each other. You do all the triangulating probably with wire. The advantage of this kind of blade system would be that if it failed it wouldn't take the generator with it, it wouldn't damage the high tech stuff. Also, they make nylon bearings now and teflon bearings that would never wear out even in sea atmosphere. Their drag is greater than ball bearings, but for the money and the simplicity of it and the non-corrosion of it, the hell with it, so it drags.

Brando: OK. Let's say that we build a big one, what's the optimum that you can get in terms of size?

Baldwin: It would depend on what is handy to make hubs out of to support it. That's the critical thing, is where the blades attach to the hubs. It's where things get small but there's very big loads on it that you get problems.

SB: So what was the Nebraskans' solution to that?

Baldwin: They built it big. They had lots of triangulation by criss-crossed wires. They used barbed wire and wound it up in a spanish windlass, like a garrote, to tighten things and tune it, get it all stiff. If a really big wind came they just took the thing apart, or it blew away and they fixed it the next day.

Brando: But how would you anchor something like that? How many rpms would those things go?

Baldwin: They'd go slow.

Brando: So you could put a brake on them?

Baldwin: What these guys in Alaska did when they had a dozen car generators, they just had a great big belt and then flat wooden pulleys on the ends of the generators. In low wind they'd just pull all the generators out but one, and as the wind picked up, they'd go out and wrap the belt around a few more pulleys and keep the thing under control by giving it more and more generators to turn. And these generators were in the barn so they didn't have to live outdoors where the weather beat on them all the time.

It's generally agreed in everything we've read or heard from other people's experiences that more important than efficiency is durability. Even if you're in a place where you have lots of free labor and lots of free bamboo laying around, if it blows away about four times, people are going to say, "The hell with it, we got along without lights before, we can get along without lights now. It's too damn much trouble messing with this thing."

SB: That's the American pathology: over-interest in efficiency and no interest in durability.

Brando: Are you talking about a bamboo shaft?

Baldwin: I don't see any reason why not. I've seen some bamboo technology in that China book that I reviewed in the **Epilog**. There's bamboo technology in there that I just didn't believe, like their blacksmith bellows that used bamboo pistons and chicken feathers as piston ring sealant, which must have smelled terrible, but undoubtedly it worked OK.

Brando: OK, let's say you build a big one with a good generator that was sealed, how much could you get out of it?

Baldwin: I don't have the numbers, and I doubt if anybody has the numbers to calculate something like that. It's something you'd just have to build and see.

SB: That's the fun of this kind of thing. It's not in the book. You build it, and then you count it, and now it's in the book.

Brando: Well, is an 18 kw unthinkable?

Baldwin: No, I don't think so. Because what you can do with one of these paddle wheel things if it isn't strong enough, you just add another one in line with it. You make a big long one like a rolling pin and just keep adding wings to it until it's powerful enough to turn your generator. Your generator has a fixed rpm. If you get an Onan generator, love that name, it's one of the best brands of generators, it puts out 2,000 rpm, let's say. Well, that's going to be a pretty good gear-up for something that's maybe doing 100 rpm, but there's ways of doing that. You could make a hoop all the way around the whole diameter of the blades at one end, and rub it on an automobile tire or a scooter tire. In fact you could use an old motorcycle front end, and just let the suspension go over the bumps and lumps in the circle, then rub the generator on it, like a bicycle generator on a 10-speed, and just let it scream.

Brando: I have a landing strip on my island that faces directly into the wind. Supposing you put one of those on one end of the island and about 2,000 ft. away you put one on the other end of the island. You'd have to get great big cables to run electricity to the area where you're going to use it.

Baldwin: Depends on what voltage. If you generate high voltage, let's say 220, then you don't need big cables. You can run 220 a half a mile. 440 would probably be better. You wouldn't want to run DC. If the wind there blows all the time, then you don't need batteries. Batteries are a plague.

SB: Does it blow at night too?

Brando: Oh, yeah. We've measured the wind, and it's 11.3 on an average, going from 0 to 50 mph.

Baldwin: That's high. In this country the best wind locations are about 8 to 9 average.

SB: So what you've got on the island is one of the best wind locations in the world probably.

Baldwin: So you can get away with a low machine on an island. On Bucky Fuller's island in Penobscott Bay, they put a machine on the highest point on the island and it wouldn't turn, wouldn't turn a blade. Apparently what was happening was that the wind was coming up to the island and going around it instead of going over it. So they put the machine right on the beach at the nose of the island and it really went to town.

SB: It sounds to me that in terms of the program whatever wind solution you come up with would be strictly characteristic to your location. What would be interesting to people would be this process we've just been going through — how you design with these basic principles for your particular location to take best advantage of it. Then if you are in Nebraska or California, or somewhere else, you take those same considerations, reformulate them, and come up with a whole different solution. You get an old Jacobs, or you find out that it's really not a good place for wind at all, you gotta do something else.

Brando: What's the state of the **Whole Earth Catalog** now, in terms of the general response of people?

SB: Well, the fad is past. The thing about a fad is that it goes up and then down, so you're out for a while. I suppose we're somewhat past the nadir of that, we're mildly on a return into currency. **The Quarterly** is now starting to have the growth curve the **Catalog** had at its beginning, only it's taken it two years to do that It has a circulation of maybe 15,000, which is funny. To me that's a more interesting 15,000 than the 1.6 million that were with us in the **Catalog.** All of us are much more interactively doing stuff than we were then. The catalog was six hippies in a garage. We never even used the telephone. Partly I think whatever originality it may have had came out of that isolation. Now we're dealing with Governors, so it's the same ball, but it's a different game.

Brando: It's very hard to assess what the reaction has been in terms of people who've read it and are acting differently, but in such incremental ways that they're not measurable.

SB: Even in my own case. I had a liberal education, so I didn't know anything. Then with the **Catalog** I was running into people like J., and we were carrying all these tools, I wasn't using them, I was busy being an editor, but there is a chameleon factor. If you sit on a green board long enough by and by you'll turn green, and that's what happened. So now I've built my own house, I'm sailing these little boats. I think that may be the case for a lot of people who just had it on the coffee table. They have a little problem, the repairman won't come, so they check the book, and it turns out it's easy, and they do it. The information's there, and if it's got any real function, it will be used.

Baldwin: It's subtle how the thing comes over you.

Brando: You know, I was wondering, you were talking about nylon bearings. Somehow there's a built-in contradiction about being opposed to technology. On the one hand there are people who want to use the debris of technology and make things out of junk or barn doors or whatever's left over. There's even people in the extreme, like this group of Indians who've gone up to Canada, and they're living as stone age people, only using what they can make with their hands. And there are those like Bucky Fuller who try to make sense out of sophisticated technology. You start to have conflicts about even little small decisions, like whether to use a ½ inch plastic bearing as opposed to a bearing from a used car, or not use a bearing at all, or maybe discard the entire project for philosophical reasons.

Baldwin: When people say to me, "I'm really against technology," I say, "The scalpels come from Gary, Indiana. You've got to have a blast furnace to get that scalpel. And it takes 3½ million people population to support a blast furnace economically, even a little one." So where you draw that line, is to use steel for things that have to be made out of steel, and then you make it out of as little steel as you can.

SB: That's a problem, though, because if everybody's using as little steel as they can, there may be 3½ million of them, but they still won't support a blast furnace.

Baldwin: Yeah, but the way the world is set up now, there's a whole lot of people who need the output of blast furnaces for steel plow blades that instead are being used to make

The atoll of Tetiaroa from the north. The landing strip, Tahitian village, and hotel are on the upper right island of the atoll. Most of the photographs in this article were taken on a sojourn to the upper middle island.

ACCESS TO TETIAROA

For about $120/day per couple, guests at Brando's hotel get a palm frond bungalow by the water, three excellent meals, and a boat trip to the bird sanctuary on one of the islands. Outrigger canoes, snorkels and face masks, etc., are available for use in the lagoon.

Air travel from Los Angeles to Papeete, Tahiti, costs about $600 round trip per person. The airplane from Papeete to Tetiaroa costs about $40 round trip per person.

For information and bookings:

Tetiaroa
P.O. Box 2418
Papeete, Tahiti
(Telephone 26302, 26303)

Hedland & Stevens
700 South Flower St., Suite 1704
Los Angeles, CA 90017
(For immediate confirmation on reservations)

electric can-openers. We're living with a bunch of mad organic farmers near Sacramento, and one of their mottoes is, "People who are against tractors have never tried to hoe fifty acres of beans by hand." So, to the really anti-technical type people who say "Piss on the John Deere," we say, "OK buddy, here's your crooked stick, and there's the Imperial Valley. Get on it."

Brando: Or if you're going to share the wealth, how're you going to get the grain to where it has to go in order to do that? How're you going to make a centrifuge to separate the mussle meat from the shell, in order to make a nutri-powder that people will not resist because it's a foreign element to their culture?

Baldwin: As for energy, it's generally agreed that of all energy generated by man for his use, the overall efficiency of his use of that energy is 5%, if that. So of the output of all the coal mines and the oil and the nuclear power plants and all that, we throw 95% of it away, getting no use out of it whatsoever. It's just thrown away as low-grade heat that goes out into entropy.

SB: So that's why you're on the case of things like insulation.

Baldwin: Yeah. If you could just raise that percentage of our efficiency of conversion as an entire species on earth to like 10%, we'd all be living like King Solomon, with an incredible standard of living. Unless there was some political reason to deliberately keep some group down.

SB: I can see the insulation part in the film. "Hey people, if you want a completely no-excitement subject, you want to talk about insulation."

Baldwin: You have to talk into one of those kool-aid pitchers. "This. . . is a piece of insulation. The story of insulation is the story of people."

Brando: There's so much need to find, form, shape a direction. Everybody wants to face Mecca, but they don't know whether it's east, west or north or south or up or down.

Baldwin: It's hard to fire up somebody from outside. You could pay somebody a whole lot of money to build your system, but it's different than somebody who *wants* to make it go. One thing we did with our experiments at ILS in New Mexico, was we had no fossil fuel back-up systems. So if the solar collector didn't work, and it was 21° below zero, which it got there, you froze ass. It was as simple as that. There was nothing you could light a match to to keep warm. You had to go to town and find a friend.

Kathleen: We used to go sit in a cafe.

Baldwin: Right, we'd go into the cafe and sit there for 4½ hours over a donut, soaking in that heat. This is something we suspected but we didn't know until we got into that position, it literally makes your brain work better. You'd be going along and it's just one "aha" after another. "Wait, wait, don't saw those boards we just talked about, 'cause I've got another idea that'll save us another 15% in heat loss." We'd go back and tear things out and put them in over and over again, just gain another couple percent. You'd see people going along clutching a wrench and cackling along across the snow towards the collector. You could just see it in their head, "Aha, you son of a bitch, I gotcha this time." Steve Baer does that too. When Baer's in a mood in the shop, it looks like there's about 40 of him in there, with things flying all over. It's this animation of great delight and getting something to work. You've seen it. This is something that Nature not only permits, but it's going to give us some advantage for doing it this way. You can get the money as an incentive too, but the money incentive to me has never been — not that I pooh on it at all — but it's the fiendish delight of getting something where there was nothing there before. Personally, I don't know if it's an ego trip or not. I don't care. I like doing it, a lot. Once you get one thing to work, then you think, "Oho," and there's a never-ending line of doing it.

Brando: That's what I get hung up on. It's such a pleasure to me to figure out a way to make a pencil sharpener more efficient. I could spend a whole afternoon doing that. And then I just get overwhelmed. I get calls from Indian people I know. They say, "Marlon I need $25,000, six guys got shot, ten are in jail. You just can't reach over and switch the world off. It'd be nice if you could do it, but it just keeps invading you. You've got to deal with the large issues and you say, "Well Jesus Christ, it's once around and there have been, I don't know, maybe 50 known species of man-like creatures that have come and gone, and what the hell does it matter?" But then somehow, there's something in the nature of the beast that makes us social. We're like hyenas and baboons and ants. We're not doing things individually, we're here doing something collectively.

Baldwin: I saw an interesting treatise recently, that if Mao Tse-tung decided the Chinese should have cars, that they were going to be as good as the United States, and have cars at the same ratio as the United States has cars, there's not enough metal in the world. Even if you took away all the Americans' cars and all the European's cars, and all the metal in our buildings and highways and rebar and ships and all that stuff, and then you mined all the known deposits of metal, there still isn't enough metal to make as many cars for the Chinese per capita as we have here.

SB: We can run that whole process backwards. It's like the process when you start making your own things, you can't stop. When you start doing without things, usually it's a big relief — if you've had stuff. If you haven't had stuff, getting stuff is kind of nifty. But if you had stuff for a while, if you grew up with stuff, you start getting rid of things, and by and by you're just surrounded by things that you really cherish, and there's not very many of them. It's like finally getting down to the real wealth, which is your own life, and the stuff is what kept us away from that.

Brando: Well, having run the full course of so-called success in America, I can say it's just bankruptcy, it's ludicrousy, it's meaningless. I'll be talking to you know, some girl at Hertz Rent-a-Car, and tell her, *"Don't ask me for my autograph, it's meaningless, it doesn't mean anything."* I tell the Tahitians, *"Don't bother with buying that it's not going to make your life better, and don't go where he is going, 'cause I just came from there, and there's nothing there. You guys sitting with your guitar and your bottle of beer and getting excited about fish, and sitting and bullshitting on your front porches, that's about all there is to it. You guys get more laughs per hour than probably anybody else in the world, and what else is there?* ■

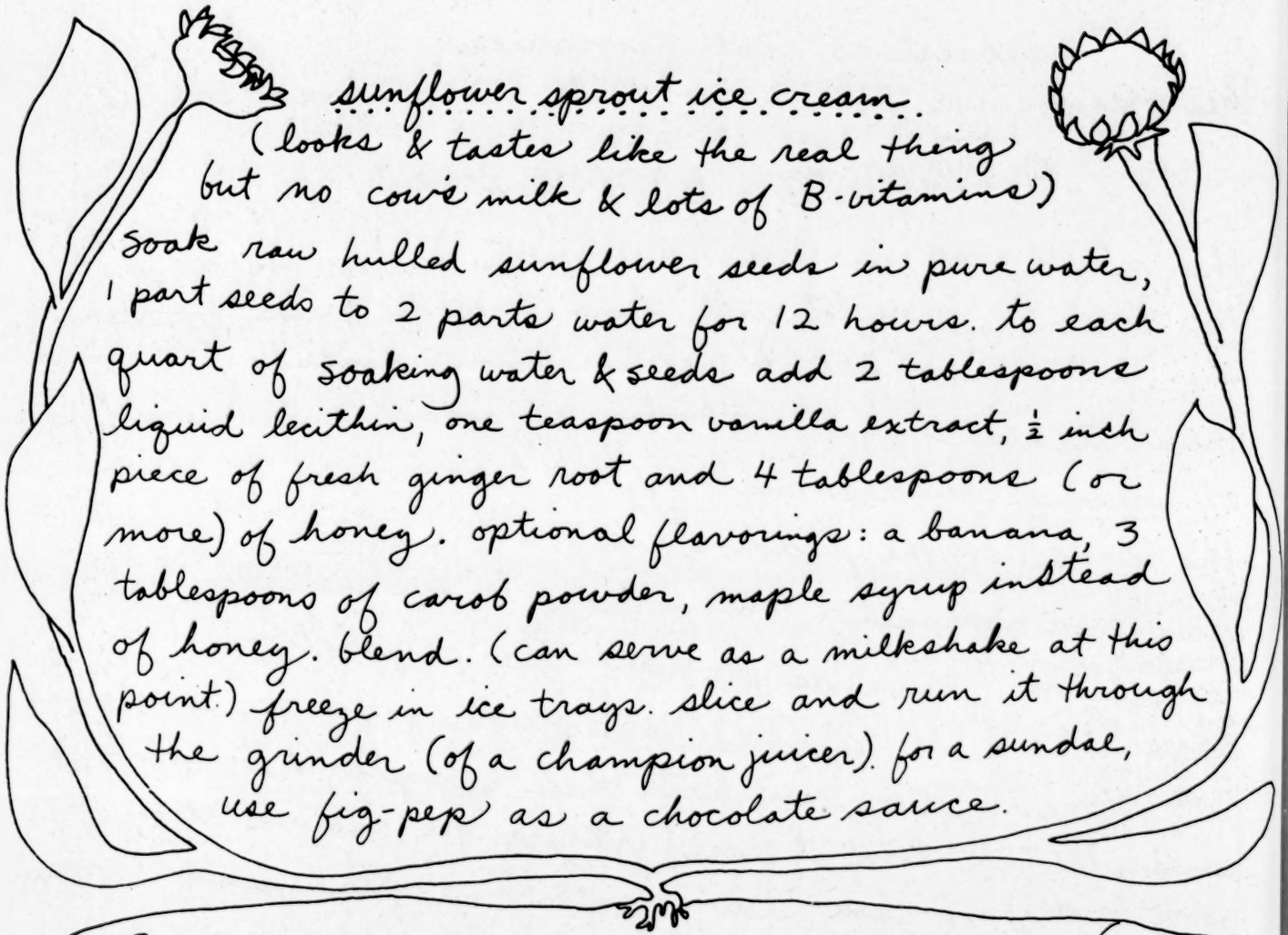
RAW FOOD RECIPES from the TROPICS
by alicia bay laurel

dearest co-evolutionaries:
these recipes are from a cookbook-in-progress called

★★☆ EATING LIGHT ☆★★

the manna of evolution: feed your aura. oh yeah: I've thrown in my lot with divine right's greek, treading the mucusless path to freedom from disease. but these tidbits have euphoric effects in the here'n'now of chewing besides making one look radiantly divine. the proof of the pudding is in the eater. for the raw food gourmet, the blender & the champion juicer replace the flame as pre-digester in preparation. the sages who have removed themselves from the electrical web of civilization can hook these gadgets to bicycles & windmills. I've seen it done. (freezers are another story. good luck.). If you douse with a chrystal pendulum, or know someone who does, you can see whether the ingredients of your diet give you strength or cut off your energy. try it out: string a real (not glass) chrystal on a thread and let it swing over your wrist. It should go the same direction as your veins unless you are holding something in your hand that cuts off your energy, such as the wrong kind of ring or the wrong kind of food. EVERYONE IS DIFFERENT. there's no perfect diet for everyone or for you all your life. It's a constant balance of yin & yang, cleansers (acid & sugary fruits) and nutrifiers (vitamins minerals & proteins). WE CHANGE. if the chrystal doesn't move, it's cutting off, not conducting, your energy. find someone who can use it. if the chrystal crosses you, you're holding a reject. evolve!

♡love, alicia bay laurel.



sunflower sprout ice cream

(looks & tastes like the real thing but no cow's milk & lots of B-vitamins)

Soak raw hulled sunflower seeds in pure water, 1 part seeds to 2 parts water for 12 hours. to each quart of soaking water & seeds add 2 tablespoons liquid lecithin, one teaspoon vanilla extract, ½ inch piece of fresh ginger root and 4 tablespoons (or more) of honey. optional flavorings: a banana, 3 tablespoons of carob powder, maple syrup instead of honey. blend. (can serve as a milkshake at this point) freeze in ice trays. slice and run it through the grinder (of a champion juicer). for a sundae, use fig-pep as a chocolate sauce.

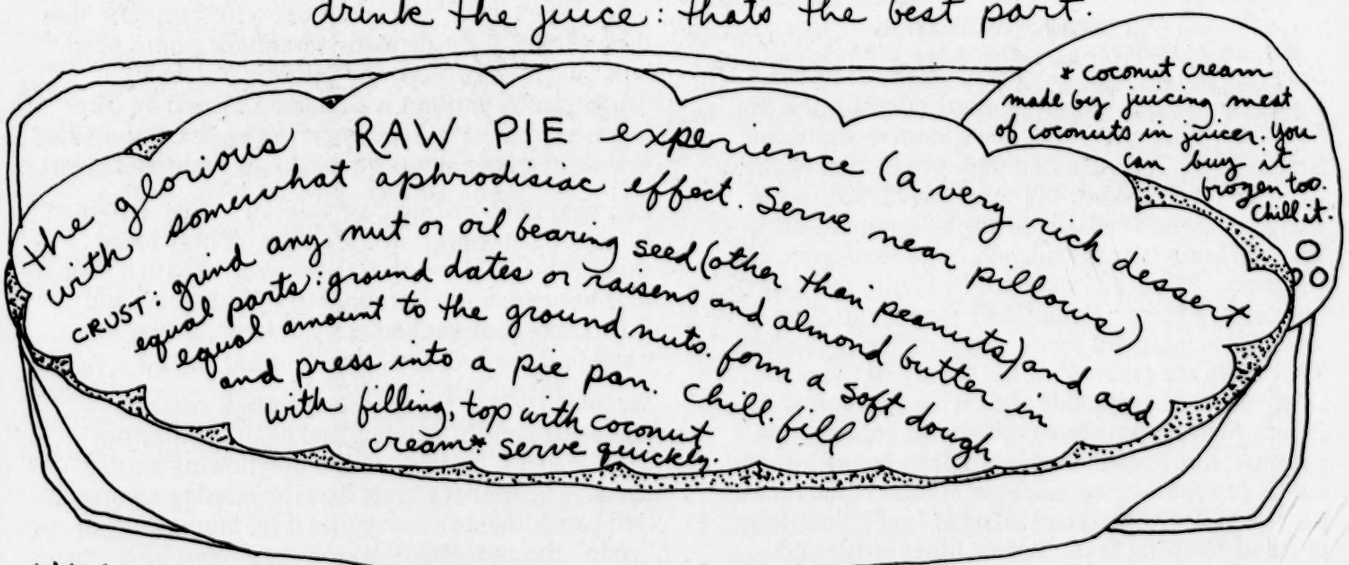
just-about-everything-you-need-in-one rich thick creamy SALAD DRESSING

(tastes a lot better than any ingredient alone)

in a dry blender, grind sesame seeds, almonds, pumpkin seeds or sunflower seeds (raw, hulled, in combination if you want: total ½ cup). add: (fresh) comfrey leaves, alfalfa, parsley, basil, dill, oregano, mint. (if dry, soak an hour in water & add with the soaking water: total: ½ cups). 2 tsp. cumin seeds, ¼ tsp. (or more) cayenne, one or more whole peeled raw garlic cloves, one heaping tablespoon powdered kelp and/or dulse, ¼ cup mild brewer's yeast (clinton's, sChiff, red star), celery top leaves, one tblsp. lecithin (makes it jell), ½ cup oil: soy, sesame, peanut, olive (together), 1 tsp. wheat germ oil, bronner's instant soup base (heaping tblsp.), ¼ cup apple cider vinegar (or juice of a lemon), ripe avocado or papaya, water to thin so blender can grind (use sprout soak or vegetable cooking water). Stir a little before you blend. serve over sprouted beans & greens & grated beets & raw tofu.

ACIDOPHILUS SAUERKRAUT

healthy intestinal flora must be replenished after you take antibiotics. this pickle comes out brilliant carmine pink if you add red cabbage or beets. clean & disinfect with bleach & hot water: a gallon jar. (restaurants that use mayonnaise can sell or give you some). Coarsely cut up 2 heads of cabbage, white, red or chinese or combination thereof. Optional seasonings: onion slices, carrot or beet slices, chopped raw garlic, a teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Seeds (one tablespoonful total): cumin caraway and/or dill. one tablespoonful molasses or honey or soy sauce (add after vegetables are in the jar). Stuff everything down tight and fill almost to the top with water. (oh yes: cauliflower can be substituted for part of the cabbage. then you have pink flowers to garnish salads). fold a clean white cloth & stuff it in the jar so that no vegetables can float to the surface & rot. add more water until jar is full. Cover jar loosely (it'll want to bubble over). add water every day or so to keep level above vegetables. In 10 days (more in cold weather) eat or keep refrigerated. drink the juice: that's the best part.



the glorious RAW PIE experience (a very rich dessert with somewhat aphrodisiac effect. Serve near pillows)

CRUST: grind any nut or oil bearing seed (other than peanuts) and equal parts: ground dates or raisens and almond butter in equal amount to the ground nuts. form a soft dough and press into a pie pan. Chill. fill with filling, top with coconut cream* serve quickly.

fillings: in blender: 2 or 3 avocados (ripe), 3 (or more) tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon agar flakes or lecithin, enough water (or lemongrass tea) to thin to semi-solid. Chill in crust 1 hour.

OR: mash very ripe raw fruits: banana strawberry papaya etc, or freeze them & grind in the champion juicer: Sherbet! (can be served alone).

Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965

Where Did All The Communes Go?

BY BILL WHEELER

Summer 1969 – **Life** publishes an article on a commune "somewhere in Oregon." The location is kept secret so they won't be deluged with tourists. The article with sumptuous color photos shows men in clean overalls and women in long granny dresses, discreet shots of them bathing with backs to the camera, well tended gardens, someone chopping wood, and a log cabin scene at night, candles burning with parents reading the Bible to attentive and well-scrubbed kids.

The next week Charlie Manson is found hiding under a sink in another commune. Media's interest in communes wanes. Indeed, many communes founded in those days have since folded for a variety of reasons: building codes, drugs, sickness, death, and money. The dispersal of a utopian community does not negate the idea; it is rather a process in a historical continuum. Some communes survive, fostering low pollution lifestyles, and are communities of high accountability, meaning they take care of their own and are good neighbors.

MORNING STAR

Summer 1966 – Lou Gottlieb, a member of the Limeliters singing group, as music critic for the San Francisco Chronicle, interviews Ramon Sender and Stewart Brand, concerning their production of the Trips Festival, a three day psychedelic bash in the Longshoremen's Hall, featuring a disguised Ken Kesey, the Grateful Dead, and other luminaries of the time. After the interview, he invites them up to his country place. Ramon and Stewart drive up a week or so later and spend a day exploring the land. They both are taken with the beauty of the place: thirty acres of redwoods and orchards, a veritable Eden. Stewart returns to the city to continue his projects, but Ramon decides to drop out of his music career (co-founder of the Tape Music Center – now part of Mills College) and settle at Lou's place which is called Morning Star. Several other artists and poets join him. By summer, a small artistic community and ashram has formed.

Bill Wheeler owns a piece of land which, until the county came down on it, harbored a hundred or so folks in various states of change and flux. The place was called Wheeler's Ranch, and, like the Morning Star described in this article, was a bright and early experiment in open land philosophy. —jd

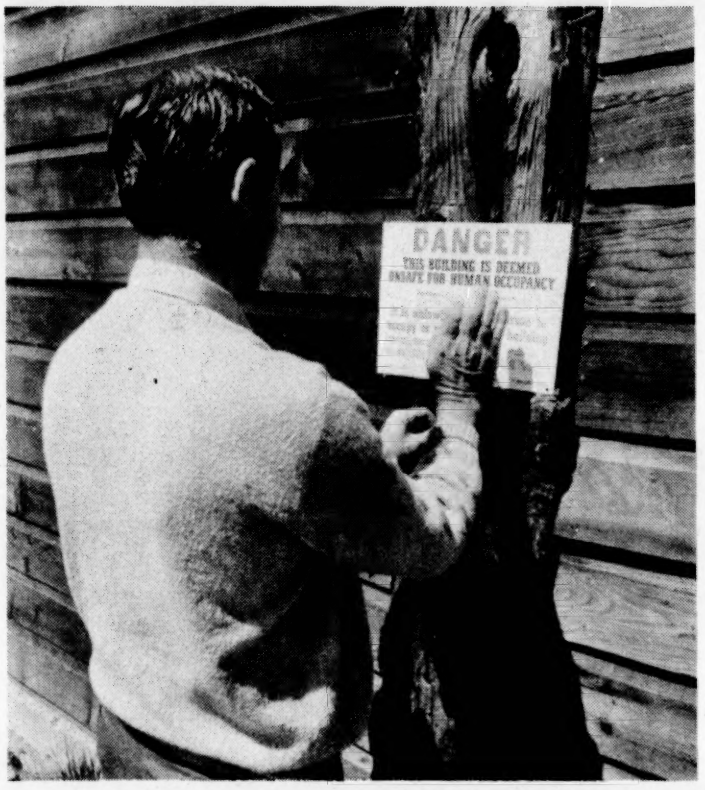
The summer passes rather peacefully, full of yoga, meditation, and macrobiotic meals. That fall, however, a dropped out progressive school teacher shows up with one of his students, a fourteen year old half black, half Jewish girl, who spends most of her time screaming. No one can take it upon themselves to tell her to leave. Then she goes to the local clinic with some venereal problems. The doctor suggests to the police they might investigate what's going on out there.

Spring 1967 – With Lou's permission, the diggers arrive to plant the garden. 100,000 flower children are expected to flood the Haight Ashbury that summer and they want to feed them. The reputation of being a "digger farm" attracts more and more people. "God, I just took this acid trip and I have to get out of the city," they would say. Tents, shacks, and shanties sprout like mushrooms. The energy level grows increasingly high. Morning Star achieves orbit – unfortunately the neighbors remain earth bound, puzzled, offended and outraged by the goings on. Nude Tibetan Yoginis perch on fence posts. Shell decorated goddesses walk property lines, their stoned-out male escorts wandering onto neighbors land, freaking out the mothers of teenage daughters. A petition is circulated, signed by three hundred of the local citizenry, asking the authorities to do something about the blight on their landscape.

Lou maintains a benign, amused, detached, let-go, let-Him-be-in-charge attitude towards his "social experiment." Morning Star has evolved into a twenty-four hour encounter group, Marat/Sade play, and R.D. Laing cool-out center. It is land "access to which is denied no one."

Summer 1967 – Up to three hundred come to dinner. Teams of building and health inspectors cite the illegal houses and the overflowing septic tanks. The sheriff arrests Lou for running an organized camp, the deal being that if he brings it up to "code" the county will lay off for a year. "Of course, you will have to clean it up a bit," Lou's attorney whispers to him.

Lou is delighted. He sees his pleading guilty a formality which will allow Morning Star to survive another year. He tells a reporter, "I plead guilty because I feel it beneath the dignity of the court to try a case involving an outhouse. The majesty of the law has moved its traditional course. I'll be on probation for a year, then we'll be in good shape.



Bob Fitch

The building inspector on the job.

My plea will have no effect on my guests; they can come and go as they please. We're in a new stage – my probation officers will help us run Morning Star for a year. That's good. I hope they're the toughest. Maybe they'll move in with us. We'll give them a little macro, a little yoga. It will take ten to twelve thousand dollars to bring Morning Star up to code, and I don't have it. I'm not working . . . Does anyone need a bass player? The county officials have been wonderful, beautiful, excellent – you can use any superlative you want. I've had wonderful cooperation . . . If this is bureaucracy, let's have more of it."

Lou returns to Morning Star, a crowd gathers to find out what happened. Everyone is relieved to have another year to clean up the place. He cautions, "My probation officers are coming out this afternoon, I want you to be polite to them – full of courtesy."

Later in the day, Mystery, a formidable black man wearing a feather in his hair and a ribbon tied around his huge cock, meets the officers on the road up to Lou's studio. "We're looking for Mr. Gottlieb," the man says, trying to be businesslike.

"He may be up there, but all cars have to stay down here in the parking lot," Mystery answers. The crewcut man repeats his request. "Would you please leave your car in the parking lot," Mystery says again.

"Yes, we know you have got your rules here, but we'd just as soon speak with Mr. Gottlieb," as they drive away, leaving Mystery in a cloud of late summer dust.

"Wow, those guys sure respect law and order," he says after them.

Lou greets them warmly, in the same way he does the hundreds of other curious seekers who come to his door each week. They ask him what the upper and lower houses are being used for.

"They're crash pads," says Lou.

"How many people using them?"

"Last night, maybe five or six, next week maybe zero – it changes all the time."

"But you've got to regulate it somehow," they retort.

"No, that's what's new about this place – we don't – the Divine is in charge," then Lou gently suggests, "Perhaps you would like to help us run Morning Star for the next year."

Before they can answer, he continues on with a long lecture on the values of Morning Star, quoting from a book which talks about the relation between the abundance created by the machine age, leisure, and utopian communities.

"Gentlemen," says Lou gesturing over the relaxed bodies and piles of garbage, "here's utopia – thought you'd never see it. If you know of a better way, I'll do it your way."

One of the probation officers wonders out loud, "Are we ready for you yet, Mr. Gottlieb?"

"Gentlemen, make yourselves at home – go anywhere, ask questions, and look around, I must return to my practice." Lou begins to play on the piano. A Bach fugue floats over the land. Suddenly, a whole new procession of county cars drives up, containing nearly all the officialdom of Sonoma County – a judge, a supervisor, the sheriff, about five deputies, reporters, photographers, building inspectors, health officials, and juvenile officers – altogether an army of thirty, whose mission it is to close Morning Star.

"Welcome to Morning Star everyone – Gentlemen, welcome! Here you're so well protected," Lou says emerging from his studio to confront his adversaries.

"Mr. Gottlieb, we are here to tell you that you must vacate your property of its guests in twenty-four hours or you and they will be subject to arrest," the sheriff tells Lou.

This flabbergasts Lou, since a bare three hours before he was of the understanding that Morning Star would have an unmolested year to bring itself up to code. "And I haven't even been probated yet," Lou muses. "I'm not sure I had the best attorney in town."

Juvenile officers spread out over the property looking for underage kids. They find two sixteen year old girls, whom they take into custody. Undercover agents wander about trying to look unconspicuous, but are made obvious by the big smiles covering their faces. One policeman takes a picture of Mystery. Another shouts, "Hey, that's obscene."

"Hell no, it's art," he answers in his defense. *[more→]*

The officials try to do their job in the carnival atmosphere. Cigarettes are handed out to the "natives" as the building inspector readies his signs:

DANGER
THIS HOUSE IS DEEMED UNSAFE
FOR HUMAN OCCUPANCY

He posts these on all the buildings, with the exception of Lou's studio (recently built – it more or less satisfies the code) Morning Star is officially condemned. The officers continue to threaten the people with all kinds of misdemeanor infractions if they continue to stay. Lou tells a reporter, "Complying with all the regulations will be extremely difficult. I don't know whether it isn't better to go to jail."

The probation officers begin to pressure Lou into making announcements that everyone will have to leave, threatening to revoke his probation if he doesn't.

"I can't do that. I have never denied anyone access to this land. It's like the Indians' – land held in trust for everyone to enjoy."

One of the Morning Star people ask Lou what to do. "It's up to you, baby," Lou answers and then sings "Let My People Go" as an expression of his frustration at the day's events.

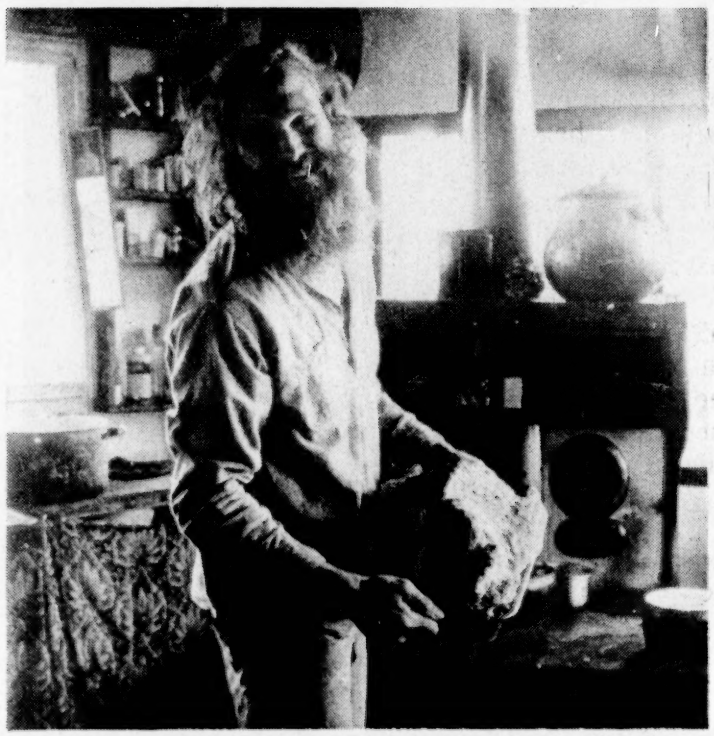
The reporter asks the assembled officials what they will do if the people refuse to leave. The member of the board of supervisors answers, "We'll have to take them off by the truckload."

Finally, they all leave. A meeting is called to decide on a course of action. "Can they take our children?" asks a girl with a baby in her lap. It is decided that they could – also that anyone else who might have trouble should leave. This depresses everyone. A moment of silence, then a voice, "Let's have a party!" Universal agreement. What else to do?

May 7th, 1969 – After two years of constant pressure, fifteen thousand dollars in fines, two weeks in jail for contempt of court, several bulldozings of the land, Lou decides to get off the owner trip by deeding the land to God. The clerk at the recorders office doesn't understand. Lou points to a quarter and says, "See this: 'In God We Trust'. That's the One I want to deed the land to."

Hearing about it, two San Quentin convicts claim they are God and try to take possession of the land. Then a woman whose home had been burned down by lightning (an act of God) sues Him for damages, asking for Morning Star as payment. A lawyer comes to Lou offering to defend God if Lou would deed over part of the land to him! Lou decides to defend God's right to own land himself, spending long hours in the law library preparing briefs. The judge rules against Him, on the grounds that He is not a real person. Lou calls the decision the ultimate blasphemy.

Presently, Morning Star is patrolled twice daily by sheriff's deputies who inform all visitors to move on or risk arrest. Even Lou, to whom the title has



Armando Navarro

Bill Wheeler and the soybean turkey

reverted, cannot spend the night till a "code" house has been built with the proper plumbing.

A couple in Kentucky picked up on the idea and deeded six hundred acres of land there to God, on which a small community still thrives, unmolested by the authorities. The same couple tried to deed still more land in another county, but they couldn't record the deed there, one county accepting divine ownership more readily than another.

UNITED STAND

1969 – As Morning Star closes, a hundred miles to the north another group squats in the middle of a state forest. The authorities waste no time in bringing on the bulldozers and telling the people to vacate in twenty-four hours. They decide to go still deeper into the hills, buying logged over and scarred land which no one else wants, hoping that ownership of the land will spare them from further harrassment. Because of the relatively cheap land, still more refugees from the cities join them so that a community of hill dwelling people, including single families, extended families, and communes, take over whole sections of the county. They plant gardens and build simple, homemade structures, quaint and beautiful, economical and beautiful, but still illegal. A huge alternative, low energy consuming lifestyle and community develops.

1974 – The grand jury creates a task force of building and health officials, hoping once and for all "to rid the county of its hippie vermin and to restore the recreational values to rural areas, threatened by the influx of these undesirables." A team of inspectors in a four wheel jeep, aided by a spotter aircraft, roams the back roads red-tagging two hundred illegal structures. Residents are given thirty days notice to leave or be arrested. A meeting. Some suggest arms to protect their homes, others decide the best

course is a public relations campaign called "Howdy Neighbor" to expose and educate the straight population of the county to the meaning and the nature of their way of life. At the same time they decide to form a legal defense, which successfully wins acquittals in what are called the "Great Toilet Trials." As of this writing, the local politicians have promised to review the codes and revise them for new age living. One politician, in response to his new constituency, suggests that the building inspector's car be replaced with a bicycle. As yet no one, thanks to the efforts of United Stand, has been forced to leave their homes and return to the city.

[For further information on the movement that has been bringing California building codes back down to the human level, contact:

United Stand
Box 191
Potter Valley, California 95469.]

THE FARM

1968 - 1970 – Stephen Gaskin teaches a class at San Francisco State College entitled *North American White Witchcraft*, which grows so quickly in popularity that a dance hall is needed for the two thousand or so students who show up each week for the discourse. He sits full-lotus on a platform, talking without a microphone, answering questions on a wide range of topics: family, dope, vegetarianism, politics, and philosophy (See Stephen's book, **Monday Night Class**). After several years of evolving his teachings of non-violence, complete honesty, and personal responsibility, he grows tired of the city – sees it as jaded – and heads out, inviting his students to come along. A large caravan forms of over fifty buses and vans. Stephen and three hundred of his followers embark on a cross-country pilgrimage for a promised land, a place where they can "put their turnips in the ground."

1971 – They settle on a thousand acres of fertile land in Tennessee, parking their buses in the woods, beginning to build and plant crops to realize their goal of self-sufficiency. No welfare or food stamps. Crews of workers go off The Farm to pick fruit, work construction, and paint houses, all earnings given back to The Farm. Completely vegetarian, they grow 90% of their food, costs of feeding everyone at fifteen cents per head per day. A sorghum mill and soy dairy are established. Clear complexions and luminescence of the people attest to the balanced diet. Stephen invites anyone to arm wrestle the lead guitar player of his band if they doubt the nutritional value of soy products.

August 1971 – A deer hunter stumbles on the three-fourths acre of marijuana growing on The Farm. He goes to the sheriff, who organizes a raid of ten squad cars of deputies, narcotics agents, a helicopter, and a CBS news team. As the raid progresses, Stephen m.c.'s the show. In front of cameras and microphone, he is asked if he grew the marijuana. Responding like George Washington, he says, "I didn't grow the marijuana, but I knew about it, and authorized it." He then takes the reporters on a tour of the farm, showing off the accomplishments of a successful new-age experiment. When they come to the dope patch, the sheriff emerges from the weeds, wielding a shotgun, and saying, "I don't know about you, but I'm afraid of snakes."

February 1974 – The Supreme Court refuses to hear Stephen's appeal on his marijuana conviction. Only Justice Douglas shows any interest in the possibility of marijuana being a religious sacrament (in the same way peyote has been recognized as a bonafide sacrament for the American Indian by the courts), but his help is not enough, so Stephen is sentenced to three years in jail for cultivation.

The Farm runs smoothly in his absence, proving the strength of the community does not rest on him alone. He acts as a final arbitrator only when a consensus of opinion can't be reached. Most decisions are made by the community as a whole, not necessarily by his dictate.

For all its accomplishments, The Farm has its failings. There are few black and third world members. Stephen explains it as the black folks working out their collective karma, not necessarily involving renunciation (those joining the community give over all their earthly possessions and take a vow of poverty). Along with their soy beans, the farm has prolific crops of babies. They condemn abortion, adding they will deliver and accept all unwanted babies. Presently, they practice the temperature and mucous method of rhythm birth control, which slows down the rush of new born, now totalling three hundred. Chemical fertilizers and low-power insecticides are used in their fields. They say it's the only way to do it in the South with its insects, thin soil, and heavy rains. Having seen some incredible organic gardens in the south, I wonder. Hundreds of tons of organic manure are spread each year and slowly the soil turns darker, but the Farm is serious about growing food and a lot of it. They want to feed the world, and for now inorganic methods offer the only practical way to do it. Finally, some of Stephen's followers, in their efforts to be right on and enlightened, get dogmatic and conservative. "I don't know why I'm talking to you, if you don't accept Stephen as your teacher," one says to me when I pay a visit to The Farm.

1975 – Entrance to The Farm is gained through a rigid gate scene, all comings and goings carefully charted. They host fifteen thousand visitors a year. Stephen says that walking through that gate is worth at least one hit of acid in consciousness expansion. Now released, but on parole, Stephen and the farm have agreed not to grow reefer again, till it's legal. The highness of the place remains.

Over eight hundred people live on the land which has expanded to seventeen hundred and fifty acres with one thousand more rented and share cropped. Using Stephen's teachings as a guide, fifteen other smaller

communities exist throughout the country, including Wisconsin, Florida, Puerto Rico and California.

These days Stephen talks a lot about world hunger and starvation. He has created a non-profit, tax-deductable, charitable corporation named Plenty, with the idea of getting food to the hungry people of the world, without it ending up in a black market boondogle. A crew of Gaskinites now works the docks in New Orleans, saving their money towards buying a freighter, which will take food directly to the people. Yea, soy beans!

On his visit to San Francisco this year with his rock band, Stephen says, "whatever you do, do something heavy."

THE NEARINGS

If anyone personifies this back-to-the-land movement, it is Helen and Scott Nearing who fled the city in the thirties, homesteaded a place in Vermont, and wrote a number of books about the experience, the best known of which is **Living the Good Life**, really a manual on how to successfully leave the city and make it, financially and spiritually, in the country. In a recent letter Scott writes, "In the 1920's and 1930's, the break-up of Western Civilization was less evident and clear cut than it is today." In his mind, the necessity for people to reject selfish and destructive capitalism and return to the land looms with ever greater urgency.

June 1974 – My wife and I pay the Nearings a visit. "Help us live the good life – Visitors after four in the afternoon or by appointment," reads a sign at the gate to their place in Maine. We drive up the gently rolling hill, opening into a large meadow full of tall, rippling grass waving in the late afternoon wind. They don't believe in keeping domestic animals of any kind, preferring to rely on their extensive gardening for food and letting the rest of the place go wild. We see an old farm house and to the right, a formidable stone wall, six feet high, three wide, and three feet into the ground, surrounding about a half acre garden. Scott says he builds stone walls while other men play golf. Helen comes to the gate to greet us with that too-many-visitors expression on her face, but gracious and friendly. She gives an armload of greens to us, explaining they will see us at eight in the morning for work and that we may camp up the road at a neighbor's land.

Exhausted from our travels, in the morning we oversleep. Without breakfast, we hurry to the worksite, down near their new stone house, which they are building for, as Helen puts it, "their declining years." He is 92, she is twenty years his junior. We join five or six other visitors and apprentices digging rock out of the hillside and spreading it on their driveway. The thin Maine top soil is carefully saved and gathered in buckets for later spreading on their gardens. Helen works steadily right along with us. A light drizzle falls, but not enough for us to stop work. A neighbor comes by. Helen talks with her briefly, but immediately returns to her tasks. I look down on the beach and see Scott with another crew of workers, shoveling sand into the back of a truck. He moves with slow, but strong and regular movements of a man half his age. We work til exactly 12 noon, the first half of the "Nearing Day," the balance given to your personal freedom – art, writing, or what you will. They believe that intense organized labor for half a day is enough to earn one's bread, the rest of the day is given to spiritual and recreational pursuits.

They invite us for lunch: hot vegetable stew, cold rose hip soup, peanut butter and bread, celery sticks, and a salad. We eat with wooden spoons and bowls.

Having eaten, I wander into their library. Prolific writers, a long shelf is filled with their books. I scan one written in the 30's about Russia, praising the accomplishments of the revolution. I go back into the kitchen and ask Helen how she feels about Solzhenitsyn and especially his book **Gulag Archipelago**. She replies that she hasn't read it, but another book by his ex-wife which states that much of his information on Russian prisons was inaccurate. She then tells of a socialist conference which she and Scott attended in Germany. A toast to Kennedy was proposed by the Russians. The two of them refused to stand since they disagreed so adamantly with his handling of the Bay of Pigs. The Russians' hospitality to them thereafter decreased, but the socialist ideal remains paramount for them, whatever failings specific applications of it may have.

As we leave, Helen gives each of us a "magic rock" which we're supposed to throw into the pond behind their house for good luck. A couple we knew who had visited them previously had done this and shortly afterward broke up. We decided to keep the rocks instead.

On our way back to the campground, we walk by the garden with its neat, thriving rows of vegetables as if laid out by a surveyor, not a weed to be seen, deep, lush, humousy soil, laden fruit trees, all happily protected by that great wall. Then further along scores of compost bins, six feet square, each with a tag with its age and contents, wait to make the soil still richer.

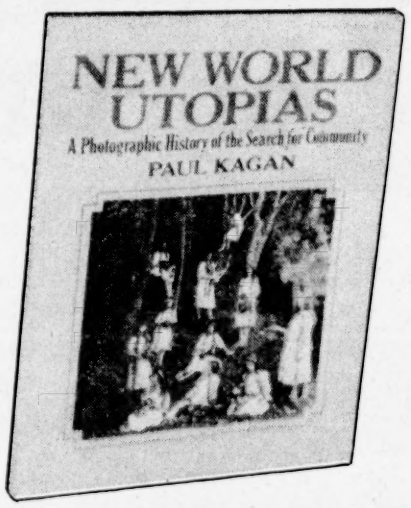
The campground is on land which the Nearings originally owned, but which they sold to a family for what they paid for it fifteen years before. This family, with the help of apprentices, cultivates two and a half acres mostly by hand, selling the produce at a stand on the road. They made $1,800 last year, enough for them to live on. He is a former school teacher, and they have two small children.

Middle afternoon, the drizzle has turned to a light rain. I approach several of the apprentices working in the garden. Dressed in Maine slickers, they are on their hands and knees thinning carrots. I ask them what they think of marijuana. They look at me like survivors in the desert. "No one ever brings any, because they think that all we do is work." I bring out my stash and we light up. Ah, sweet Maine rain. Afterwards, they return to their thinning, enjoying it the more. ■

New World Utopias

Hm, where have *all the communes gone? Paul Kagan surveys a selected group which spans a century (1870 - 1970) in the American West. His research yielded photographs, documents and accounts that explain why most of the communities found were then lost.*

—Diana Fairbanks



New World Utopias
(A Photographic History of the Search for Community)
Paul Kagan
1975; 191pp.
$5.95 postpaid
from:
Penguin Books Inc.
7110 Ambassador Rd.
Baltimore, MD 21207
or Whole Earth

In May of 1855, thirty-four covered prairie schooners were met on the Oregon Trail by a band of Sioux warriors avid to preserve their homeland. The sight at the head of the wagon train of a lead-lined casket bearing the body of a young man pickled in Golden Rule whiskey allayed the Indians' hostile intentions. It was not only the preserved body of Willie Keil that impressed the Sioux, but also the sight and sound of some 250 German Rappist colonists playing flutes, zithers, guitars, and drums and singing Martin Luther's "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." The Sioux could only declare it "strong medicine" and pass on their way.

•

A profound dissatisfaction with the prevailing conditions of life was the original impetus for the founding of Llano del Rio, which was to be a constructive alternative to the woes and cares of life. Inside Llano, however, the same problems — indolence, avarice, envy, ignorance — appeared even more intensified than they had been in the "outside" world.

Llano del Rio — Girls prepare freshly harvested apples for canning (ca. 1916). (Photograph by Walter Millsap, Kagan Collection, California Historical Society Library)

•

A Zen monastery is not meant to be so isolated a community that the interdependence of man upon man is forgotten, so the average student lives at the isolated Tassajara community for only a while — usually two to three years. Meanwhile, the larger practical religious communities of the city and farm centers are directly a part of ordinary American society. In this way, Tassajara comes closer to the society around it than many of the experiments that were aimed at founding a "new world."

Brothels of Nevada

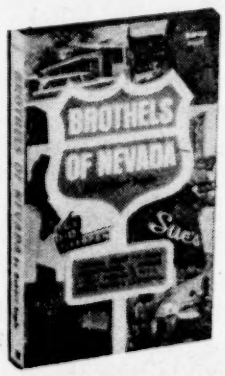
This book is a basic guide to the Nevada houses, written from a man's point of view, no bones about it. Mr. Engle has clearly enjoyed himself touring the state in search of what he terms "cathouse revelry."

In the first section each house is individually described, with photos and careful directions on how to arrive by car or plane, and rated for the quality of the accomodations and girls. "Especially delectable" numbers like Geri, "childlike but delectable under her black babydoll," earn the houses extra hearts on his scale. The ratings are based on the author's own one-time sample of the line-up and hospitality but they are credible; he seems to have operated from a classic trick premise — eagerness to have a good time at the least cost possible. One note: Mustang Ranch receives a five star (class whorehouse) rating. It has been described elsewhere by other customers and by women who have worked there as both dirty and oppressive.

The second part of the book is a brief history of the whorehouse, with capsule biographies of its more notorious personages. One senses here his admiration for those successful in the trade. He describes the meeting of two famous madams in the Mark Hopkins, both "dripping in mink and diamonds . . . a fitting tableau to illustrate the wages of sin."

Also included in the second part is a section on brothel protocol, tips to make first times socially graceful and entertaining. There is a list of the general costs of each sex act; the basic price in Nevada is ten dollars, but he cautions that for a "dime" a girl will only lie back and spread her legs, and suggest that "for a good time a man should be prepared to spend twenty dollars in the room." Fair enough.

—Erica Anne Csicsery



Brothels of Nevada
Robert Engle
1973; 215pp.
$2.25 postpaid
from:
Holloway House
Publishing Co.
8060 Melrose Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046
or Whole Earth

BETTY'S D & D CLUB, ELKO

Girls: ♡♡♡♡

An excellent group of young girls here. Five were immediately available for my inspection, and the choice was difficult even at that. I picked Bobbie, a tall apple-cheeked type. She proved friendly and was willing to spend a great deal of time talking at the bar. There's not only a lack of pushiness here, but there's a positive amiability in the air.

Bob Creeley on Communes

The problem of *intentional* community is that it doesn't of itself make social structure, with its incremental and "vertical" patterns as well as its "ideals" and "values," etc., i.e., my understanding was that communes were most stable socially when there was some stable and/or rigid "social" base, e.g., religion, etc. Sad fact is or seems: jail or the army create more articulate social structure per se. Why, is the relevant question. Was it "energy," "money," etc. that caused communes to disperse or their lack of being stuck with it, as this Italian Community where I now am, – and their lack of a complementary "vertical," e.g., old folks etc. There was, clearly, a great feeling of being *many* people together, rather than a lot of "individuals" – but was the fact that it was "individuating" choice, and rejection of overreaching "social structure" they'd come from (mom and dad, etc. – "the vast high school"), finally that which returns them each to being *one* and thus isolated? Ah well! Hold on! We're here!

Confessions of an Ex-Blackjack Player

BY ROLF CAHN

Twelve years ago, for a day and a night, several dozen radar and spotting devices on the East Coast were scanning the sky for enemy or unidentified objects, ready to feed their information instantly into a huge computer bank. The computers were then to feed out the path, speed and maneuver patterns of such crafts, and instantly tell the entire Eastern Defense Command where to do what.

Thank God nothing crossed our air frontiers that time, because the computer would probably have instructed the military to double down on ten. You see, for those twenty four hours it was not sitting in readiness for attack. It was, alas, playing blackjack. A group of friends were sending me to Nevada to play with their money, and one of them, a systems analyst, had programmed the computer bank to play three million games, using the final touches of my "system." Sure enough, the graphs showed a powerful advantage in the long run, and I went to Reno. It took me two weeks to make six hundred dollars, however, and by the time I had subtracted travel expenses and my partners' share, the thing was ridiculous.

Up to then, blackjack had been my private toy. It happens to be the casino game in which you can reverse the odds in your favor. There are certain times when the cards that remain in the deck combine into favorable events for you more often than not, and at other times the remaining cards compose themselves against you. By counting cards, you know how much to bet and are able to make all other tactical decisions. The old men in Reno knew of this for years, and it was a hallowed gambling "in." A math teacher named Thorp discovered the same thing on his computers, and published a best selling book on the subject.

I had a ball learning my first counting system, and then improving it after each trip to Reno, when I'd listen carefully to the folks at the side street hotels and guest houses. I had decided to use different accomodations each time I went, so I registered in a seedy raw wood hotel and started rapping with the manager. He was almost-stooping old, hair thin and white, very quietly sorting the laundry. Yes, he gambled. He won too. Been counting the cards in blackjack for years. Trouble was he drank, so after he won about two hundred dollars, they'd start giving him free drinks, and that would be the end of that.

How did he do it?

For the next few days he hipped me to enough ideas so I could completely reorganize my counting system. Probability wise, I had "arrived."

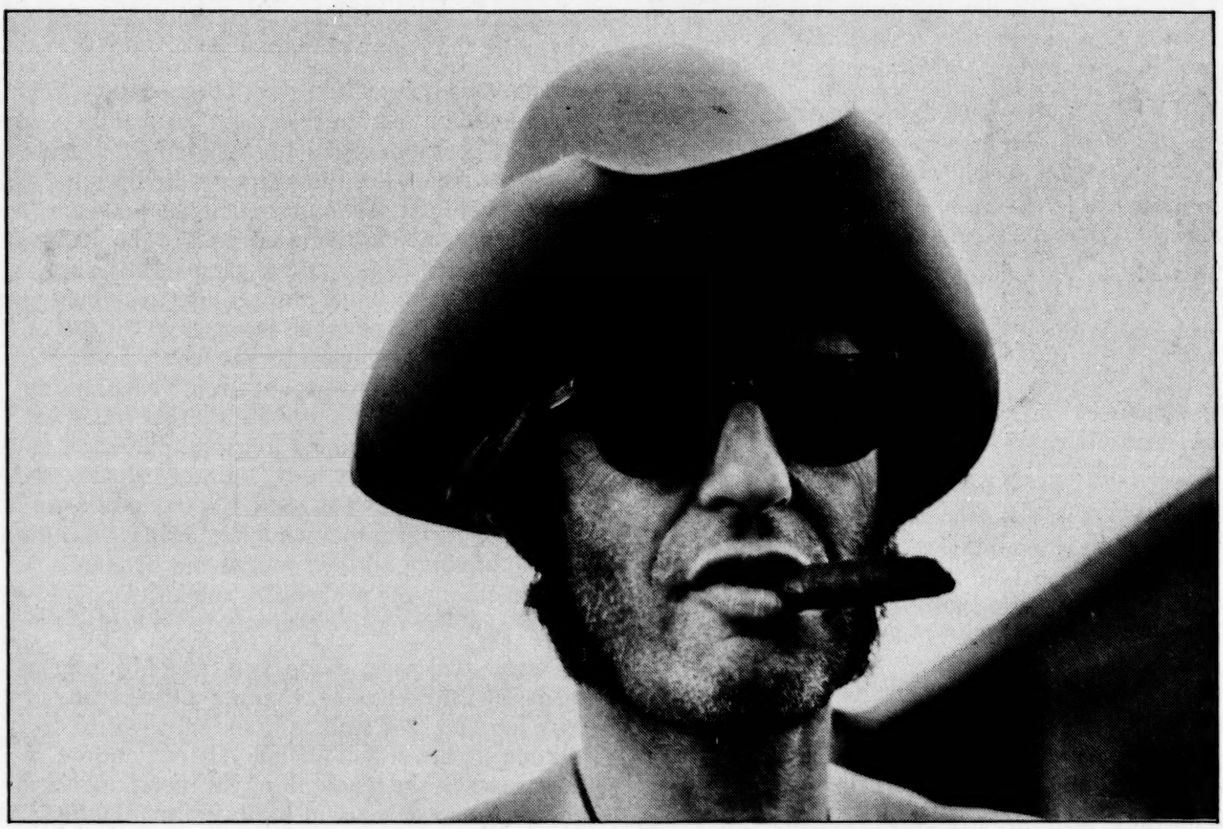
I went home, totally rebuilt my card count system, and ran its variables through an available computer (Bank of America payroll this time). The old man had been absolutely right in his premises – I had the king of all card-count systems in my brain. Three trips to Reno, with tiny experimental stakes, were joyous re-verifications. I had become an American myth: the blackjack winning card counter.

No – I didn't run to the nearest backer. Something of the casino experience had stayed with me that said – wordlessly – "something is wrong." I agonized over betting patterns and borderline decisions, polishing my toy. Then, two years later in Cambridge, a friend insisted I take his money to the tables. His buddies were fascinated, and soon I was on my way to Reno. My toy was now a three thousand dollar stake, and expenses.

You know about that trip, triggered by our East Coast air defense systems computer bank. I went home, tired of gambling, and stayed away from the tables. It was a year after that, on a concert gig in Cambridge, that some newspaper people urged me to take their money and gamble. I bitched at them about the work and the grind of it, but they kept insisting, their eyes full of fairy tales.

Everything went great! A friend from Radcliffe offered to go with me, and we shared a railroad compartment for three days and nights, ate and drank on "expenses" money, smoked kief, and became absolutely obscene. Early the second morning we were rolling through endless, disciplined flatland, trees whizzing by, branches bare and pleading to the sky.

She asked: "What about cheating? I mean, what if they cheat against you?" I explained we had a card shark available to fly out if I wanted expert help. She said, smiling, "Why not just leave the dealer if



you lose once or twice?" and right there started our winning streak. Of course! Why do even good gamblers stay at losing tables as if hypnotized? She had just saved me hundreds of dollars and guaranteed my mobility through the casinos.

We hit Reno, Sparks, Carson City, Las Vegas, for the streak of streaks, the grand daddy of all winners, piling up to a plus 240 hands overall. The friend went to Berkeley. I stayed a year in Spain, strangely exhausted. After the first exhilaration, I started tripping on some very heavy doubts. *That* winner had nothing to do with probability. It was so far off the graph that it evoked, forever, the possibility that it might repeat, the other way. I could imagine a two hundred point loser, day after day. Hand after hand, in a noisy plastic slum.

Something was wrong, indeed. Only two years later, some friends in Philadelphia put a purse together, and I headed, alone, for a loser of over 130 hands, all played over two days with impeccable discipline. I was trashed, mind quietly slipped to melancholia, paranoia, self-beratement. One loser had made me forget the fabric of my real life, my music, sports, work, writing, children, friends, joys, sunsets, all.

During my recovery, walking the footpaths in Inverness, I knew everything had changed. I was no longer having fun with my toy. The over-all winnings were nowhere near as large as I expected.

Moreover, casino gambling, win or lose, was a wipeout. The highs were so high they became mind-blasting, and the crunching defeats so harsh they drew on deepest emotional reserves. You see, there's a ritualized concentration of life in gambling, and it tends to hypnotically concentrate emotions normally associated with crisis.

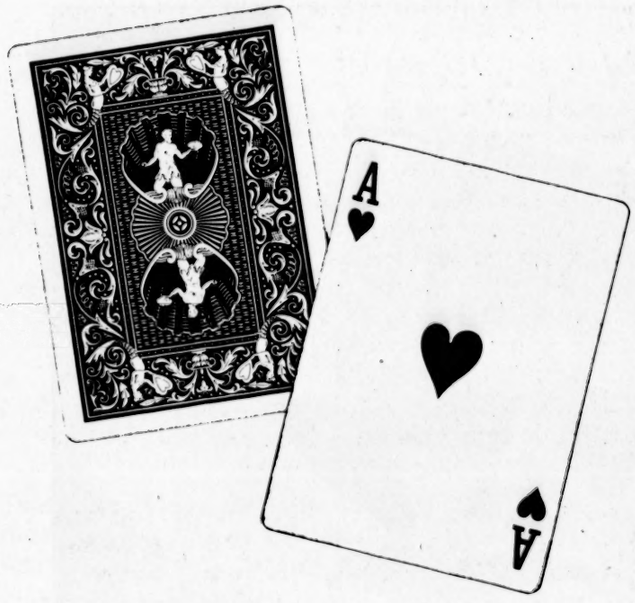
Add to that the complete centering needed for optimal, instant decisions, and the worry about being "spotted" by the house as a counter, and you can imagine the energy drain.

The day before the huge loser had hit me, I had been "spotted" at Harold's Club. A super grey flannel type had come up, whispered something in the dealer's ear, and left without looking at me. She stopped chatting with me, and began to shuffle the cards after every hand. You see how this works, don't you — A full deck of fifty-two cards represents an advantage of 1½ - 2% to the house. As the cards fall, the remaining cards can be as much as seven percent in your favor or against you. All this assuming you are counting cards, and optimizing each hand. By shuffling after every hand, the dealer retained her 1½ - 2% advantage, no matter how well I played. I left the table, and tried to play on another floor, but old Grey Flannel followed me, and whispered to the new dealer, who grinned, looked straight at me, and of course shuffled after every deal.

Now that's a nerve-racking experience after four days of gambling. Add to that the strange violence of wins and losses, and you can imagine what the final loser did to me.

I decided to quit gambling. There was nothing wrong with the "system," but over the years, my experience had not reflected the computer-truths. There were too many questions, not yet formed.

A year later, an airplane designer asked me to gamble for him and I refused. I ended up teaching him the



"system," and got curious again. Then the answer came to me.

It was in San Miguel de Allende, three hours this side of Mexico City. I was eating a great, *great* breakfast (papaya, eggs very soft and over very easy, and browned potatoes) at Steve's house. Steve is one of the trio who wrote the **People's Guide to Mexico**, and he's got two demented parrots, Arturo and Far Out. Far Out is pretty harmless, but Arturo bit my kid once. The odds are eight to five I punch him on his silly beak before he can bite my hand.

Anyway – I'd gone there to hustle a friend of Steve's for a way to "randomize" a new formula in the "system." He is one of those geniuses who puts chicken tracks on paper, and all the computer types go "Ahhh! Ahhh!" and they make flow charts and more chicken tracks, more charts – and the computer spits out exactly what the chicken tracks indicated – and they all go "Ahhh!" again. Currently, he was writing his fifth book on "probability and non-linear randomization." I petitioned him humbly for enough chicken tracks to randomize a given blackjack sampling. The genius was very interested in my gambling history, so I finally told him something was wrong with my experience, that there was no relationship between the computer print-outs and my actual gambling. He wasn't patronizing, as I expected him to be, so I decided to let him have it.

He listened as I told him that nobody who gambles operates on probability except the casinos, to whom it makes fiscal sense. The mathematicians had failed to tie their chicken tracks to life, that is: to the life of the gambler.

He said, "But the answer has always been there, only none of us have looked at it."

It turned out he'd been lecturing on a new thing he discovered, when he made a computer throw heads and tails ten million times. Sure enough, it came out fifty-fifty – but then he saw something else: the ups and downs on the print-out graph became bigger the more the computer gambled.

He couldn't believe it at first, because it destroyed the holiest of holies in the religion of probability, which is called "random walk." Translated from probabilitese, that means "it doesn't mean diddly bop." When the probabilitist pronounces that the odds are "one point forty one" in the house's favor, he means that after ten or fifteen thousand games, the house will "probably" have come pretty close to collecting its 1.41%. What happens the other 9999 throws of the dice is made meaningless by the lovely concept "random walk." I had spent seven years random walking, and here this probability superman was telling me that movement in gambling wasn't random; it had another quality to it, another palpable and quantifiable force. The *more* the computer gambled, the *bigger* its up and down cycles. That ain't random. He had lectured on the concept and become a gentle heretic among the probability sub-culture. "Faaaar out!!" said Far Out. "You said it!" I agreed.

He wrote two pages of chicken tracks for me, and I made my farewells. I exchanged a final "far out" with Far Out, and walked home through the lovely curving streets of San Miguel. Halfway home, in the huge market, the whole thing hit me. Super-prob had not realized the implication of his findings. Not only did the graph move upward and down in perceivable patterns, which wiped out the construct "random walk," but they had perceivable direction and force – i.e., they became more violent. I thought of the thousands of stories of winning and losing streaks, trends, tides. How many times had I felt a palpable energy in winning patterns, or the unmistakable force of losing streaks?!

Of course! There *was* another force, and it was the force of cycles. Stock market analysts had worked with the construct for years in terms of cyclicality and volatility, because up and down is everything in the stock market. I'd just read a brilliant book on small cycle analysis for stock market use, and had failed to tie it into my toy. There were other factors I should have recognized years before. Casinos make a whole lot more money than the percentages on their games would indicate. They make it on violent cycles, because a mass of cyclical force is inherent in the sheer mass of games. I'm now convinced that the games themselves are chosen for their volatility, and that casinos can afford to encourage probability rhetoric, because they are perfectly aware of cyclic force. Hundreds of gamblers had told me so, and I hadn't heard them.

The experience of gambling has to do with the present, the very next fall of the cards or roll of the dice. Probability is the rhetoric of the future, and pointedly avoids all reference to the now of gambling. I believe that this rhetoric has created a mistaken inference that probability is the only "force" or energy in gambling. As a matter of fact, nobody's ever proven that there is such an energy at all. Not only has probability failed to tie to the experience, the now, of gambling; it has completely copped out by claiming that this energy, whatever it is, only

operates in the longest run – i.e., infinity. That means that when all the planets have run cold, the creature that is your final descendent will, no doubt, have collected that two percent from Harold's Club. Now there is such a thing, I know, but its relationship to the next card or roll of the dice is zilch. How the hell are the cards to know anything, much less that the ten is supposed to come up now (more often than not)? There is "probably" a force called "probability," but it is a passive, yin force, more aptly called "availability."

My probability-oriented betting ideas had to go out the window. It was time to go over my whole relationship to gambling. I had been a "system" player. True, the system was text-book excellent, but what about the system approach from in front? Wasn't it time to admit that the attitude that goes with systems spoke of a rigidity, an unwillingness to really "gamble?" *Gambling* consists of taking a real risk to get something. I had never been a "gambler;" somehow the math, the count, the computer runs, had convinced me that there was no "real" risk. I expected to collect my percentages like a banker collects on a mortgage. This rigidity, this inability to sense the "gambling" of gambling, had blinded me to other forces in the game.

Did I really want to gamble? The answers were: "No," because there are easier ways to make money, and Nevada casinos are awful. "Yes," because the rush of winning streaks is fine as wine, and the sheer excitement of the game is a gas.

Next, what if I know:

1. Cycles are more often violent than not.
2. They tend to cluster events rather than disperse them.
3. They spill over into almost gyroscopic motion.

But that's all I know. What about intuition, the hunch or card sense? What's a cycle, anyway? A ten minute run? An hour's loser? Six events in a row? Is it associated with the dealer? The table? The day? The little lady in the red hat who just sat down at my table? Up to now, people who write about gambling have scoffed at these concepts. Assigning them neat words like superstition or hocus pocus, they have expressed the incredible cultural arrogance of the nineteenth century rational white world.

I ran thousands of recorded games through my head (screw the computers!) and couldn't find a way to begin to define "cycles," until I realized I didn't have to *define* cycles, I had to *quantify* them. A winning pattern may have nothing to do with tables, cards, wheels, balls, dice or any of the ritual, but may be simply a winning pattern in itself. The only betting system that made sense has one based on the reality of violent cycles, assuming that the "odds" were anywhere near equitable; so ended my "little lady in the red hat" period. I decided to build an aggressive, instantly responsive betting system that reflected my personality, my way of "feeling" cycles.

For decades there have been cyclical and sequential betting concepts among low-brow gamblers. You may decide that normalcy will return soon, and bet more as you lose, or you may go with the tides and bet more as you win.

I knew that betting more as you lose is lunacy. Further, such patterns of betting may be hypnotic. I've seen people lose vast piles of chips during horrible streaks to make back a few bucks they lost. The *absolute* craziness is the martingale group of systems during which you are betting double or triple what you lost. If you can go on for thousands of dollars and there is no table limit, you'll make your original dollar back, but after you've lost 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128 dollar bets, you hit the table limit, which is there just for you. Even more subtle martingale approaches (double every three or four bets) lose huge sums every day.

Remember, when disaster hits in real life, we survive it by extra effort, courage, and a sort of resilient fortitude. Soon, even after the flood, death or holdup, life returns to "normalcy" and we somehow survived. In many, a large losing streak brings on such deep feelings of "courage in the face of." These feelings are disastrous at the casino, because the analogy to life doesn't reach here. There is no normalcy in gambling. Events surge past in a dance of perversity. Fortitude and courage in the face of a loser is a disaster. More money is lost expecting a return to "normalcy" than through the odds. Gambling events only normalize themselves in the longest run.

The martingale-oriented approach makes money during small up and down cycles. It fails to take advantage of violent winning streaks, because you keep betting one dollar. It also falls on its ass during violent losers.

On the other side of the cyclical fence have been the overwhelming majority of gamblers, who bet with the streak. Typically, they would follow one win with a higher bet, then keep raising bets sharply until "the streak" breaks cycles. Since the ultimate odds prove themselves out in the long run, such a system would seem a study in futility. *[more→]*

However, I knew this was where I belonged. My entire gambling experience reflected cyclical violence, and I opted squarely for betting *with* the up cycle, then retreating very quickly when the cycle turned. I flatly rejected "normalcy" approaches to gambling, whether probabilitese or martingalish. Further, I would go with parapsychological cycles until *they* turned.

I coined a word, cyclicity, to dignify my new concept, and to separate it from its adjunct in the stock market world. It turned out to be easy to quantify the concept. I normally divide my blackjack stake into 150 units – cyclical swings either way of a hundred or more events are rare, but absolutely possible. A $750 stake starts me at $5.00 per bet. If my stake takes a heavy beating early, I'll probably go down to $4.00. Every win takes me up a dollar:

Win Win Win
6... 7... 8... 9

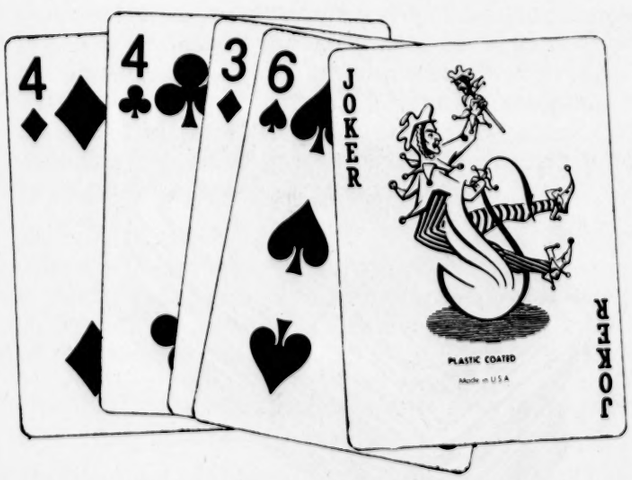
Every loss takes me down $2.00, squared:

Lose Lose
9... 7... 3

Remember now, this reflects precisely *my* gambling experience, my temperament. It'll "cost" me about $150.00 in small cycle "dues" which I have to add to my purse: if you go this route, I'd urge you to use $900.00 ($750 plus $150), if you can go that high.

If you're more conservative, you might want to raise your bet one dollar every two bets, every three bets, etc. This will cut down your small cycle "dues," but you won't be diving full force into a winner. You'll be at the tables longer, and the initial energy you bring will be ground down, psychologically *and* parasychologically.

I also tune into cycles of cycles. Let's say a cycle turned after four wins, then skittled around for awhile, then went down three, up four, skittle, down three. I decide there is a Fourier-like commonality – I'll go up very slowly around that four or five mark, till an extra win or two points to a new current upward. Today I'm amazed at how often cycles tend to cluster, establishing their own super cycle.



"Four-four-six-three-zero!!" He shook his head, made the symbol of madness with his fingers, and left.

I still count, and do you want to know why? Because I can't help it. After years of counting cards, I could no more sit down at a blackjack table without counting than I could eat a meal without chewing. The count provides a lovely unconcerned mantra, and I like running figures through my head. It's a nice feeling to know what's left in the deck, and the occasional winnings that seem to come from insight into the deck are a pure rush.

But enough – let's get ready for the casinos together. To learn the game of blackjack read the appropriate section of the **Playboy Guide to Gambling** (Edwin Silberstang, Galahad Books, 1972, $9.95). Good, lucid prose, good gambling sense, but written within the confines of probability.

Before we go, you might also want to read the casino point of view, represented by the books of John Scarne, and a nice, hokey, sometimes very wise book by Harold Smith: **I Want to Quit Winners**. (Prentice-Hall, 1961, out of print). The high-roller ethos is there for you in a fine book about Nick the Greek, **The Gambling Secrets of Nick the Greek** (Ted Thackrey, Jr., Rand McNally, 1968, $5.95). **Nick the Greek** is the most colorful of the gamblers' biographies, and his gambling secrets are good for winning all kinds of money.

If you really want to learn to count cards, first read Thorp's **Beat the Dealer** (Edward O. Thorp, Random, 1966, $1.95). Thorp is the computer heavy weight. I can't stand the book, but it has fine tables and charts you can xerox. Ditto with Lawrence Revere's **Playing Blackjack as a Business** (Paul Mann Co., 1973, $7.95). Here's a Frank Carney hustle, but with accurate mathematics. In this case the figures don't lie – the liar figures. If you need them, good xeroxable pages. Get them both from the library. They're not worth the price.

Now forget *their* counting systems. First of all, they are shrouded in the mystique of the genius, the hard worker who builds his competence by hours of practice. Both imply that everybody else but you, the reader, are low-normals, or worse. Let's change all that. Counting is easy. As a matter of fact, you are operating on higher levels of competence now than counting requires. What's your social security number? Army serial number? Cousin Chaim's phone number? See what I mean? Not only can you follow the reverse count, but you can build a counting system to suit your competence.

Silberstang's counting system **(Playboy Guide)** is as easy as any and the others may not be worth the extra work.

I remember teaching a small workshop in blackjack. At two in the afternoon, the six students, wiped out after a whole morning of math and probability, suddenly realized that I expected them to count five columns downward as the cards fell. I actually saw them droop, and I could almost hear their poor,

overworked brains click off. I started raving at them about induced incompetence, the ease of remembering numbers in our "numbers age," and bullshit like that. Carmen, who is paraplegic, started to chant the five figures as if praying. Slowly, the others joined, and suddenly they were almost sing songing "eight-seven-four-nineteen-two," and they were over the hump. My colleague came over from the poker workshop in the next room to find out what the hell was going on. They were grinning now, chanting loudly, and with confidence:

"Four-four-six-three-zero!!" He shook his head, made the symbol of madness with his fingers, and left.

He was probably right.

Have you decided whether you're betting with the cycles, probability, or martingale? You certainly know enough now to make a good decision.

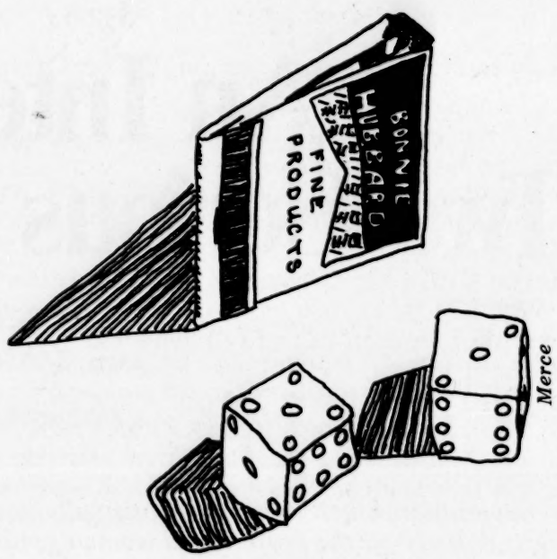
Remember that your initial energy will often give you an early, almost psycho-kinetic winner, and that this same energy will tend to be worn down very quickly; so losers which follow the dramatic early upswing tend to be long. Either go home after the first winner is over, or prepare for a big budget loser, both in energy and chips. Do not spend any more time at a loser than you have to.

Let's say you hit the casinos with $1000, went down twenty bets, up forty five, and down eight. If you played an aggressive, pro-cycle approach, you now are about two hundred dollars winners. I always call my backers at this point and ask whether they want me to go on. I also always take out my share, as my salary. They can now go on with a stake of $1100.

I like making $110.00 in two hours of gambling. If the backers tell me to go ahead, I'll leave the casino and not return until I feel a palpable change of energy.

Suggestions: See a movie, swim, work out hard. If you merely sit around, or try to forget your gambling, you'll grind yourself down. A game of handball?! Think how cheap YMCA admissions are. When you don't really care as much any more, and you're not quasi-hypnotized any longer, go on back. It'll take you a half hour to find out whether your loser is continuing, and if it is, get the hell out. If you're there for kicks you have no business at the tables right now. If you're trying to win seriously, you're nuts to stay while you're losing. Another night's lodging is usually not more than two or three chips.

Ready for the casino now? Let's go . . . past the ladies in their forties to seventies, all pulling slot machine handles. One, badly run to fat, doesn't even bother to collect the jackpot quarters in the machine she's just played. She's cranking away on that rigid upthrust handle, not even bothering to collect the coins as they fall, groin high, next to the receptacle by her left hip. Now in Detroit, you'd have to pay someone seven bucks an hour, plus benefits, to stand in front of a noisy machine and pull a lever all day. All around you are these nebbishs, pulling that clankety klinkety handle, and infusing



each casino not only with their noise, which has ruined casino gambling for me, but their mentality and their drab sadness.

The couple in the next clanking aisle, still fighting, half-drunk, and angrier now because they sense that the fun is gone – was never there.

The slightly long-haired kid, pipe clenched in firm teeth, eyes blinking behind thick glasses. The dealer and pitboss have already spotted him. He and his buddies ran two zillion hands on their engineering department IBM 360 series computer, and they're about to collect on their eleven percent advantage. He's the poor nebbish genius whose head can handle the new subtleties of the "system," so he's sent to the tables, his buddies' two thousand dollars confidently riding on him. The pit boss is the usual fish-eyed hotel lobby type that fills these jobs. Sad, tense man, worried because worrying is what he's paid for. He checked us out minutes ago, with the alertness of a body guard.

The dealer has a strangely passive face, long red hair, and cold button eyes. Her name tag says "Lightning" and she announces she's been lucky for days, then adds quietly "years. . .decades." She grins at pipe and glasses to see if he believes her, then the blankness returns and she starts dealing. He puts down his first five dollar chip, already frowning in concentration. He's delighted because he's found an empty table. Eleven per cent is about to be hit by Lightning. The pit boss has already dismissed him.

The psychology of gambling must take this drabness into careful account – vibes, noises, and energies of hundreds of drab people, all glitter-eyed in the hunt for gold, the casino itself a giant gold vein. They'll spill over your game at the blackjack table, stay for a few "Hit me!", "Hey mother, give me another five – never mind why, goddamit."

Oh yes – I won't be joining you at the blackjack tables. These days, my game is craps.

Good luck! ■

An Interview with Two Serious Young Gamblers

BY ROSEMARY MENNINGER
AND MARCIA McCREE

Photographs by Rosemary Menninger

The conversation which follows was originally intended to focus entirely on the professional woman gambler and the barriers that male dominated tradition place in her way. We are both weekend gamblers interviewing Katherine Fox, who makes part of her living playing lo-ball, a form of poker, on the California card room circuit.

However, as the interview progresses, it becomes more of a discussion of the life of professional gamblers, male and female. The group around the tape recorder also includes Marvin Treiger, long-time lo-ball pro who knew Katherine from the Gardena gambling clubs in L.A., and Debra Nilsen of draw poker.

No sooner are we in the door than Marv and Katherine lock horns. Here is the jist of their argument:

Kath: You think I'm a lousy poker player don't you?

Marv: Well, yes I do.

Kath: You think I just don't want to accept that you have more experience than me.

Marv: You probably don't want to because I'm a man.

Kath: Probably so, but I feel like we're doing battle in cards.

Rosie stops the action. This confrontation threatened to wipe out any chance for further talk; however, it did serve to underscore that the reality of poker is conflict. The conversation slowly revives . . .

Kath: First, let me explain something to you about me as a woman, when I'm playing with men. There are occasionally guys in a game who I'll feel submissive to, and I'll tend not to be aggressive at all, which is normally not my nature. I try to play on that and use it, but in those situations I often screw up. With guys I have no feelings about, it's easier – I can sometimes play dumb – use stupid small talk, act nervous, talk nervous. They think I'm a sucker.

Rose: What does that get you?

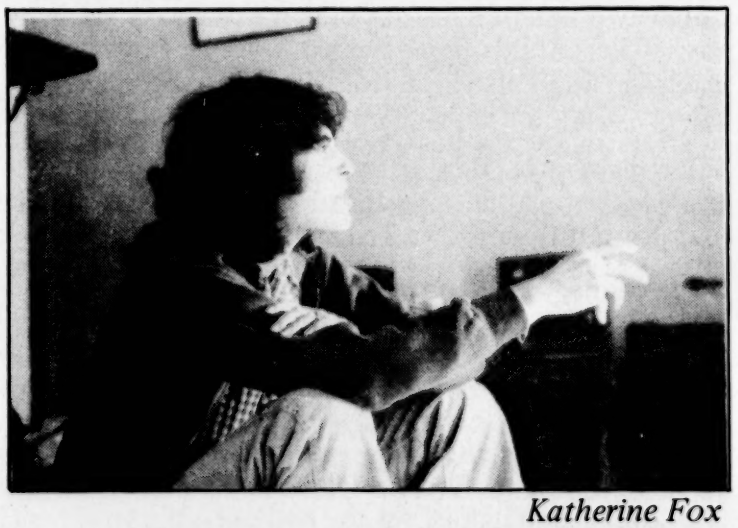
Deb: A bigger pot. They'll put in more money because they think they'll get it back. Then they think you're bluffing when you've really got the cards.

Rose: Some men love to challenge a woman when she's aggressive. You can egg them into a pot they have no business being in. But I heard of a woman who flirted men into pots and got beat up in the parking lot.

Kath: Overall, I think about 25% of the lo-ball players are women, and maybe 55% in draw.

Rose: Is there a higher percentage of "live ones" (suckers) among women players?

Kath: It's changing. Playing with a girl my own age is fun – an incredible challenge. I become a chauvinist. Goddamn, I want to beat her . . . I've got to, there's something at stake and my game is different. But it's very rare to see a young woman playing.



Katherine Fox

There are Jewish women in Gardena that I play against that just drive me up the wall. They talk – and they *win*! They're good and they know it. And the old ladies – at a restaurant you open the door for them, right? Well, at a poker table it's the same thing. You let them go ahead; it's society's conditioning, and they take full advantage of it. They bluff a lot.

McCree: Women seem to play draw more than lo-ball.

Kath: Lo-ball is a man's game. In lo-ball you're always on the come; you're always drawing. And in lo-ball you can read the person better because there are more bets.

Rose: More precision, less intuition maybe.

McCree: In the casinos I don't see too many women playing craps.

Kath: Maybe that's because craps is a loud, vulgar game, lots of pushing and shoving to get to the action. That puts off some women.

McCree: I like the action at the craps table! I can't understand all the women who spend hours feeding those lousy slot machines.

Rose: Some of them think they have systems.

McCree: Women do tend to play more sucker games, like chuck-a-luck and the wheel of fortune. There were a few ladies who made it as gamblers in the Wild West. But most of them ran whorehouses along with their casinos. Is that combination still around today?

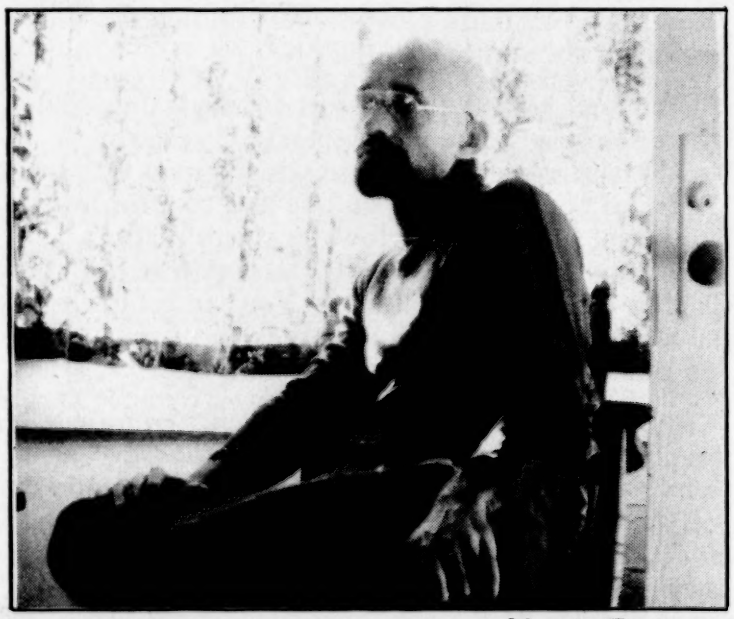
Kath: In Gardena, there's not a single prostitute playing in the clubs. It's just not done.

McCree: But when a woman walks into a poker club, do men tend to think she's on the make?

Kath: Yes, and she's almost always offered a drink as soon as she sits down.

McCree: That's something you don't have to deal with in the casinos.

Kath: I disagree. But I usually play at the same club, so I don't have too much of a problem with that.



Marvin Treiger

They know me there – I get good service. The porter brings me a tray with a glass of water and an ashtray. Little things like that. And I have credit there. Although I don't make a habit of borrowing money. I play during the day, which I learned from you, Marv, is really tough because people playing during the day are usually playing for a living.

Marv: They usually have families, are really conservative, and they're making sure they're going to win.

Rose: Do you think playing for hours on end pays off as a practice?

Kath: I don't.

Marv: Generally, no, but there are occasions when it really does.

Rose: When you're winning.

Marv: When I'm on a sustained winning streak – my record is 36 hours, which is nothing; some people play for two weeks straight – my cycle tends to go up, and then sort of plateau and dip a little bit; and then go up some more, and plateau off and dip a little bit. But when I've had an upswing followed by a fairly sharp downturn, I'll split . . . I'm usually fresh for 3½ - 4 hours, maybe 5, and then I'll catch a second wind after about 12 hours. And from 12 hours on I can play like my first minute. I get into this really great space where I can feel everything that's going on, but it takes a long time.

Kath: Have you ever shilled, Marv? *(Shills are fill-in players hired by the house to keep the games going.)*

Marv: I had a lousy experience shilling. I lost every day. But shilling is a good job; and it's a good way to get acquainted with playing poker for a living.

Kath: Do you know how much they pay shills in Gardena?

Marv: At one club they get $68.00 a day.

Kath: Is that all? At the Monteray they get $72.50.

Deb: Good wages. But aren't they paying $20 - $25 a day in collection fees? *(Collection fees are the only house take; you pay by the hour for the privilege of playing.)*

Kath: Yes, but it's a tax write-off. These shills, they draw well and they live well, if they last. But I know tons of 'em; I see 'em all the time. I say, "hey, you're not shilling any more!" Three weeks, that's what they last. A shill gets pulled from a game as soon as there's a player to fill in, and if he's just lost $100, well he's lost $100. And some shills are sucker players. A lot of clubs tend not to hire women shills because the managers feel they are not good enough players. Although at one club not a very popular one, there was a woman shill. She didn't last.

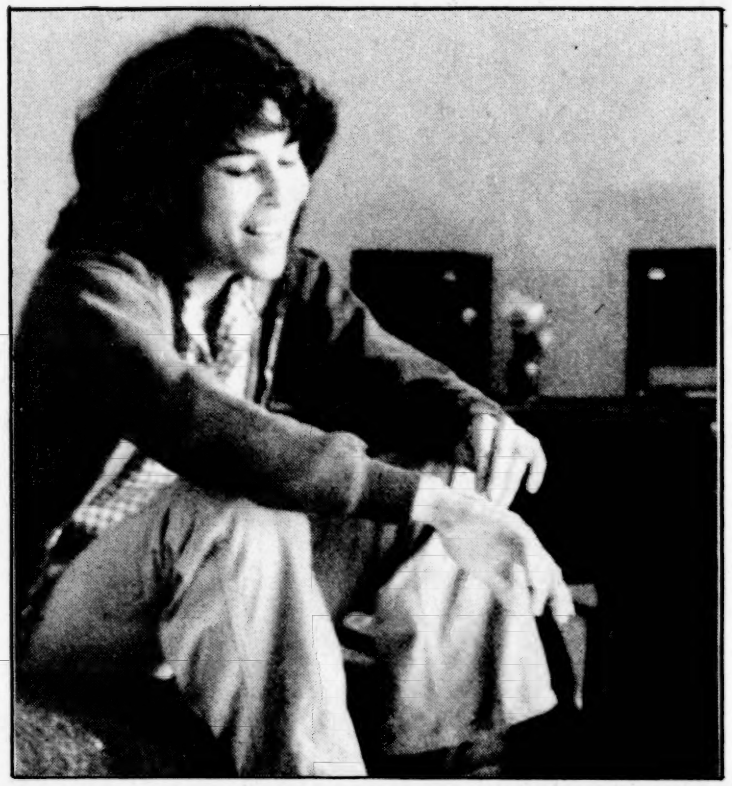
Rose: Do you ever play in private games?

Kath: *(To Marv)* Now that's where you'd be a big fish in a little pool.

Rose: Is it a little pool money-wise?

Kath: No, are you kidding? There's a lot of money in private games. I was in a game in Eugene, Oregon and there was $10,000 on the table, and 100 - 500 - dollar bets. I was the only woman in that one and it was a nice game. If you go on a business trip with men – on a train or a boat – they'll play because they're bored. That's a great situation for a woman to get in on.

Marv: My whole idea when I started gambling was that I wasn't going to get into gambling. What I was really into was getting money so I wouldn't have to work and could study dance. And I thought the



best way to do that was to stay out of private games. In those you get personal with people, you gotta loan money, and worry about whether the game is going to go that night. And you have to get into deceit in terms of veiling your winnings from your friends.

There's a great book written on the private game: **A Winning Strategy**, by Frank Wallace (now out of print but available in libraries.) He keeps charts on each person in the game and what's going on in their lives for a year and a half. One of his main tactics was to get rid of, by any means necessary, a player who's going to be a winner. Bring to bear any tactics that would make him uncomfortable. But once you're in a position of real control, you have to limit your own winnings so as not to destroy the game – you can't take too much profit. You know how much you're going to win each time, virtually.

Rose: Marv, how does your new appearance affect your game?

Marv: I had gotten all yinned out. Reichian therapy, meditation, modern dance, massage . . .

Rose: . . . and you had a long ponytail.

Kath: I'd think that image would make them take you for a "live one."

Marv: But it wasn't an image, it was me.

Kath: Well, off the record, I'm glad you shaved your head.

Marv: I'm doing a yang thing now in terms of my game. My bluff percentage is up, but my percentage of being able to call other people's bluffs is down.

Deb: Sounds like you're more daring, but you're inner security is not as great.

Marv: Far out – yes! In becoming more yang, I've actually been changing my mode of being to suit the tables. So you see how it happens that a professional always becomes his job. His or her job. For me that realization was also the realization that I was going to get out of gambling.

Kath: I have this dream to start gambling the tournament circuit and play in the big one in Vegas – the $100,000 one that's on TV. It's all guys, they each start with the same amount of money and play till one of them has it all. It's like with sports. We need a woman in there. The field of gambling is still chauvinistic and our fathers, like Nick the Greek, were sexists.

I'm thinking of advertising in **Variety** and the **Hollywood Reporter** in L.A. for a backer-manager. I'd like to be the first woman gambler who makes it big – why not?

Marv: I want to get into something that's better for my health.

Rose: You look in good health.

Marv: I'm in great health. But I do yoga. I get ready to play. I come in there and I am in shape. But still, you're inhaling the worst part of the cigarette smoke, the unfiltered smoke in the air. That drives me bananas. And the hunt for a good game, and the weird vibes . . . I love poker, but there's a limit. I want to slowly work myself out of it and move on.

Rose: Do you think professional gamblers are irrational about money?

Marv: Well, the borrowing part for me is fine. But there's a weird tendency to spend. If you win, you'll have money anyway so you might as well spend it; and if you lose, you won't be able to afford what you want so buy now. However, there is also a tendency to conserve, in order to stay in action. This is both rational and irrational. You can get in the situation of playing with hundreds, thousands of dollars and not have a cent for yourself.

Kath: Psychologically, you need plenty of money to play with; and you need to be "dressed." People who play for a living dress like they were going to the office. For your confidence, you need information on the players. I've got to have information, and I have an intuition for placing people in categories. I also trust people. That's how I got fired from a job yesterday.

(Katherine works from time to time as a detective for a company of chain stores, reporting employees who steal.)

I made two big catches yesterday. This one guy – I knew if I played it right, he would steal some money. So I purchased something, gave him a twenty, and he gave me change. I walked toward the door and decided I wanted something else. He was ringing up another girl's purchase on the cash register. I lay down exact change while he's busy with her. I step aside but I'm watching out of the corner of my eye. He picks up

the coins. Then I come over and talk small talk looking him right in the eye, and he real smoothly pockets the bills. It's exciting. What a schmucky thing to get excited about, but I got a big rush from it.

Rose: How on earth did you get fired?

Kath: It was my supervisor. She's a fairly young woman. I said, "Where are you going to go in this job? How can you move up? You're a sap to stay here." She turns around and fires me. Maybe she was scared I'd get her job. I shouldn't have trusted her.

Rose: Sounds like a cut-throat business.

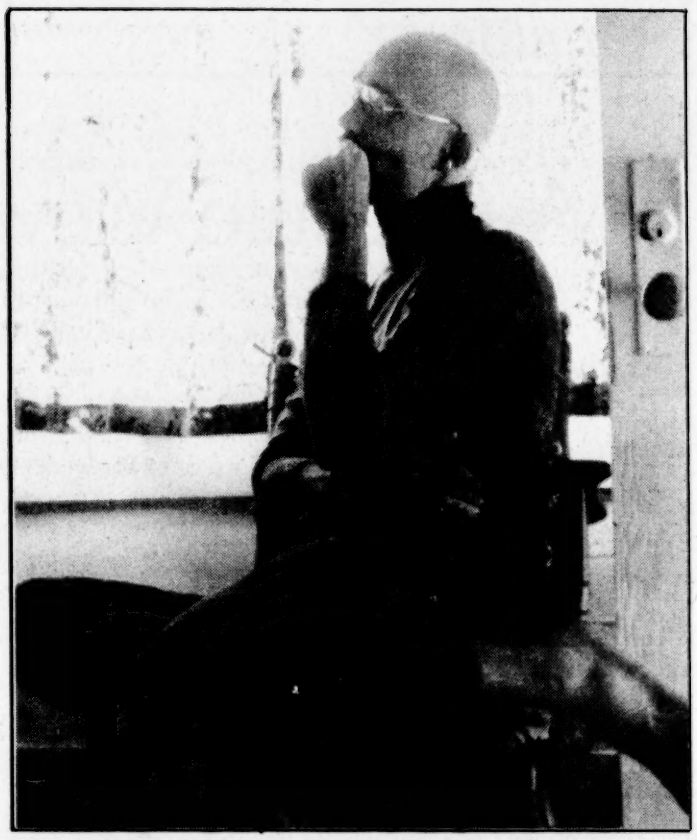
Kath: I did the same sort of thing bill collecting. A person can say anything to you on the phone. You have to be sharp and you gotta be shitty. Use any means necessary.

Generally, big corporations are easy to con; you just need to come across convincing. When you're dealing with a small business, like a poker table, then it's much harder to bluff. But in the big games it's easier than in little games. I've made some big wins, $700 - $1000, in those games because I can bluff. I feel like one of the guys there. But that's where your play can get screwed up.

Rose: Because you're not one of the guys, and actually you know it?

Kath: Right. And in those big games if you lack confidence, forget it. Men like to play with me because I "give good action." I bet a lot. It's like they figure, "OK, Goddamn you," and they keep raising you. They love it, and they figure you'll get scared. Well, when you're playing aggressively, the minute you weaken you're beat; so you've got to stay consistent. The men get distressed. They keep expecting you to weaken. If you don't, their game will be different from that hand on – they won't mess around like that any more.

You're starting out a little guy when you sit down in a game, and you work up. When I take a job like stock girl, I don't think about where I am but where I can go in this company. If you see you're not going to move up, then you get out of the game. But if it's



a slow consistent win, then you can be patient. That's what I was trying to tell that supervisor; there was no way for her to win in that job.

Rose: Don't give action when action's not given.

Kath: Exactly. Don't give a guy the satisfaction of more raises than necessary. When he's playing tight don't you play loose.

Rose: So if a woman can play aggressively, it's crucial that she decide when aggression is appropriate, and how much.

Kath: I preach this stuff of course, but I don't always do it. And there's a point in losing when I love it – I'm playing a lot of hands and it's a great game. I want to go play right now. I'm psyched up. I'd even let you bet on me 'cause I know I'd win.

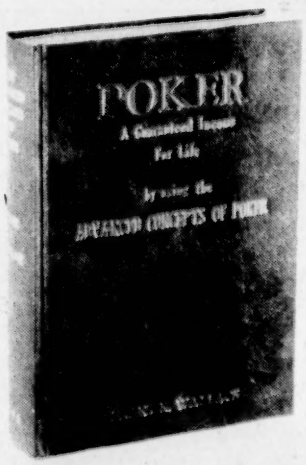
She left soon after to play poker, and Marv went outside to do yoga. ■

Poker

Probably the best strategy book around. So beautifully printed it looks and feels like a Bible, but this is a precision textbook on how to be ruthless. Just reading it is a little frightening.

—Rosemary Menninger

The good player is seldom characterized as a tight player. His betting pattern is generally (but not always) aggressive, and often lopsidedly aggressive. Pushing hard whenever he has an advantage (favorable investment odds) and quickly dropping against genuine strength lets him maximize his wins and minimize his losses. A lopsided aggressiveness quickens the betting pace and offers the good player psychological advantages (builds fear in opponents).



Poker
(A Guaranteed Income for Life, by Using the Advanced Concepts of Poker)
Frank R. Wallace
1968; 279pp.
$12.50
from:
I & O Publishing Co.
Box 644
Wilmington, DE 19899

A Capsule View of the Biosphere

An Interview with Dr. Sally Binford, Nomadic Anthropologist

BY SALLI RASBERRY

Rasberry: How did Dr. Binford – grandmother, feminist, anthropologist – find herself travelling these last few years in a motor home?

Binford: After spending a year in Vermont, Jeremy and I bought our motor home to cross the country. We figured that we'd sell it out here – that after a month or so of travel that we'd be suffering from claustrophobia and would be at each others' throats. But after two days out on the road, we knew that this was the way we wanted to live for a few years. We named the vehicle the Spaced Capsule and on several levels it's been just that!

There are few people I could live with in such a small space, but we've managed because both of us are basically loners and recognize each other's privacy and need for psychological space.

We started west in September 1973, travelling mostly through Canada, dipping down into the States occasionally to visit with friends in Minnesota and Montana. Unlike most motor home owners, we have been living in ours fulltime, finding it a delicious experience to have our own bed and kitchen always with us. We often have the comfortable feeling upon wakening of knowing that we're in our own home, but until we pull the curtains open, we literally do not know where we are.

Actually, it's much like living on a small boat, with many of the same advantages and disadvantages. There's no space to leave things lying around, and everything has to be battened down before moving. As we've travelled, we've become much more aware of things which, as urban dwellers, we had come to take for granted. I have lived in cities all my life – New York, Chicago, Los Angeles – and thought nothing of flushing a cigarette down the toilet without thinking of the water I was using. In the vehicle, we have a forty gallon water tank, and when we're parked out in the woods, we *must* think about water consumption. We started out using forty gallons of water in two days but now find that even with dishes and washing, we can make the forty last for five days. As an urbanite, I had lived in apartments and thrown a switch to get heat and turned on the tap for hot water. Carrying our own fuel for heating has given me a new perspective on fuel consumption. I've discovered that I need much less than I thought I did when I was a middle-class consumer junkie.

Rasberry: Where do you park a twenty-two foot motor home?

Binford: Being a middle-aged, respectable couple with a poodle we can park all kinds of places where kids in a VW bus can't. We've lived for the past two months at the Marina in San Francisco where there are signs all over the place: "No Camping" and "No Sleeping in Park Grounds." Our favorite place in the Los Angeles area is in Venice, right by the boat channel, which has huge "NO Camping" signs posted everywhere. We prefer not to stay in trailer parks for obvious reasons; they're pretty grim. Most people who travel or live in vehicles like ours don't take advantage of all the lovely free places they can park – off the roads in state parks, by lakes or rivers, or near parks in urban areas. Perhaps they're afraid of Charlie Mansons. There are a tremendous number of motor home and trailer dwellers who are armed to the teeth, and they live in paranoid fear that someone is going to rip them off.

Once in Santa Rosa we were having our vehicle worked on, and we met a very sweet, nice man – retired from the Navy – and he gave us a tour of his trailer. He sat us down at the dining table and told us to feel under the table for his pistol harness that was on the wall. "I keep it there and when anyone comes to the door I can point it at his stomach and he'll never know it's there," he told us. People in houses, of course, live this way too, but those in vehicles feel more vulnerable, which is why they tend to huddle together in trailer parks.

Biography: *I am the product of an over-privileged childhood – expensive education, an abundance of clothes and other things I didn't really need but was taught to want, a little piano, tennis, and riding. In my late teens I rebelled against all that and embraced intellectual values – lived for twenty years in the immediate orbit of the University of Chicago in a racially mixed and rundown urban area. I went to graduate school in my early 30's, after my daughter was in school fulltime, and became a super academic achiever. I got the PhD from Chicago and embarked on a career of university teaching and grantsmanship. I dropped out of that in 1970 when the political scene, both on the campuses and within anthropology, became so repressive that I saw little hope for change. I've been more or less freewandering since then.*

–Sally Binford

Salli Rasberry

Rasberry: Where do you get the juice to operate your vehicle?

Binford: We have three large batteries in the vehicle, one of which powers our twelve volt system that runs our lights. We also have a 4,000-watt generator that puts out 110 volt current, which we use for running appliances like the toaster or electric fry pan. The generator uses quite a bit of gasoline, so we prefer not to use it unless we have to.

We also have a long umbilicus – a wire that attaches our vehicle to house current. Often we park at friends' houses and parasitize some current to recharge our batteries. Those are also good times for taking baths or showers. When we're parked in the wilds we do use the generator to charge the batteries, but we try to use it as little as possible.

We burn propane for cooking; it's cheap and lasts a long time. We use five gallons every two months, and as you know we cook a lot. Gasoline is the biggest item in our budget. We get eight miles to the gallon, which isn't very impressive, except that Winnebagos – those big, square motor homes – get four to six miles per gallon. The Pontiac sedan of 1974 gets six. So while it's not good, it's not all that bad in terms of driving a 12,000 pound vehicle with a refrigerator, stove, forty gallons of water, and a lot of other heavy shit on it.

Our present vehicle is a 22-foot Travco, and we carry around a king-size bed made up fulltime, which is a tremendous luxury in terms of space and weight. We're taking a break in our travels right now and are semi-sedentary in order to have the time to sell the motor home and design a new vehicle – one that's considerably lighter and less costly to run. We plan on buying a small diesel-powered van. Since diesel fuel is used to transport most of the food in the country, we figure that it will be the last to become scarce and/or costly. We figure we can get all our present comforts – plus a few more, like book shelves – in a 16-18 foot van of our own design. We'll get a much smaller, lighter Honda generator to replace our present 4,000-watt monster. It should be adequate for an electric shaver or a vibrator.

Rasberry: How do you deal with your shit?

Binford: Our system consists of a chemical recirculating toilet. It's filled with one-and-a-half gallons of water, then chemicals are added. After five days or so of use, it gets full and smelly and needs dumping. There are filling stations and trailer parks around the country which cater to vans and buses and motor homes. They have sani-stations which offer access to a septic tank or sewage system. We run our toilet hose into their sewer and dump and refill. We also use gas stations to fill the water tank for drinking and washing.

Rasberry: As a trained observer, an anthropologist, what changes are you seeing in your travels across the country?

Binford: In the past forty years or so – between 1932 and 1975 – I've crossed the country many, many times – about a dozen times by car. What I've seen in the past three years has been overwhelmingly depressing. We prefer not to drive the freeways, so usually we travel the old highways. We've gone through an incredible number of run down, depressed towns that were thriving until the freeways went in. There are thousands upon thousands of miles of unused, rusty railroad tracks – all bearing witness to our wasteful, throw-away system of doing things.

The kind and degree of climatic changes are impressive also. Last spring we drove north from Mexico, through east Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Kentucky, then through the Southeast, and on up the East Coast. The amount of flooding and the violence of the storms we experienced were frightening. The Mississippi Valley and the river systems that feed into it were heavily damaged. There were literally millions of acres of agricultural land under water – long past planting time. In June, on the way west, we drove through North Dakota in time to see the Red River hit 32 feet above flood stage. There were acres and acres of sugar beets ruined.

Part of this is due to changes in the climate – shifts in the storm tracks. It's also due in part to the fuck-up of our river systems by the Army Corps of Engineers, who apparently won't be satisfied until they've built dams and made artificial lakes along every river in the country. These dams produce cheap power for industry as well as stocked lakes for fishermen, but they are basically disrupting normal drainage patterns. It's interesting, too, to speculate on how much the Air Force's and CIA's weather control programs are producing unforseen consequences.

Once climatic changes occur, their effects are compounded. All it takes is a very few degrees of mean annual cooling for temperate zones that formerly had long growing seasons to become totally inadequate for growing the usual crops. If our more severe

winters keep up and springs and summers continue to be so wet, crops that are adapted to very specific environments will be wiped out. We have huge areas of the midwest and the plains devoted only to corn or wheat – large grain crops that our food production system depends on. Monocropping, while more profitable in the shortrun, is always less ecologically sound than diversified farming. All it takes is one predator, one blight, to wipe out the total food supply. To raise all the corn in Iowa, all the soybeans in Illinois, the wheat in Kansas, the fruit and produce in California or Florida necessitates a very expensive and costly transport system. This is very wasteful of fuel, and obviously its limits are finite. But whether or not it's possible to return to diversified farming in smaller units is very much open to question.

Rasberry: How has your nomadic life changed your perspective?

Binford: I am constantly blown out by the perspective of people who live in one place and don't travel very much. I am shocked that my friends in Boston don't know what's going on in the Mississippi Valley or Denver. My friends in California have little idea of what it's like back east. It really is a very small planet, and intelligent survival depends on knowing what is happening with important variables like water and air in as many places as possible. It comes down to getting a sample large enough to generalize from.

Rasberry: What specifically are you seeing, what kinds of patterns?

Binford: I'm seeing a classic example of what system theorists refer to as a self-amplifying feedback system – one that is so fucked up that stability (or the continuance of that system) is totally threatened. Changes in one variable, such as water, produce changes elsewhere, in other variables like foods and fuels. These changes, in turn, feed back on the others and we have greater and greater swings away from the normal pattern of minor fluctuations. It's fascinating and horrifying.

There are patterns of pollution and urban decay all across the country – phenomena that are not unique because of a single place's geographical circumstance. Smog, of course, is the prime example. Twenty years ago, back east, there were all kinds of jokes about Los Angeles' smog. They had all that sunshine and were located in a strange environment, surrounded by a ring of mountains, and it was thought that smog was unique to L.A. Just ten years ago when I came to the west coast I recall people in the Bay Area being very supercilious about Los Angeles' smog. It could never happen here, with those strong, cleansing, maritime breezes. All you have to do is to go to the top of Mt. Tam and look out toward the East Bay to see that our air and that of Orange County is strikingly similar.

For years smog was thought to be idiosyncratic to L.A.; then it gradually became something that "they" had in Chicago and New York. Now the entire country is smoggy. This spring we had burning eyes and almost choked all through Vermont and West Virginia. I don't believe there is any clean air or water left in the country, except a very few parts of the Rockies.

If you take a jet flight to Europe over the polar route there's a brown smear on the horizon all the way, except over Greenland. Paris is almost as bad as Los Angeles, and even Switzerland's air is polluted. The Mediterranean has been turned into a giant septic tank.

We spent five months in Mexico recently, and in many ways the scene there is more depressing than it is here. There's a new middle class, all driving cars, a throw-away system of consumption, and a rate of population growth that is truly mind-boggling. All the loveliest cities in Mexico are choked with traffic and smog, and even the most remote and inaccessible beaches are covered with beercans. Beer is the national drink, and it's all sold in disposable containers. The density of trash must be seen to be believed. My roommate and I began to pick up cans every time we walked the beach.

If you've ever kept a tank of tropical fish you know that once pollution starts, it proceeds very rapidly. Of course in a fish tank you can pump in oxygen – something you can't do with our atmosphere. I view the space program in the same way I view fish trapped in polluted tanks – they will leap out for oxygen much as we are leaping out of our polluted atmosphere.

Rasberry: What can you report on strip mining?

Binford: All through West Virginia and southeastern Ohio where subsurface mining has become "too costly," there is a tremendous amount of earth moving going on. The coal companies are literally chopping off the tops of mountains and dumping the back dirt into streams – mine tailings that are highly acidic. This pollution ruins the water and kills the crops. West Virginia was once a beautiful place, but now it looks like the hills outside Los Angeles. Since the mines are the chief source of employment, people have two options – do strip-mining or go on welfare. Now that we've ruined Appalachia, we're starting on Montana and Wyoming.

I met an old man in West Virginia who lives with his sister in a log cabin their father built in 1917. They cut all their own wood, haul their own water, have no car or electricity. He has a foot treadle lathe out back where he makes banjos. They're really living fossils. The young folks, faced with strip mining their land or welfare, get drunk, smash up their cars on the highway and don't have much to do anymore with the local culture. They're into bluegrass and shun the traditional mountain music.

Rasberry: A lot of the old time farmers and ranchers can't work the land alone, can't pay the property taxes. Many of their children don't want the land their parents worked so hard for.

Diana Fairbanks

Binford: When I was growing up as a kid back east during the 1930's, Vermont was the dairy-producing state for the New York and Boston area. Now Vermont is full of dispossessed farmers who had to sell out and settle for half an acre and a house trailer. Many of them have to go on welfare. Rich folks from New York and Boston buy the land and spend thousands of dollars tastefully restoring the old farm houses. They set up gentleman farms or make pottery or run ski resorts. Since the freeway system has gone in, Vermont is essentially a summer resort and ski place. When you go to the store there, you buy Wisconsin butter and cheese.

Rasberry: What of communication links?

Binford: Phones are breaking down, as is the postal system. Everything's overloaded, and many phones just aren't working. Recently in Long Island I got out to make a phone call next to a gas station that had been closed down, trashed, and buried under a heap of beer cans. Both booths smelled heavily of urine; they'd been used as pissoirs by passing drunks. One phone had no ear piece and the other had been jimmied for money. It's that way almost everywhere across the country.

Rasberry: Cities seem hopelessly polluted, the country accessible only to the rich. What about the American nomad?

Binford: New York is hopeless. In a few years I imagine it will be like Calcutta. San Francisco and Boston are probably the only habitable American cities left. I view people in the cities as victims of corporate rape. The technology we have no longer requires large masses of unskilled labor, so they are "surplus." It would not surprise me at all if there were some RAND game-plan devised to decide who is expendable and who isn't. With our increased medical care, the age profile is changing. There are many more old people, most of whom are supported by Social Security and Medicare. How much longer are you going to have people in their twenties and thirties working, paying taxes, to support millions of older people who no longer have skills to enter the job market?

I am doing a study of post-industrial nomads. There are an incredible number of people living in vehicles in Amerika 1975. There are a lot of retired people who can't afford houses anymore but who have a car and trailer. They head north in the summer and down to Mexico or Arizona or to the California desert in the winter. There are also a lot of young freaks, many with families, living in buses and vans. When we were in Mexico, we met a couple from Oregon who had been picking fruit in California. They have two kids and live in a small van – full time. They follow the sun. There are many construction workers living in campers or vans who go where the jobs are. Their kids are raised in trailer parks. The social behavior of these kids who grow up in trailer parks is quite different from that of kids in the suburbs or the city. When a new bus or van with kids arrives at a campground or trailer park, the newcomers fit in very well with the established groups of kids. They make quick, fast friendships. What this implies for the shallowness or depth of feelings, I don't know. But the kids appear happy, open, and much less listless than their urban or suburban counterparts. They are curious and, of course, more flexible in their constantly changing scene.

Rasberry: Do you think that people are aware of the desperate situation our planet is in?

Binford: No. I think a lot of people perceive something is wrong but through a lot of demagoguery they are led to believe that it's busing or "the niggers" or the Chicanos. In part this attitude is due to the school system where students are not taught how living systems maintain themselves. There is a desperate need for good courses in basic biology both at the primary and secondary school levels. When I taught in the U.C. system, which gets the upper eleven percent of high school students in the state, these kids did not know basic biology. They could not read critically, had no idea of what goes into making a written statement, no inkling that there are assumptions behind what is said and methods by which one moves from assumptions to conclusions.

The system is falling apart, and I have become awfully tired of playing Chicken Little and saying "The sky is falling." When I was teaching large classes in human evolution, students would ask about the evolutionary future of the species. I'd paint this grim picture of overpopulation, pollution, famine, and disease. Hands would go up: "What about a food pill?" "Won't technology save us?" What all those well-fed, well-reared, tooth-straightened suburban kids didn't seem to realize is that there's no such thing as free energy. When we burn fossil fuels as though the supply were inexhaustible, the day of reckoning has to come. Once we start fucking up the air and water, which make all life possible, we're in trouble. We're doing deficit spending of finite resources. The arithmetic is terrifyingly simple. *[more →]*

One of the great shocks of our last cross-country trip was driving the length of the Columbia River Valley. There was not a lovelier river in the world: huge and powerful with great cliffs and bluffs on either side – beautiful geological formations and plant communities. It's now filled with smog and pollution, from over 50 miles east of Portland all the way to the Pacific. If a place like that can be royally screwed up in a brief time, our destructive powers are truly frightening – and our understanding of what is necessary to support life on the planet totally inadequate.

Our educational institutions do not, for the most part, teach us how to inter-relate the things we learn, how to put it together so that it makes sense. University undergraduates take cafeteria-style "requirements" in natural sciences, social sciences, literature or history (and today macramé or the **I Ching**) and are never given any guidance or help in putting these disparate bits of information together into a meaningful whole. There *are* significant relationships between the economic, philosophical, and political attributes of a cultural system – but the linkages are complex and discerning them isn't easy. Unless such connections are made, however, people tend to forget very rapidly what they learned in their undergraduate courses and do not see – in the catchword of the 60's its relevance.

For me one of the turn-on aspects of anthropology is that it gives us a perspective from which to study the human condition. The world did not begin with written history, and to understand where we are now we must relate it to our several million years of background, not just to Greek and Roman times and later. There have been humans, or near-humans, on the planet for over 5 million years.

We also have to look at people different from ourselves to learn about other kinds of cultural adaptations. For two hundred years we have referred to Native Americans as "uncivilized" and "savages," yet compare their use of this continent's resources for about 20,000 years with what we've managed to do in 200 years, and tell me: who are the savages?

I see this in political terms also. A population that is lulled by imbecilities on TV and not given an education in any real sense of the word can be manipulated much more easily into accepting nuclear power, the CIA, undeclared wars, plastic food, and corporate greed.

Rasberry: Do you see any hope for life on the planet?

Binford: The history of any species – the history of life – is the history of extinctions. There is no reason to think that *Homo sapiens* can escape its fate any more easily than the dinosaurs. We are a very rapacious, greedy species which is hastening our extinction. Whether or not we are going to fuck up the planet so badly that it will be impossible for other species to survive, is the question. I cannot imagine that with the exception of a few cockroaches that much else will be around. I think that with the murderous people who are in charge of our country right now – the Kissingers and the Schlesingers – that the chances of nuclear war are increasing rapidly. If we don't go that way, I think we may go via lack of air or famine or disease. I think it's coming down very fast.

Rasberry: Given all that you have talked about, what do you feel is the right way to live?

Sally: I feel that as a product of white middle-class American culture I have consumed more than my share of the earth's resources, and it's time to cut back. The very tight trip we run in the Spaced Capsule is more pleasing and morally justifiable than living in a house with two cars. Comparatively speaking, we use very little fuel. I eat one quarter of the amount of food I used to. All each of us can do is to stop being a consumption junkie and get down to what we need, not what some ad agency tries to persuade us we need in order to be sexually desirable or secure.

I've been marching in demonstrations since 1951, and it always gives me a groovy, nice feeling being out there on the street with a lot of people who feel the way I do – but we're well past that stage. We must keep ourselves informed on who is running this country and why certain decisions are made about foods and fuels, why certain options are taken in foreign policy – decisions that profoundly affect our lives and those of our kids. We all must become Ralph Naders. Frankly, I'm not very optimistic that that's going to happen.

If I were twenty-one, I could easily see myself identifying with the young urban guerillas – with the weatherpeople. But, given my white middle-class background and a lifelong commitment to non-violence, I find that very frightening. If I were young and had the chance, I'd probably opt for China. The Chinese seem to be the only major world power that has it together in terms of survival priorities – agriculture versus the production of automobiles. I don't think that at the age of fifty-one I could take the rigors of Chinese life with all those decadent years of soft living and over-consumption behind me. I feel strongly that if anyone is going to survive the heavy times of the next twenty or so years, it will be the Chinese. Every bit of land is under agricultural production, and people from all walks of life must spend time engaged in growing food and share the life of the communes. Women are full time participants in the society, and child-production is not the only or the idealized goal. If anyone is going to survive, it will be the Chinese and not the folks in the San Fernando Valley or even chic Marin County.

Rasberry: I hear you make all these glum predictions, and yet you seem to be having fun . . . .

Binford: It's called adaptive schizophrenia. It really is a little weird to feel so personally happy in a world that's rapidly becoming a disaster area. I can't change my lenses to see the world differently, yet I've never been in such a good place personally, in terms of the life I'm living. Yes, call it adaptive schizophrenia . . . ■

Homestead Bicycle Technology

BY JIM BURGEL

I) Railroad bicycle. Designed and built several seasons ago by my brother and his wife for extended trips through the Michigan country side (Bill & Linda Burgel). The idea grew out of a romantic obsession with railroads. Freight hopping/camping trips to northern Lake Michigan beaches led to tinkering with bicycle-powered railway transport. The US of A is crisscrossed with thousands of miles of abandoned railway track. Why not cruise these back routes?

A) Construction notes: *Tandem frame* assembled from scrapped bicycle frames. Suspension members constructed from light weight conduit welded together. *Wheels* fashioned from old bicycle rims bolted to 3½" wide galvanized steel band. Rubber (a padded ride?) glued onto band to dampen vibration and noise. Welded flange wire bolted onto wheel proper. Wheel base width: 56½" standard American railway gauge. These wheels as described and shown represent any shortcoming or pitfall that could be attributable to this present design. Brainstormed alternatives: 1) the use of two bicycle rims per wheel and galvanized band width increased to 5".; 2) the use of junked motorcycle wheel rims with 5" band and welded flange bead.

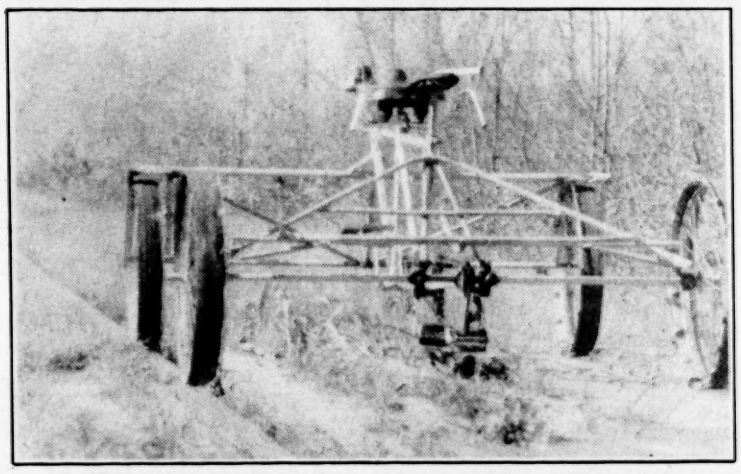
Gearing is standard 5-speed with a 14-28 rear cluster. The single front chainwheel sprocket attaches to the 40T (smaller diameter) rear chainwheel. The rear main chainwheel (52T) is attached to the standard 14-28 freewheel cluster. This rear freewheel cluster is mounted on a 1" diameter cold rolled scrap steel rod held in four places by four pillow block mounted roller bearings: two at frame members and two at outer suspension points.

Braking: One single caliber-type brake added to front wheel [not shown in photos]. Foot actuated.

Bell: procured from a boat at Woods Hole, MA.

B) Experience: The railroad bicycle as shown took three weeks to build, most time devoted towards material procurement (as always). Another 1½ weeks for trials before loading up gear for a northern trip. Sleeping bags, tent and other provisions lashed on before leaving for an autumnal color tour. Left from SW Michigan area heading for Traverse City. Many sites and varied experiences along the way. Almost everyone asks: "What do you do when a train comes?" Answer: "Stop, pick up the bike and get off the track." With the deafening silence of rural bicycle travel, one can hear trains far off before any danger presents itself. The trick is not to get hung up on a l-o-n-g trestle near a busy yard. Close calls could be the result. Be careful.

Cruising the deserted railways in S.W. Michigan

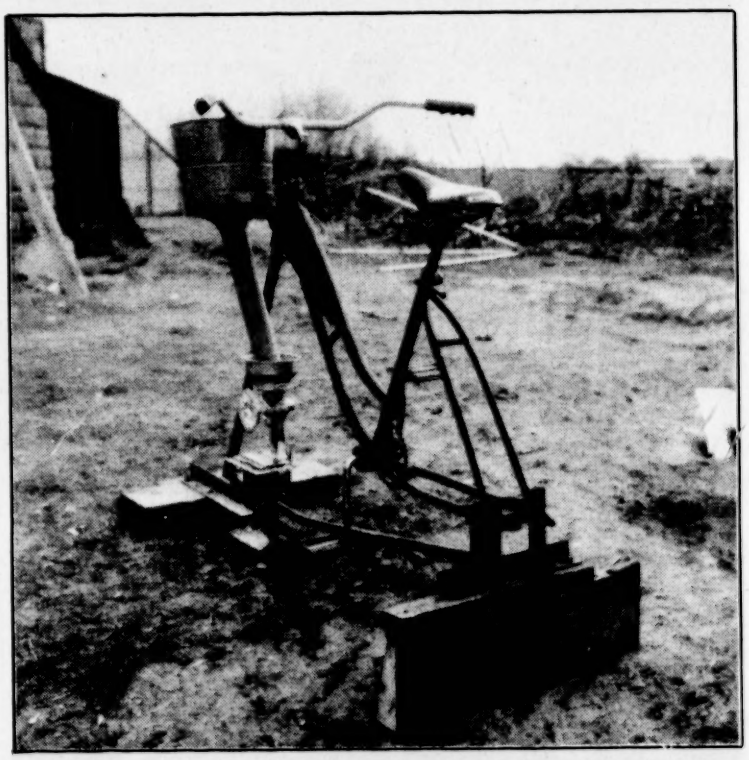


Rear view of bicycle: constructed from lightweight welded conduit. Gearing: 5 speed.

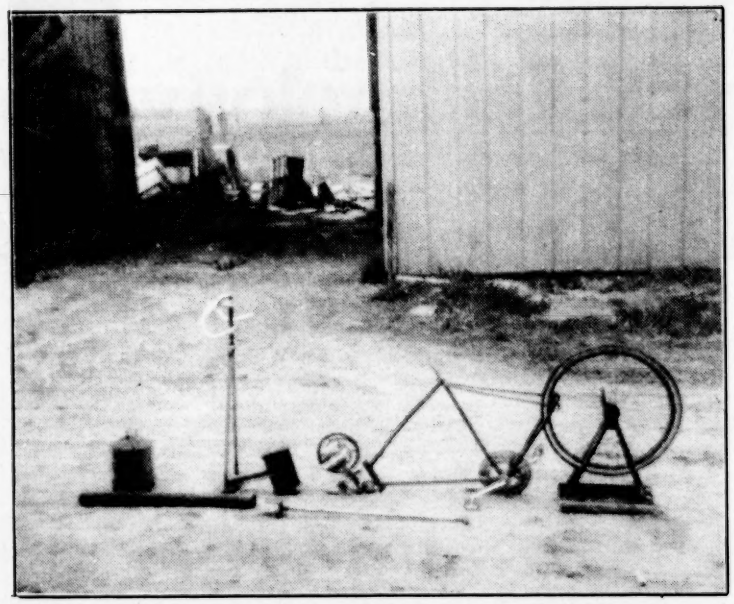
Other incidences: While rolling through Reed City, Michigan one bright, crisp October morn – the entourage was stopped at a railroad crossing by a local policeman: "Well, I do say that looks mighty ILLEGAL," and before a reply could be offered, continued with: "Mind if I had a ride?" Ah—!

C) Conclusions: If railroads and/or bicycles are your bent, give it a try, keeping safety utmost in your mind. Junked bicycles are to be found everywhere with parts and repairs easily obtainable along the way if needs be. Happy cruising!

II) Bicycle Wheat Grinders/Adaptable Power Train. Described below are two successful, working wheat grinders with the latter flywheel arrangement adaptable for a number of homestead tasks: wheat gleaners, pumps, churns, generators, corn shellers, etc., constructed by Jim Burgel. *[more ➔]*



Stripped bicycle wheat grinder. Wheat hopper shown feeding into attrition mill (Corona in this case).

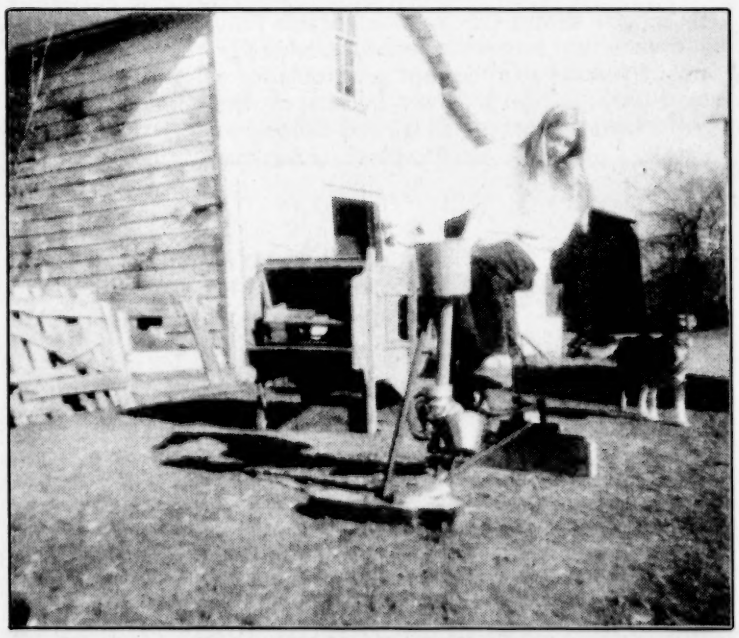


Bicycle wheat grinder: exploded view before assembly

A) Bicycle Wheat Grinder Prototype I: need grew out of bread rationing steps taken in light of unwanted/tiring hand grinding task of standard Corona mill.

1) *Construction materials:* Scrap bicycle frames, pipe lengths, timber scraps, chicken waterer (wheat hopper) and Corona mill. 8" sprocket attached to mill shaft by brazing on make-shift piece to gear, then attaching to triangular tapered Corona mill shaft. By finding old mill handles in the junk yard, one can cut off the end – the triangular taper piece and braze to sprocket, thus assuring a snug fit. A steel plate is brazed to grinder base to increase stability.

2) Experiences/results: Appetites swelled with increased "exercise" and bread availability. No trouble with chain nor grinder slippage after one week of bugs. Wheat/flour batch is run through twice to achieve adequate flour consistency. Grinder arrangement has been in use one year (Oct. '74 - '75) and still going strong.



Prototype I. Note wheat cleaner in background, and lack of floor pan underneath funnel.

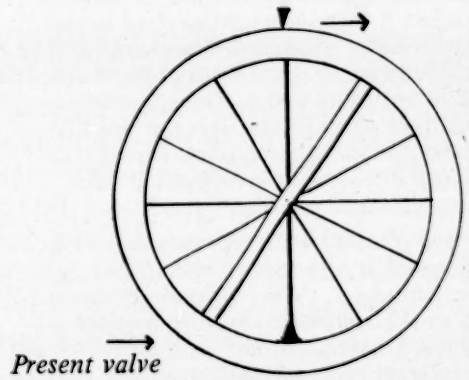
3) Conclusions: Successful operation with the following improvements to be made: a) inefficient position of human body during grinding caused by layout of handle bars, seat and pedals. Remedy: install heightened saddle, dropped handlebars and toe clips on pedals. b) Jerking of pedal action due to dead spots on the crank arm's throw. Remedy: flywheel.

B) Bicycle Wheat Grinder/Flywheel Phase II of Lumpy Gravy Incorporating Design Changes and Ideas learned from Prototype I. Similar grinder mount, wheat hopper and forward placement of assembly. Changes included: dropped handle bars, narrow saddle, toe clip pedals and flywheel.

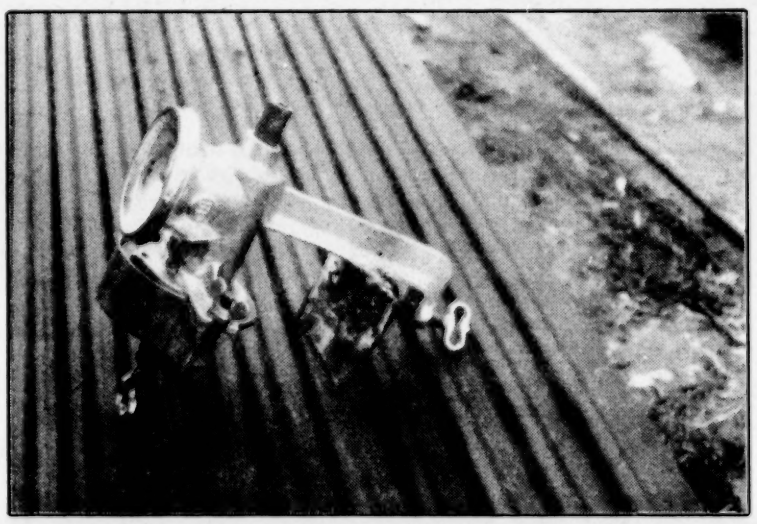
1) Construction: *Flywheel arrangement:* When one is engaged in a pleasant bicycle ride, the mass of the rider *is* the flywheel. His/her weight sustains the momentum of bicycle travel. During stationary pedal operations, this momentum is lost; thus, the incorporation of a flywheel to smooth out the jerkiness incurred when pedalling a bucket of wheat into flour.

Double chainwheel used: Inner (38T) sprocket aligned with forward mounted grinder & gear. The outer ring of chain wheel accepts a chain which runs back to the flywheel's sprocket. Rear sprocket (on flywheel) and hub *must* be welded or otherwise secured else the flywheel will freewheel, negating any useful work.

Flywheel is an old 24" balloon tire filled with water/anti-freeze solution designed to get the greatest amount of weight inexpensively to the outer circumference of the flywheel. To fill tire with water and anti-freeze solution, an additional valve and stem must be added. It is affixed opposite the present valve to vent air as tire fills with water. (See diagram)



Additional valve: made by removing tube, cutting and glueing new valve (remove inner seam). Check for leaks. Punch small hole at top of tire for valve insertion. Reassemble, fill water at original valve; air will vent out at top valve. Replace cap when filled.



Quaker City mill showing steel plate brazed onto cast-iron grinder base to extend stability and support. Shown resting on tranter plate coil.

Flywheel arrangement is suspended off ground by twin angle iron brackets mounted to a wood base.

2) Experience: Good. Had several days of bugs before everything settled down and "felt right." Once the flywheel is put in motion, the jerky grinding action smooths out. Better rider angle for longer and more efficient periods of work. Any inquiries: please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

—Jim Burgel
331 E. Kinseley
Ann Arbor, MI 48104 ■

Shoe Patch: Two Paid* Testimonials

Last Spring I bought a pair of sixty dollar mule hide boots and went through two pairs of soles in five months. Pavement is hard on cowboy boots. Faced with another twelve bucks for soles and heel caps, I tried Shoe Patch, and I can report that it works a lot better than I figured it would. For three fifty I got a big tube of clear goo that sets up hard as leather, so I can keep patching until I wear out the toes. I've heard that Shoe Patch is good for building up the run down edges on running shoes. I know it patched the holes in our volleyball.

–jd

My first pair of Adidas running shoes are still going strong after thousands of miles. My second pair started coming apart after two weeks. Alas, they don't make 'em like they used to. First aid: Shoe Patch put 'em back together better 'n new. Also rejuvenates the cork soles of Birkenstock sandals (CQ, Winter '74, p. 93). Good stuff, it's now included in my basic emergency repair kit.

–Andrew Fluegelman

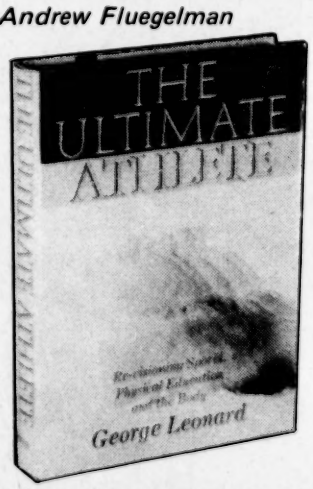
Shoe Patch
$3.50 postpaid
from:
One More Company, Inc.
540 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park CA 94025

*Free tubes of Shoe Patch were supplied to the reviewers.

The Ultimate Athlete

She or he explores body as subject rather than object; values effort for its sake rather than result; relates to competitor as partner rather than opponent. Running, Risking, Flying, dancing through New Games (CQ Summer '74) and The Game of Games. The quest for the Ultimate Athlete leads away from the superstar. It heads towards the physical and spiritual ideal latent within each of us fat, clumsy, weak and lethargic mortals who have been created in God's image.

–Andrew Fluegelman



The Ultimate Athlete
George Leonard
1975; 273pp.; hardbound
$8.95 postpaid
from:
The Viking Press
625 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
or Whole Earth

During my youth, organized sports was a world separate from mine. Physical education was something dreary and threatening, smelling of stale sweat, sounding of jeers and challenges. Athletics were something you "went out for," something *out there.* A team was something you "made" – or didn't make. The rewards, too, were separate from immediate personal experience: letters, trophies, glory, dominance, an early public validation of manhood. This glow I feel now in a body a half-century old – no gym instructor ever mentioned that. The football coach at Boys High stood before the student body and talked gravely about beating Tech High, as if a loss would bring an empire down. He never mentioned the sweet infusion of every limb that follows a long run. The sports pages told me of victory and defeat, climactic plays, statistics. They never mentioned transcendence. Even now, the President's Council on Physical Fitness pushes physical activity on us like a prescription drug. It will make us healthy, prevent heart attack. It will, perhaps, keep us out of trouble. Not one word about those moments at the height of exertion when an unexpectedly graceful movement connects us to the turning of the planets and brings validation from the cosmos itself. I feel the loss. All those years of disconnection, those years of my nonathletic youth.

The Way to Play

I was snowbound for a few winters at an abandoned hot springs resort in the mountains of Idaho, along with five to ten other isolationists. We played cards and pingpong, did handcrafting, and floated in the hot pools. This book would have been useful, because along about half way through each winter, the games we knew were getting a little old, and gossiping and petty quarrelling became the big sports. Games provide convenient structures through which some folks can get the losing out of their systems.

There are two thousand games quite fully explained, everything from musical chairs to chemin de fer, well illustrated with strategies discussed, which makes this rather expensive piece of publishing much more useful than just a book of rules would be. It is especially recommended to groups of people who need new ways to scramble up their intramural success standings. Learn a new game together.

–jd

The Way to Play
(The Illustrated Encyclopedia of the games of the World)
The Diagram Group
1975; 320pp.
$15.95 postpaid
from:
The Two Continents Publishing Group, Ltd.
5 South Union Street
Lawrence, MA 01843
or Whole Earth

POLISH RED DOG

This game is also known as stitch and Polish pachuk.

Equipment: 1) one standard deck of 52 cards; 2) betting chips (or cash).

Players. The game is for two to ten players.

Rank of cards is normal, with ace high. The suits are not ranked.

Objective. Players aim to hold a card in the same suit but of a higher rank than the banker's card.

Choice of first banker is by deal: first ace to appear.

Shuffle and cut are normal.

Bank. The banker places in the center of the table the amount he wishes to put at risk. A minimum is usually agreed before the game.

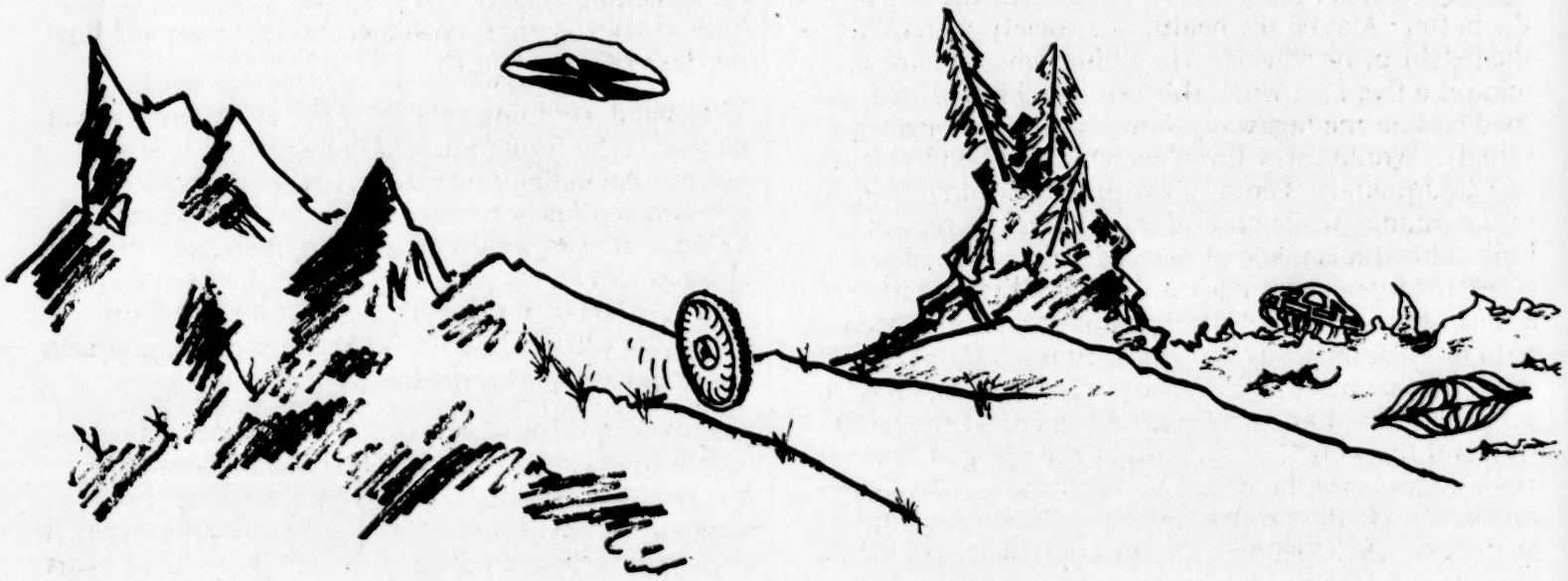
Deal The banker deals three face-down cards to each player but himself, dealing one card at a time.

Play. Players bet without looking at their cards. Play begins with the player to the banker's left. He places his bet in front of him; this may be any amount up to half the total of the bank. The banker then "burns" the top card of the deck, i.e., he turns it face up, shows it to all players, and places it face up at the bottom of the deck. He then turns up the next card and this becomes the banker's card.

The first player then turns his own cards face up. If he holds a higher ranking card of the same suit as the banker's card, he wins; if not, he loses. If he has won, he receives back his bet and twice that amount from the bank. If he has lost, his bet is added to the bank.

His cards are then placed face up at the bottom of the deck. Bet and play then pass one player to the left. After the player has bet, the banker burns one card before exposing a new banker's card.

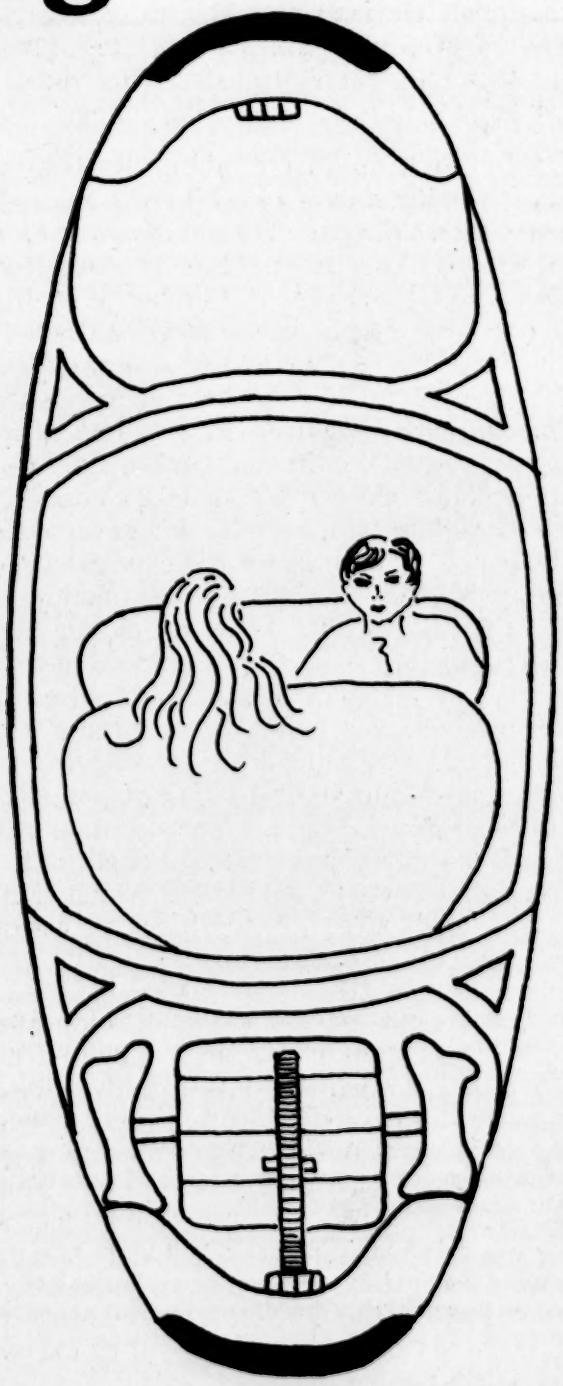
Change of banker. If the bank is emptied at any time, the bank and deal immediately pass one player to the left and a new round is begun.



Round Spinning Vehicles

For Land, Sea, Air, & Underwater

BY HERALD RENO HOYT



When my mind turns a certain side to the moon, the doors are opened between the ingenuity and funk departments up there, my head begins to spin, gears turn, and wheels start to rolling. I was looking for an occupation to fulfill my social obligation, and to eat with, so I became a transportation expert. I've armchair traveled in these round vehicles for many hours and feel quite comfortable in them, but beyond what I say here I know nothing of how any of these vehicles would actually perform.

Here's two types of land vehicles first – the rolling wheel, and something I call the Arctic Dish. The

rolling wheel is simply a wheel that rolls, the larger the better. Maybe the health of a society varies with the height of its wheels. The rolling wheel I have in mind is a five foot wide, thirteen foot high off the road and on the highway, snow, sand, and concrete vehicle. Would carry three people, weigh six to eight hundred pounds. People sit without spinning, course, in the middle, while around them spins the rim, or hull. This rim is made of beveled slabs of wood stuck together to form a sturdy ring. It would have a thirty horse external combustion engine, mounted, with its fuel, on a carriage which runs along the track on the inside of the wooden rim. To go forward you roll the power carriage up the inside of the front rim, and the weight of this carriage hanging at that angle encourages the wheel to roll forward. To slow down, reverse the process and hang the carriage up at the rear of the wheel. Energy containers would be placed on this carriage also, as more weight there would mean greater possible acceleration for the vehicle. Such containers would store energy taken from the deceleration of the vehicle and use it for subsequent acceleration. What came to my mind were two conical flywheels, their shape allowing for a clutchless energy transfer, with wheeled gears running along the surface of the cones.

How do you keep it from falling over is a good little question — the rolling wheel is not stable at low or no speeds; nothing at all like those great rectangular four wheeled bins we've got now to ride around in to and from doorways. It'd be fun to see how much snow a vehicle of this sort could ride through, or over what fences it could hop. For safety on the highway it couldn't be beat – the possibility of hitting something head on would be much reduced, due to the thinned edge of the rim. Rabbits and rocks not sitting dead center in your path wouldn't be touched; you'd never again wrap a chicken around your front end, or get a hog in your fender, and anything up to six feet high you could roll over. Unlike autos, which hug the earth and fight the air, rolling wheels would just touch the earth while being aerodynamically free. For bumper to bumper freeway driving the wheels could be standardized, running in wheelrows, each with a round spinning rear idler bumper, allowing them all to push together – then go their separate ways. The other land vehicle I thought of is the arctic dish, a forty foot wide disc which, laid on its side and slowly spinning, would scuttle across the frozen tundras of the north.

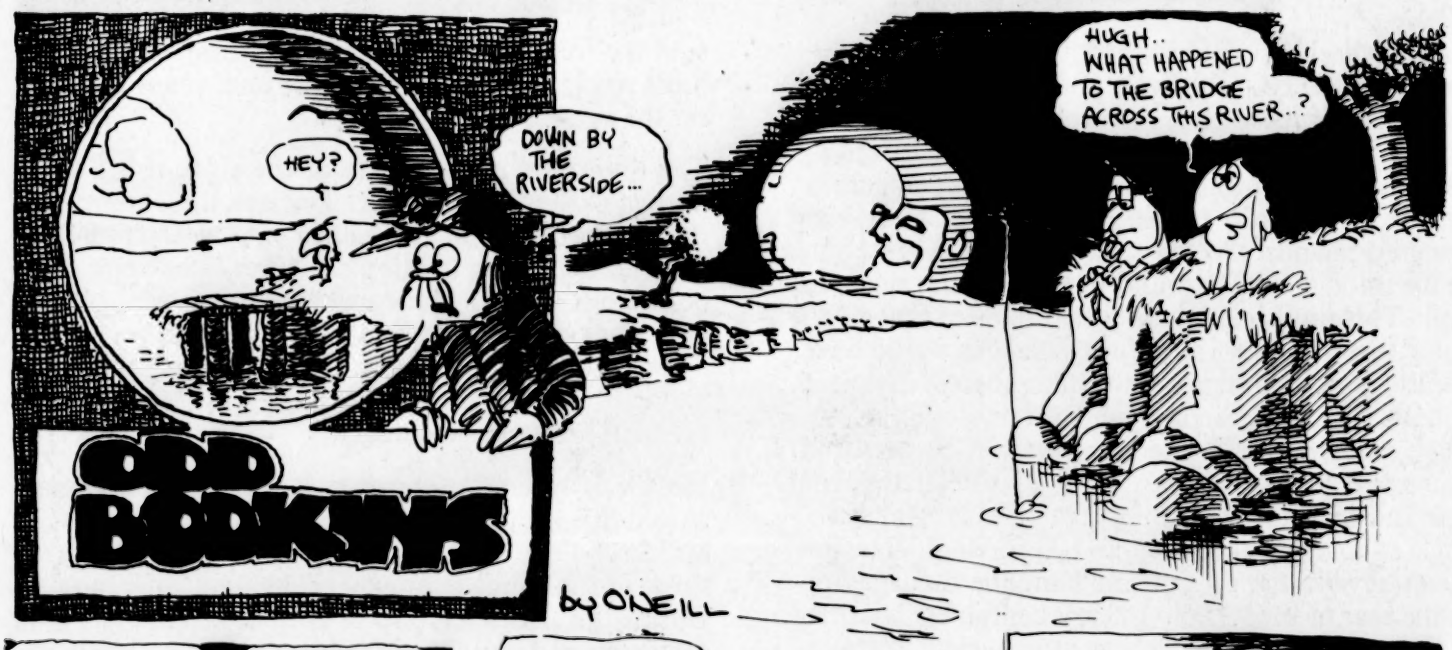
The on and underwater vehicles are a lot alike. The surface craft is round, with a spinning hull, and would skip across the water like a well thrown stone. Direction would be given by shifting cargo weights in the cabin, in order to tip the vaned hull, forcing it against the water along a common line of force. There're three types of boats – one powered by motor and two by wind. One of these has a large spinning directional sail shaped like a lampshade, hanging on a center mast. The other wind model has a center mast holding a propeller up and out of the way, which pushes power down the axle in the mast to spin the hull. The round spinning submarine is two hulls stuck together, with directional vanes and fins on the surfaces of both.

The round, spinning vehicle of the air is already well known – the flying saucer. Perhaps the extent of our mutual belief in UFOs means either, actual vehicles belonging to alien creatures have appeared before our eyes, or they are group memories of such appearances in the past, or they are previews (daylight movies) of the earth's near future. Perhaps we're just a little slow in putting to use flying saucers for better air transportation.

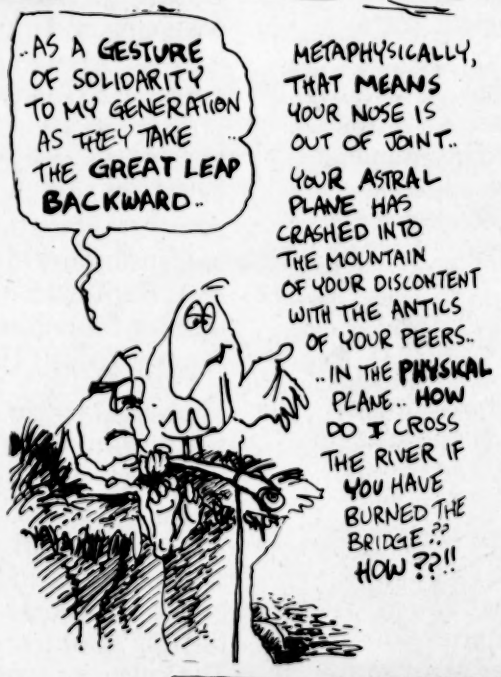
I know of several attempts to build saucers. There's an old flying saucer factory in the little town of Mt. Shasta, California, which sits a ways up the slope of that huge strangely shaped volcanic mountain. During the fifties a group of people there spent years designing and building flying saucer hulls. I believe they incorporated a good deal of spirituality into their saucer construction, relying on electrical energies for propulsion. Probably about ten per cent of the town's present population vocalizes a strong religious-toned belief concerning some form of the flying saucer. Another construction attempt was by our government in Canada in 1956. It had about a fifteen foot wide metal hull, two one-man cockpits, and two large fans, looking more like an early hydrofoil than an aircraft – it never got off the ground.

My idea is to use a helicopter style blade mounted on the bottom of a frisbee-shaped hull, with the hull and the blade set to spin together. I've got two main saucer fantasies. One is to build the world's first man-powered aircraft – a fifteen to twenty foot across spinning shell and propeller, with the pilot stretched out in the center of the craft putting all he's got into turning a central shaft, which turns everything else. The other air fantasy is of a larger wind-powered cargo saucer, leaving the ground at Billings, Montana with twenty tons of grain or beef, on a flight to Chicago, St. Louis, or the Gulf; first building up rotations by releasing stored energy, then rising in the air to seek favorable winds for energy collection. A medium-sized low pressure system is encountered over northern Wyoming, and the saucer begins a rising circling pattern in the strong winds. The saucer takes in energy by increasing the rotational mass and speed, and by increasing the altitude and velocity of the craft. Once energized, the saucer swings out from the storm system and heads toward its destination, choosing favorable winds along the way, sliding down toward the earth to gain speed, etc.

To require the use of alternate energy sources would add sweetener to a novel line of vehicles such as these. Designing the vehicles with smaller mass and less friction loss than their present-day counterparts and equipping them with energy storage systems would help their performance on alternate fuels and energy sources. If you'd like to write and tell me your whys and why nots concerning these round spinning vehicles, please do– I don't get much mail here anyway. Herald R. Hoyt, Star Route I, Box 38, Covelo, CA 95428. ■


HEY?
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE...
HUGH.. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BRIDGE ACROSS THIS RIVER...?
ODD BOOKINS
by O'NEILL

I BURNED IT..
IT WAS IN FRONT OF ME..
RIGHT!! MOST PEOPLE BURN BRIDGES BEHIND THEM.. BUT NOT YOU.. DOWN GOES THE BRIDGE IN FRONT OF YOU.. O.K...
..WHY?


..AS A GESTURE OF SOLIDARITY TO MY GENERATION AS THEY TAKE THE GREAT LEAP BACKWARD..
METAPHYSICALLY, THAT MEANS YOUR NOSE IS OUT OF JOINT..
YOUR ASTRAL PLANE HAS CRASHED INTO THE MOUNTAIN OF YOUR DISCONTENT WITH THE ANTICS OF YOUR PEERS..
..IN THE PHYSICAL PLANE.. HOW DO I CROSS THE RIVER IF YOU HAVE BURNED THE BRIDGE?? HOW??!!

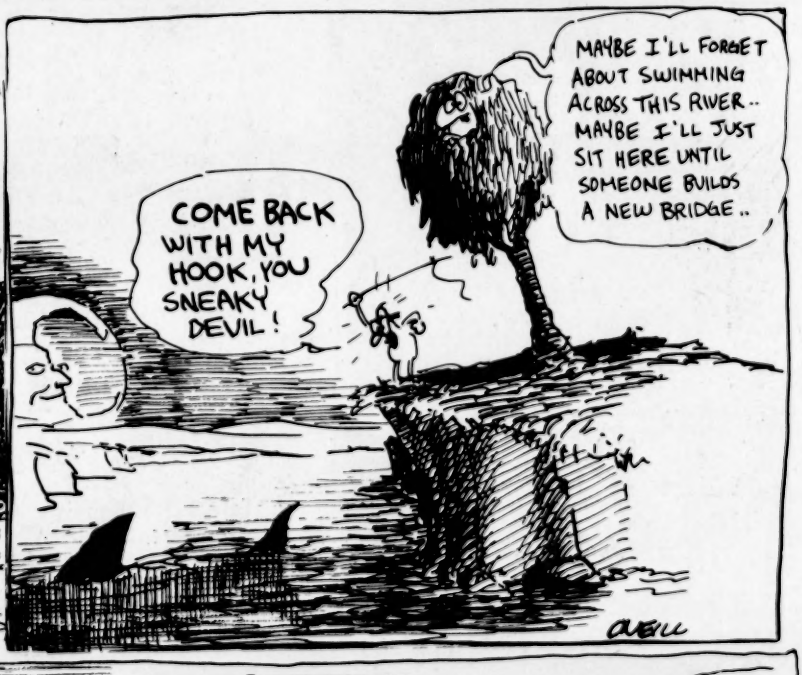
SWIM..
I KNEW YOU HAD AN ANSWER FOR ME..
O'NEILL

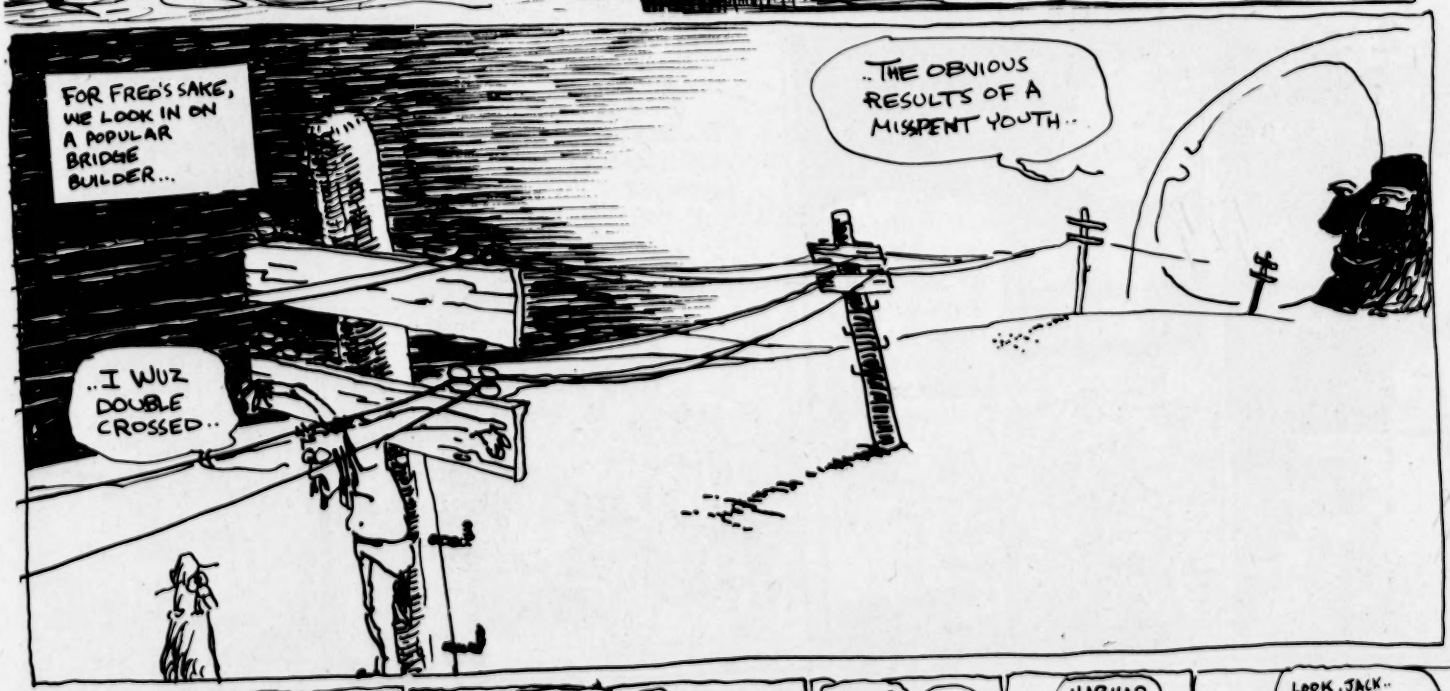
I DON'T WANT TO SWIM!! I WANT TO WALK ACROSS THE BRIDGE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!!
YOU CAN'T WALK ACROSS THE BRIDGE! I BURNED IT DOWN!!
A TELLING POINT..

..I KNOW YOU BURNED IT DOWN..
THERE WAS A REGULAR STAMPEDE GOING ACROSS THAT BRIDGE.. IT WAS TIME TO BURN IT DOWN..

MAYBE I WANTED TO BE IN THAT STAMPEDE! YOU BURNED THE BRIDGE AND NOW I'VE LOST MY BIG CHANCE TO BE IN A STAMPEDE!!
YEP!

MR. ALLEGORY..
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS COMIC STRIP?
YAS..?
YOU WANT AN ANSWER?
WELL.. YOU'RE THE RESIDENT ALLEGORY..?
A DREADFUL RESPONSIBILITY..
BUT TRUE..
O.K.. THEN WHAT IS THIS RIVER THE BOYOS ARE CROSSING?
RIVER?
WHAT RIVER..?
THAT RIVER! THE ONE HUGH IS FISHING IN.. AND FRED WANTS TO CROSS!!
OH..
THAT RIVER..
DOES THE RIVER SYMBOLIZE A DECISION..? IS IT VIOLENCE? WHAT..?
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE SACRAMENTO.. IT LOOKED LIKE THE SACRAMENTO..
MAYBE IT'S THE YUBA..


MAYBE I'LL FORGET ABOUT SWIMMING ACROSS THIS RIVER.. MAYBE I'LL JUST SIT HERE UNTIL SOMEONE BUILDS A NEW BRIDGE..
COME BACK WITH MY HOOK, YOU SNEAKY DEVIL!

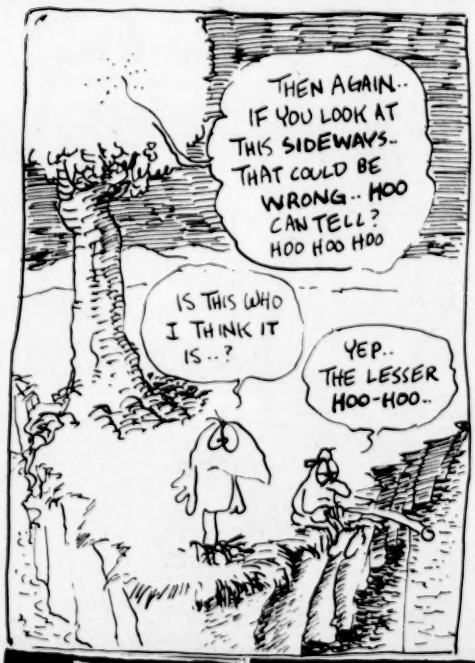


I THINK THE BRIDGE IS THE SYMBOL OF TECHNOLOGY..
WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT FISH!! UGH!!
IF THE BRIDGE IS TECHNOLOGY.. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER MUST BE..?
WHAT AN UGLY FISH!!
IT MUST BE THE FUTURE..
YOU WON'T CATCH ME IN A RIVER WITH AN UGLY FISH LIKE THAT!!
THE GUY ON THE POLE MUST BE THE HERD..
HE LOOKS HUNGRY TO ME..
SNICKER HEE HEE HOHOO
I SURE OF IT.. HE'S THE EXTINCT HERD.. WE'RE ON OUR OWN..
HUNG UP AND UP TIGHT!!
HAHA HEE HARHO
SLAP
HAR HAR HOO HA HEE HEE HOO HA
HOHO
HO?
NOT FUNNY..
LOOK, JACK.. I'M JUST AN ALLEGORY.. YOU WANT SOPHISTICATION..?
GO CATCH AN IRONY..

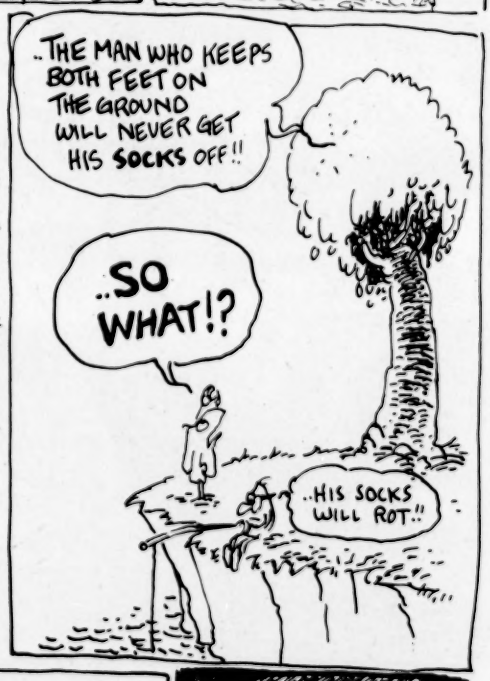
Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965

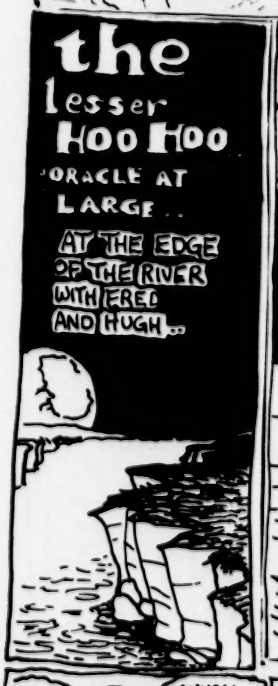
NOW IS THE TIME OF..
total treachary
I DON'T HAVE TO ARGUE WITH YOU..
..AN EXPLANATION WOULD BE NICE..

..FOR FIVE YEARS WE HAVE BEEN APPROACHING THIS RIVER.. HOPING TO CROSS.. AND AT THE LAST MINUTE- YOU BURN THE BRIDGE DOWN IN FRONT OF US..
NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF DESPARATION..
..THAT'S RIGHT!!
OH NO..
NOT HIM!
YEP.

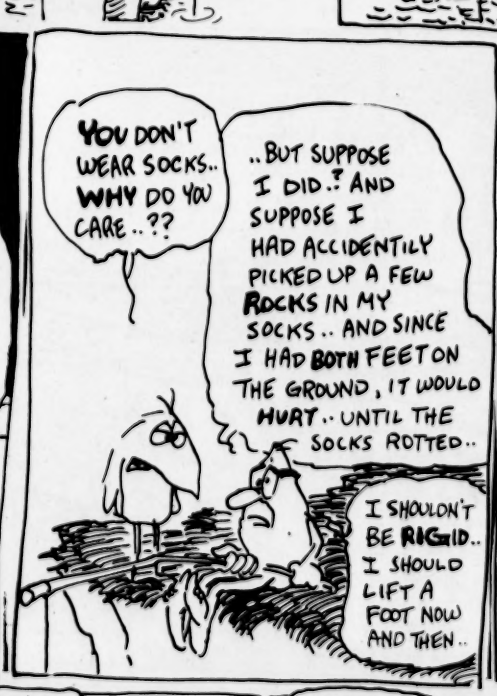

THEN AGAIN.. IF YOU LOOK AT THIS SIDEWAYS.. THAT COULD BE WRONG.. HOO CAN TELL? HOO HOO HOO
IS THIS WHO I THINK IT IS..?
YEP.. THE LESSER HOO-HOO..

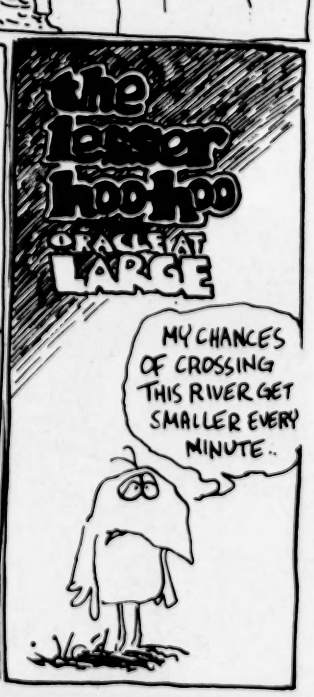
THE MAN WHO KEEPS BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND NEVER GETS HIS TROUSERS OFF!
SWELL..
O.K. BY ME..


..THE MAN WHO KEEPS BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND WILL NEVER GET HIS SOCKS OFF!!
..SO WHAT!?
..HIS SOCKS WILL ROT!!


the lesser HOO HOO
ORACLE AT LARGE..
AT THE EDGE OF THE RIVER WITH FRED AND HUGH..

WHAT?
IT'S TRUE.. WITH BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND YOU CAN'T GET YOUR SOCKS OFF.. THEY WILL ROT!!


YOU DON'T WEAR SOCKS.. WHY DO YOU CARE..??
..BUT SUPPOSE I DID..? AND SUPPOSE I HAD ACCIDENTILY PICKED UP A FEW ROCKS IN MY SOCKS.. AND SINCE I HAD BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND, IT WOULD HURT.. UNTIL THE SOCKS ROTTED..
I SHOULDN'T BE RIGID.. I SHOULD LIFT A FOOT NOW AND THEN..

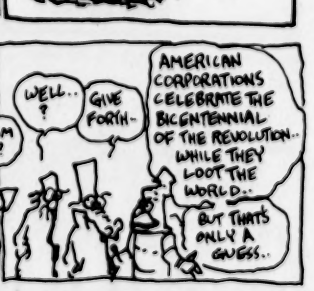

the lesser HOO HOO
ORACLE AT LARGE
MY CHANCES OF CROSSING THIS RIVER GET SMALLER EVERY MINUTE..

THIS IS AN IRONY?
LAY ONE ON US!
NIXON SAID MANSON WAS GUILTY

THAT'S SOPHISTICATED?
DAZZLE HIM AGAIN..
THE U.S. CAN BLOW UP THE WORLD 22 TIMES.. RUSSIA IS ONLY CAPABLE OF BLOWING UP THE WORLD 13 TIMES.. PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY IN SAN JOSE..

THAT'S NOT AN IRONY.. THAT'S THE STATUS QUO..
SHAME!
I ALWAYS GET THEM MIXED UP..

HAVE YOUR FRIEND EXPLAIN "TOTAL TREACHARY"
WHY UP TOP
WHAT?
OH..
HMM??


WELL..?
GIVE FORTH-
AMERICAN CORPORATIONS CELEBRATE THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE REVOLUTION.. WHILE THEY LOOT THE WORLD..
BUT THAT'S ONLY A GUESS..

SOCKS PROTECT YOUR FEET FROM ROCKS.. BUT SOME ROCKS WILL GET IN YOUR SOCKS.. SO NOW AND THEN, FOLKS, SHAKE OUT THOSE SOCKS!!
I SHOULD GET SOME SOCKS TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM ROCKS..
..BE SURE TO GET AN EXTRA ONE FOR YOUR HEAD..

DESPITE ALL.. FRED STILL RESENTS THE LOSS OF FREE WILL IMPOSED BY HUGH..
..HUGH BURNED THE BRIDGE IN FRONT OF HIM..
..IN FRONT OF ME, TOO..
..SO, SWIM IF YOU HAVE TO CROSS..
..SUPPOSE YOU HAD CROSSED THE BRIDGE..

..AND ONCE ACROSS, HUGH HAD BURNED IT..? YOU WOULD BE STUCK THERE..
..AT LEAST, HERE WE ARE ON FAMILAR GROUND..

YEAH! STUCK AGAIN!! ON BORING OLD FAMILAR GROUND!! I WANNA BE STUCK ON NEW GROUND!!
TELL FRED WHAT IT'S LIKE ON THE OTHER SIDE, HOO-HOO..

THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF IGNORANCE, HUNGER, AND DISEASE ACROSS THE RIVER..
PRECISLY...
SO WHY GO..?

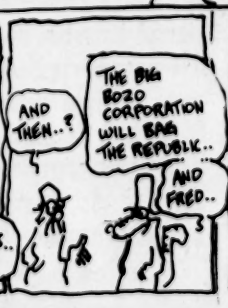
TSK TSK! SUCH A DISPLAY!
..CUZ ALL MY FRIENDS FROM THE GOOD OLD DAYS WENT THERE! THAT'S WHY!!
..ALL HIS FRIENDS FROM THE GOOD OLD DAZE..

AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH WANTING TO GO SOMEWHERE THAT HAS A SHORTAGE OF IGNORANCE, HUNGER, AND DISEASE..?
RELAX, FRED, WE CAN'T AVOID GOING THERE..

IT'S CALLED A GRAVE..

HOW LONG WILL THEY SIT BY THE RIVER..?
..UNTIL THEIR TERM IS UP.. OR THEY PICK A PROPER TARGET..

THEY MIGHT NEVER LEARN ENOUGH TO PICK A PROPER TARGET..
THE REPUBLIC WILL STAGGER ON..
FOR TEN YEARS.. OR SO..


AND THEN..?
THE BIG BOZO CORPORATION WILL BAG THE REPUBLIK..
AND FRED..

..IS THERE NO HOPE FOR FRED?
SURE..
LOTS

FRED IS AN AMERICAN..
HE CAN'T AVOID A GOOD TIME

HE'LL GET USED TO PLEASURE...

IN A SHORT WHILE, HE'LL FORGET HE EVER ENJOYED HIMSELF..

Access to Synthesizers

BY J.D. SHARP AND MARK GARETZ

Understanding Synthesizers

All synthesizers can be categorized as being either a closed or open system. Closed systems are non-expandable; they are limited to the hardware package that the manufacturer provides, and are of two types: preset and variable. In contrast, open systems are expandable, and also of two types: packages and modular.

CLOSED SYSTEMS

Presets have the advantage of producing far-out sounds with a minimum of effort, requiring almost no specialized knowledge to operate. On the other hand, it is easy to become bored with the carefully selected sounds; they either replicate pop music cliches or traditional instruments with varying degrees of success. Almost every manufacturer of organs and keyboard products has an entry in this category. The following list may not be complete, inasmuch as new products enter the marketplace daily. A standout in this category is the Roland SH-1000, which combines the usual complement of presets with a fairly versatile set of variables. However, it is only recommended to those not wishing to delve into synthesis deeply. For more information write to:

ARP Instruments, Inc.
320 Needham St.
Newton, MA 02192

D. H. Baldwin Co.
1801 Gilbert Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45202

Conn Organ
616 Enterprise Dr.
Oak Brook, IL 60521

Moog Synthesizers
Norlin Music
7373 N. Cicero Ave.
Lincolnwood, IL 60646

Roland Synthesizers
Beckman Musical Instruments
2117 Yates Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90040

Univox Division
Merson Musical Products
75 Frost St.
Westbury, NY 11590

Yamaha International Corp.
Box 6600
Buena Park, CA 90620

Variables represent a considerable step upward from preset synthesizers. All variable synthesizers require at least some understanding of the principles of synthesis. The owner's manual usually provides the necessary information, but there is a surprising lack of additional books on "basic synthesis." ARP Instruments, the largest manufacturer of popular synthesizers, provides the exception, **Learning Music With Synthesizers**, D. Friend, T. Piggot, A.R. Pearlman, $7.50 from ARP Dealers. The greatest weakness of the book is its orientation towards one model of the ARP line, but much of the information it contains is applicable to other instruments. Not a bad book to borrow if you don't plan to buy an ARP.

Variables make available an extremely wide range of sounds by giving the operator total control of the parameters of sound. General functions (pitch, waveforms, timbre, amplitude, and duration) as well as specialized functions (sampler rate, lag) are regulated separately by knobs and sliders. The control panel of the synthesizer can be compared to the artist's palate; the same few compositional elements are combined to produce a diversity of possibilities. In moving from the preconceived sounds of the preset to the creative potential of the variable synthesizer, convenience is sacrificed. Set-up time for a given sound is increased, as is the time involved in changing from sound to sound.

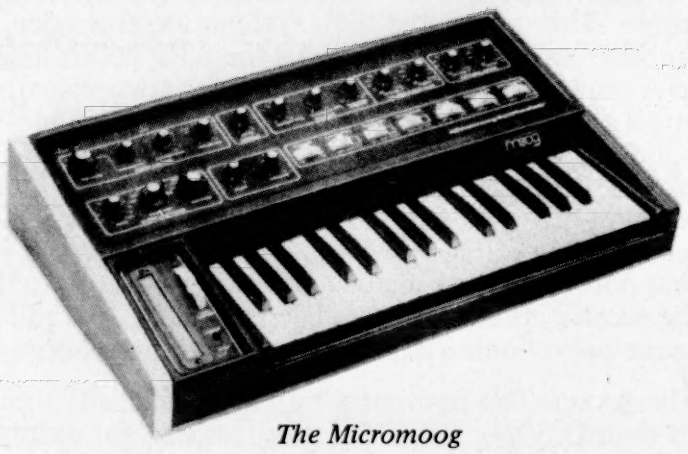
Closed systems of the variable type are becoming extinct. There is a tendency on the part of the manufacturers to make their newer products compatible with other inputs and outputs (expandable), no matter how simple or inexpensive a particular instrument is. Some variable synthesizers have a family of accessories which extend their capabilities (e.g., the Mini Moog), but the benefits are questionable when compared to expandable systems in the same price range.

The greatest virtue of a "closed" system is as a performance instrument. By limiting the variables the controls become familiar, and a balance is reached between creativity and function.

OPEN SYSTEMS

Open systems are expandable in that the user can add components to the system, when and if desired. It is easier to treat the two types backwards, from more complex to less, because this is exactly how they developed.

Modular systems are building-block synthesizers. Each separate function is contained in a module with front panel knobs, switches, and input-output connections. The system is constructed by mounting modules in a case with a power supply, and attaching a keyboard or other controller. The modules are interconnected by patch cords; the process of hooking them up in different configurations is called "patching"; each particular configuration is a "patch." An alternative



The Micromoog

to patch cords is a matrix patch board, where connections are made with pins.

The aim is total flexibility, allowing the user to tailor his system to his specific needs. The large systems from which the current generation of "pop" synthesizers are derived were all constructed as modular systems. Advantages are numerous. New functions can be added as they are invented. Repair can be accomplished without shutting down the entire instrument. Custom systems can be assembled with components from a variety of manufacturers.

Components can be rearranged within a cabinet for special purposes. Modular systems are characterized by having few, if any, "hard-wire" patches. These are semi-permanent, soldered interconnections between modules. As a result, set-up time is the greatest with these systems, but the nearly infinite possibilities make these machines the choice of most experimenters, schools, and well-endowed popular musicians.

A great number of recent innovations in the modular field come from Eμ Systems of Santa Clara. Their **Eμ Systems Technical Catalog** is a useful guide not only to their state-of-the-art modules and submodules, but also to the inner workings of modular synthesizers in general. For the serious builder.

Eμ Systems
Technical Catalog

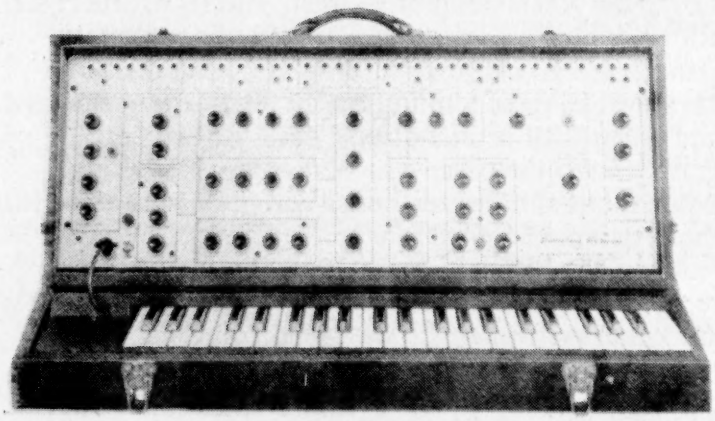
$5 (refundable with any circuitry purchase)
from:
Eμ Systems
3455 Homestead Rd. No. 59
Santa Clara, CA 95051

[Eμ Systems is referred to in the text as Emu.]

A full treatment of the literature available to those interested in electronic music and experimentation can be found in the **Epilog**, p. 700-701, where Don Buchla, a pioneer in the synthesizer field, reviews the source books on the topic.

Packaged systems are derived from modular systems. Modules that are often used in conjunction are combined within one case, and the most commonly used connections are made and assigned a switch or knob for their operation. These connections may be supplemented by a "patch-bay" to retain some of the flexibility of the completely modular arrangement. The best-known of the expandable packages is the ARP 2600, which has recently been revised (see "What's New" below). It features a full complement of built-in modules, and can be expanded and interfaced with a minimum of hassle. Its main weakness is high initial cost. An outstanding value is the EML-101, a relatively unknown synthesizer popular in New England high-school and college synthesizer labs. It combines many features into a package with reasonable cost; its main drawback is partial incompatibility with the other manufacturers' products. Another non-compatible-but-extremely-flexible product is the Synthi-AKS, featuring advanced computer-related electronics. It is but part of the Electronic Music Studios system, which now includes a computer and video synthesizer. The Steiner-Parker Synthacon is a similar variation, but patching on the front panel is replaced by switching. However it is a compatible product, and back-panel connections are provided for interconnection.

EML (Electronic Music Laboratories)
P.O. Box H
Vernon, CT 06066



EML 101

EMS (Electronic Music Studios) of America
460 West St.
Amherst, MA 01002

Steiner-Parker
P.O. Box 305
Salt Lake City, UT 84110

Other expandable packages include most of the ARP line of products, the latest creation from Moog (the Micro-Moog), and the Oberheim synthesizers (more later). The Micro-Moog and Oberheim Expander Module offer the most functions per dollar. Still, flexibility is lost with any form of packaging other than totally modular construction. An interesting alternative to these packages is the fully modular Aires, factory-direct and low in price. They offer either a kit or an assembly of individually-encased modules at a price comparable to that of the more complex expandable packages. For more information:

Oberheim Electronics, Inc.
1549 9th St.
Santa Monica, CA 90401

Aries
119 Foster St.
Peabody, MA 01960 →

POLYPHONIC SYNTHESIZERS

Polyphonic synthesizers are defined as synthesizers capable of triggering and gating from simultaneous keyboard voltages. This means that more than one note at a time can be played. This may seem intrinsic to keyboard instruments but is not. In fact there are a number of synthesizers with two-note capabilities, but currently only two instruments with more "voices." Emu Systems created the first viable system. Their special keyboard employs digital scanning techniques to "remember" up to ten key voltages at once. This breakthrough is only one portion (option) of their system. Emu circuitry is mated with the Oberheim Expander Module, to make up the Oberheim Polyphonic System. The system can be built a voice at a time, and has almost unlimited potential for future expansion and adaptation. (See "What's New" below.)

As the delineation between synthesizer and organ (and tape recorder) becomes blurry an assortment of polyphonic instruments appear. Yamaha has previewed their new Electone GX-1. Ultra-modern and ultra-expensive, it has both organ and synthesizer functions, but leans heavily toward the organ. Allen Organ offers the Allen Computer Organ, and its brother, the RMI Keyboard Computer. Their keyboard uses punch-card access to waveforms stored in memory. Many variables of a sound can be encoded on the card, and Allen-RMI offer a diverse library of voices, gratifying to the organ-oriented musician seeking presets, but synthesizer freaks will prefer playing with the programmable buttons to the side of the card reader. The Mellotron and Orkestron use different recording methods to reproduce strings, voices, flutes, and other instruments. The Mellotron generates its voices via tape loops (one tape and playback head per key.) It is bulky and difficult to maintain, but its proponents argue that the sound is unique and powerful. The Orkestron is similar but uses striped discs and a photocell in place of the tape and tape-head. This method is used to record sound on movie film. Realism is roughly equal to the Mellotron, but like other discs, scratches do show up audibly, and overall fidelity is not impressive. There are likely to be other entrants in the polyphonic synthesizer field before too long.

Allen Organ
Macungie, PA 18062

RMI
Macungie, PA 18062

Mellotron
Dallas Music Industries
301 Island Rd.
Mahwah, NJ 07430

Orkestron
Vako Synthesizers, Inc.
4651 62nd Ave. North
St. Petersburg, FL 33565

WHAT'S NEW?

From ARP

ARP has introduced three new products and some new modifications to its existing line. The modifications: they have simply brought key control points out to jacks on the rear panel, i.e., the keyboard control voltage, trigger and gate signals and an external audio input. This means that their systems are now open. Another modification concerns the ARP 2600. They have made the keyboard "duophonic" (two-voice), but with a major difference from the standard duophonic keyboard. A standard keyboard generates a second voltage, in addition to the first, when a second note is played, but when the second note is released this voltage goes immediately back to the first note. ARP has included a voltage memory to hold the second note after it has been released. It is still not a true polyphonic system but is an improvement.

The Axxe: This new entry by ARP is basically similar to their Odyssey but with fewer features, for example only one oscillator, one envelope generator and less patching capability. There are no slide switches as on the Odyssey, which will make it more reliable.

The Little Brother: Designed to add an extra voice to any ARP synthesizer, its big disadvantage being that it utilizes presets at the expense of flexibility.

The String Ensemble: ARP classifies this as being in the preset synthesizer category, but we would say this is sitting on the borderline between synthesizer and electronic organ/piano groups. This instrument produces the electronic equivalent of a string orchestra with varying degrees of success. It has the necessary trigger outputs to allow you to patch it through any other ARP synthesizer. Watch out: ARP is trying to pass this connection off as a true polyphonic system and it doesn't even come close. (See the section on polyphonic systems.) There are a host of similar string units.

From Moog

Moog has introduced only one new system and a few new accessories for the popular market. They have also made some significant changes in their modular equipment and while these are not "new," they've never been mentioned in print before.

The Micro-Moog: This would seem to be the hottest innovation in the small synthesizer field. Basically a one oscillator version of the ever-popular Minimoog with several added features. Some of these are: Voltage controlled Wave-Shape (a first!), Sample and hold, and *full* inputs and outputs making it truly an open system. The filter has a 24 db per octave cut-off slope; most similar synthesizers employ 12 db, per octave filters. This explains in part the distinctive Moog sound.

Accessories: These include a sample and hold add-on, a ribbon controller, and a drum controller. Will work with any Moog product.

Model 921 Series: This series of oscillators has replaced the outdated 901 series in Moog's modular systems. New improvements are significantly better stability, pulse width modulation, sync inputs, and clamping. Clamping allows the waveform to be restarted anywhere in its cycle by application of a trigger signal. Overall, a beautiful oscillator to work with.

From Aries Inc. Aries is a new-comer to the synthesizer field. They mainly produce a modular system which can be bought assembled or in kit form.

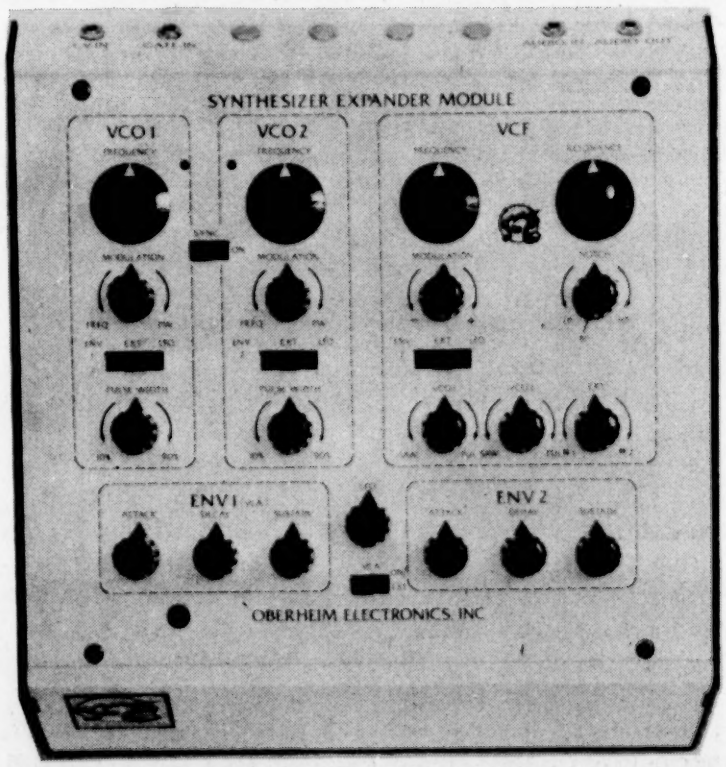
From Steiner-Parker

These people are also relatively new to the field and are making modular and packaged systems. The technical specs seem o.k. but the packaging looks very unprofessional. Slightly less expensive than Moog or Emu, but it shows.

From Oberheim Electronics

Tom Oberheim is producing some of the most innovative products in this field. Most important is his Synthesizer Expander Module. He built the first production digital sequencer, popularized the phase shifter, and has introduced a low-cost polyphonic system.

The Expander Module: Oberheim has managed to put 2 VCO's, a multimode VCF (high, low, band pass and notch), 2 Envelope Generators, 1 LFO, 1 VCA and a power supply into one 9½" by 6½" case. The circuitry is excellent and the price is low. This unit was designed to add onto any open system and is a viable low-cost alternative to adding individual modules to a system. Packaged extremely well.



Oberheim Expander Module

Polyphonic Systems: Based on the expander module, Oberheim provides a choice of two polyphonic keyboard controllers to make a complete synthesizer system. One keyboard offers only two note capability while the other offers four notes standard, but can be expanded up to eight. The units are basically a keyboard and case designed to hold a corresponding number of expander modules with room for other accessories. Imagine that the four voice system would contain 12 oscillators, 8 Envelope Generators, 4 Filters, 4 Voltage-controlled amplifiers, a stereo output mixer, for under $3600. Truly an unbeatable deal.

Digital Sequencer: Oberheim was also the first on the market with his digital sequencer, which lets you digitally record a sequence of notes and tempos from the keyboard and plays them back. Very performance oriented.

Other Accessories: Oberheim also makes a mini-sequencer, phaser, VCF and mini-amplifier. Write for more information.

From Total Technology

This is a small company producing a relatively high quality modular system called the Octron Synthesizer. The designs seem to be somewhere between Moog and Emu with none of their advantages. A typical system cost comparison shows Total Technology a few per cent lower than Emu, but with less features, however, every synthesizer has its fans. This system utilizes mini-phone patchcords which would make it easy to interface to an ARP but difficult to do so with other modular systems. Unfortunately the selection of Octron modules is rather limited when compared to others. Their catalog goes into fine detail, send for it. Also, an excellent source for ARP patch cords and they sell a nifty patch cord rack.

PATCH CORD RACK - No. 9020 $5.50

Organize your patch cords! Patch cord rack keeps cords ready for instant selection. Rack mounts easily on any vertical surface. Cold rolled steel finished in orange baked enamel. 11 inches long. Holds 84 patch cords.

Total Technology
1346 Bayport Ave.
San Carlos, CA 94070

From Sequential Circuits:

Dave Smith of Sequential Circuits is producing a state-of-the-art digital sequencer designed to work with almost any synthesizer system. The Model 800 offers up to sixteen separate sequences, or up to 256 notes in one sequence. Capacity is far greater than the Oberheim unit, and cost seems low relative to elaborate Emu/EMS/Total Technology modules. The memory is expandable, and footpedals simplify live performances.

[more →]

Model 800 Digital Sequencer (from Sequential Circuits)

For more information:

Sequential Circuits
7150 Rainbow Drive No. 7
San Jose, CA 95129

From 360 Systems

Bob Easton at 360 Systems produces high grade add-on hardware for other systems. His Frequency Shifter and Frequency Follower are popular in professional and educational circles. His most striking innovation is the Guitar Synthesizer, a $10,000 custom-made instrument that interfaces the guitar to Oberheim modules or other synthesizers. The Frequency Follower will also do this, but yields only one note at a time, whereas the Guitar Synthesizer is fully polyphonic, and capable of outrageous effects, some of which are turning up in recorded music currently. The Frequency Follower is excellent for interfacing single-note instruments (such as saxophones) to synthesizers. For more information:

360 Systems
2825 Hyans St.
Los Angeles, CA 90026

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Though synthesizers are no longer in their infancy,

Guitar Synthesizer - 360 Systems

the current crop is but the second generation. The future promises to make obsolete all present-day synthesizers by replacing their modular functions with computer programs or other digital techniques. Eventually this technology will sift down to even the lowest level of synthesizer manufacture, as it has in other areas such as calculators. At the same time synthesizers promise to become less expensive as tooling-up costs are amortized, again following the course of other fields (micro-computers.) It will become possible to buy very complete, sophisticated systems for under $1000; in fact the potential for this exists today, but is unused by most manufacturers. So as these events unfold the synthesizer will become less of a novelty and more of an everyday musical tool. ■

George Keenan's Rubber Stamps

When I came back to California in 1972 I had $120 to my name. I spent about $50 of it on Gek's rubber stamps. Most stamps go for $3.00, except for his 1949 newspaper ad cut stamps, which go for $5.00, and are, as they say, a bargain at any price. If you are a correspondence fanatic, you can't beat some of these for adding just the right touch of the obscure to your written communications.

—Jeanne Campbell

Catalog
$ .50
from:
George Keenan
4413 Kirkham
San Francisco CA 94122

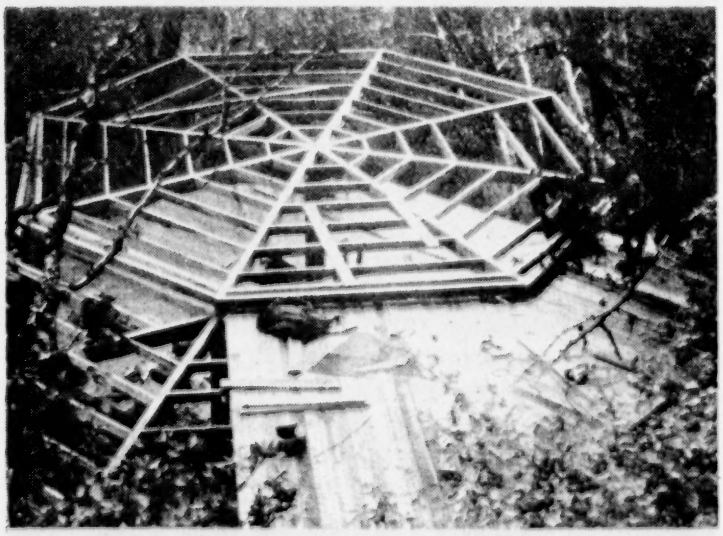
Dome Film

An honest, almost despairing, look at the building of a couple of domes in the Santa Cruz mountains, preceded by six or seven minutes of a good computer-drawn course on the use of angles in building. Particularly good for folks who don't know what domes are all about, because the things are shown to be leaky but interesting dwelling shapes.

I've found that training films are hard to learn from because they only go past my eye once. If you are renting this film, try to see it twice. . . Not many prints available now.

—jd

Contact:
Dome Film
Jerry Brown
1682 Indian Valley Rd.
Novato, CA 94947



African Drumming Kit

BY CRAIG WOODSON

The African Drumming Kit consists of musical instruments and educational material. The musical instruments include the Ashanti squeeze drum known as the Donno (available in three sizes) and an Ashanti tubular slit gong known as the Adawuro (available in two sizes). The educational material consists of a booklet with background information and music transcriptions of traditional Donno and Adawuro music.

The authenticity of the Kit has been maintained by the supervision and performance of Kwasi Badu, an Ashanti master drummer from Ghana, West Africa. The Ashanti are one of the largest, oldest and most influential tribal groups in West Africa.

The purpose of the Kit is to provide a starting point for students, educators and professional musicians in the study of African drumming. In fact, a new comer to Ashanti ensemble drumming would likely learn these instruments and this music first.

The Donno and Adawuro are two of the most basic supporting instruments in Ashanti ensemble drumming, and they are used almost exclusively in a large area particularly in the northern regions of Ghana.

The Donno is played by striking one of the two heads with a curved stick or hand and squeezing the cords connecting the heads. The squeezing action tightens the two heads with a glissando or wah wah effect. If the cords are held with a constant tension the drum will have a steady pitch. Each size Donno has approximately an octave overall range and the middle fifth would be the common working range. And because of the tension system of the instrument there is an infinite variety of pitches in between the highest and lowest notes.

The Donno is constructed with modern materials and technology but has the general appearance and sound of the original African Donno. For example, the heads are stretched with metal hooks instead of sewn on with loops of leather. This allows for quick interchanging of the heads in case of breakage. The hour-glass shape of the drum shell is made of plastic and yet has the finish of wood grain.

The Donno

The Adawuro is played with a stick or a metal rod by striking one side of the open slit. The resonance is controlled by damping the other side with the thumb. While it is commonly hit in the center the sound varies by changing the grip on the instrument and the placement of the stroke. Mr. Badu uses the word "Sang" or "king" to represent the sound of the Adawuro.

The Adawuro is constructed from a metal cylinder and is shaped to emphasize the lower sounds of the steel.

The music was recorded by Kwasi Badu in an eight-track studio and it was transcribed by this writer. The music score was then played back to Mr. Badu to assure its accuracy. The technical aspects of the music range from elementary school level to parts that would even challenge the finest professional drummer.

The Adawuro

The concept of African drumming is based on the complicated master drum patterns supported by and interlocking with the simpler parts of the other drummers. Almost all of the drums are actually saying something and are constantly talking with one another. For example, the Donno in one particular part is saying the word "Donno" by striking high-low tones with a slur inbetween. The master drummer in many pieces is playing patterns that correspond to a dancer. The supporting drums will vary slightly upon a signal from the master while the Adawuro has the function of a non-varied and high-pitched pattern.

Among the pieces included in the booklet is Adowa, a funeral piece of the Ashanti. Here there is a master Donno, (Nonka) a support Donno, (Ntrewmu) and an Adawuro. They have been extracted from the larger Adowa ensemble which includes drums of other shapes and sizes. ■

Price List

Large Donno*	$ 79.95
Medium Donno	59.95
Small Donno	39.95
Large Adawuro	9.95
Small Adawuro	8.95
Instructional Booklet	4.95
The complete African Drumming Kit (10% discount)	183.33

*Sticks are included with each drum. Price does not include shipping and tax.

Information & Kit
Available from:

EthnoMusic
2314 Frey Ave.
Venice, CA 90291

Ant Farm Media Burn

The Ant Farm, self-described as an "art agency that promotes ideas that have no commercial potential but which we think are important vehicles of cultural introspection," has done a lot of stuff which we've run in past catalogs. Their most recent bizarrie was the Media Burn, a spectacular public event at which a phantom dream car, a modified 1959 Cadillac Biarritz, was driven through a wall of burning TV sets. A 30-minute color videotape is now available. The ultimate watchers' watchers' watch, could be the real media burn.

—Jeanne Campbell

Information and videotape
Available from:
Ant Farm
P.O. Box 77082
San Francisco, CA 94107

Hills of Home

The price of this book is dear, but honorably so. The photographs are rich in detail and finely reproduced. The drawings and etchings complement the vivid images in the stories recalled from the author's youth in the Ozarks. The content is worthy of the quality achieved in manufacture.

—Diana Fairbanks

Hills of Home
Roger & Bob Minick, Leonard Sussman
1975; 163 pp.
$22.50 postpaid
from:
Scrimshaw Press
149 Ninth St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Well anyway they came to town and Tuck lined all them boys up on a bench out in front of the General Mercantile Store on the porch and the storekeeper brought out a big pile of number-eight shoes. Shoes didn't come in boxes then like they do today. Tuck bought sixteen of them shoes. Them shoes wasn't paired then like shoes is now. They wasn't no right shoe or no left shoe. Every shoe was cut the same.

•

"Seems like a awful waste of time a-goin' down to the creek and staying all that time every day . . ." Abe said.

Lula Bell seemed to ignore the remark, but Oat stopped and thought — or seemed to — for some time before he surprised everyone by making one of the longest speeches anyone had ever heard him make.

"Well. . ." he said, "yes, but I don't 'spect time means much to a hog . . ."

Los Angeles

No one lives in LA for their health. You'll probably find yourself there, however, at some stage of the game and you truly owe it to yourself to get more out of it than the well-meaning but slightly pedestrian vision of a Babylonian wonderland gone haywire. This incredibly documented and greatly humoured little book is an historical monograph of The city that epitomizes The American Dream — "the urban homestead, that great bourgeois vision of a good life in a tamed countryside" and even though that dream has been dispersed and ill-defined and parodied into El Camino Real, LA still exudes the Possibility of possibilities. Your next trip to LA, get yourself a car and this book and really see LA: Surfurbia, the foothills, the Plains of the Id, Autopia . . . and try to figure for yourself what about this city has made its ecologies so sympathetic for some of the world's most compelling architecture.

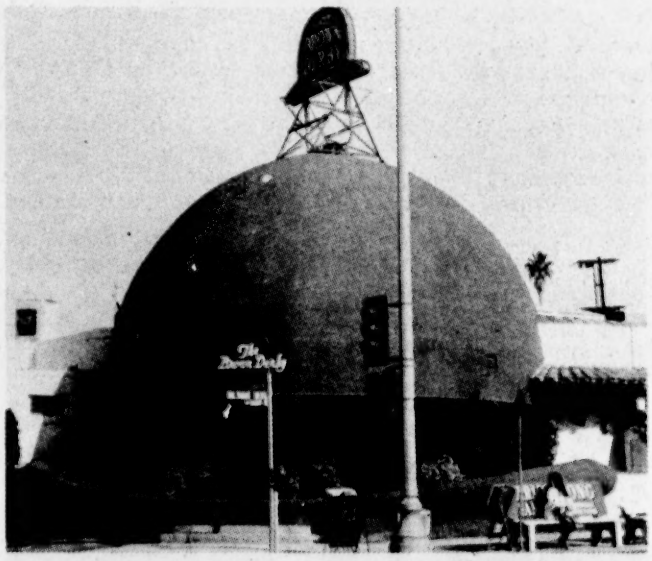
A must for the BiCentennial. There's a suspicious number of displaced Midwesterners in LA.

123 photographs and a great "Towards a Drive-In Bibliography."

—Barbara DeZonia

Los Angeles
The Architecture of Four Ecologies
Reyner Banham
1971; 256pp.
$3.95 postpaid
from:
Penguin Books
7110 Ambassador Rd.
Baltimore, MD 21207
or Whole Earth

The way in which the functional and symbolic parts of the hamburger platter have been discriminated, separated, and displayed is a fair analogue for the design of most of the buildings in which they are sold. No nonsense about integrated design, every part conceived in separated isolation and made the most of; the architecture of symbolic assemblage. But it was not always so; the earlier architecture of commercial fantasy of the city tended to yield primacy to a single symbolic form or *Gestalt* into which everything had to be fitted. The famous Brown Derby restaurant in the shape of a hat, the Cream Cans (in the shape of cream cans), the Hoot Hoot I Scream outlet (in the form of an owl, not an ice-cream) and the several Bonzo dogs that sold hot dogs in the twenties and thirties, repackaged their functional propositions in symbolic envelopes expressing a single, formal idea.



The Brown Derby Restaurant: burger gestalt.

The Dispossessed

Not so many books have changed my mind politically. **Brave New World** *did (away from Utopia).* **Dune** *did (toward a politics of stressed systems). And* **The Dispossessed** *has (toward Kropotkin and Mao).*

Ursula K. LeGuin is the daughter of the eminent Berkeley anthropologist Alfred Kroeber. It shows. Her work has a textured believability, depth of insight, and complexity of character seldom found in science fiction, and which can carry her idea far into your life. The idea in this book is of a two-planet system. One is rich and "free" – a kind of Ur-America. The second is almost a desert, granted to the rebels from the first planet to play out their biological metaphor ("The Analogy") of social mutual-aid against a harsh environment. The two societies have not communicated in centuries. Now, in the person of a remarkable physicist, they reconverge. LeGuin's skill as a storyteller is to progressively buffet the reader's opinion as to where the goods and evils are in these diametric systems. Simplistic she is never.

As in **Dune, Lord of the Rings,** *or* **The Once and Future King,** *one wants to live in her world.*

–SB

"Excess is excrement,"Odo wrote in the **Analogy**. "Excrement retained in the body is a poison."

•

Some way before him, down the darkening path, a person sat reading on a stone bench.

Shevek went forward slowly. He came to the bench and stood looking at the figure who sat with head bowed over the book in the green-gold dusk under the trees. It was a woman of fifty or sixty, strangely dressed, her hair pulled back in a knot. Her left hand on her chin nearly hid the stern mouth, her right held the papers on her knee. They were heavy, those papers; the cold hand on them was heavy. The light was dying fast but she never looked up. She went on reading the proof sheets of **The Social Organism.**

Shevek looked at Odo for a while, and then he sat down on the bench beside her.

He had no concept of status at all, and there was plenty of room on the bench. He was moved by a pure impulse of companionship.

He looked at the strong, sad profile, and at the hands, an old woman's hands. He looked up into the shadowy branches. For the first time in his life he comprehended that Odo, whose face he had known since his infancy, whose ideas were central and abiding in his mind and the mind of everyone he knew, that Odo had never set foot on Anarres: that she had lived, and died, and was buried, in the shadow of green-leaved trees, in unimaginable cities, among people speaking unknown languages, on another world. Odo was an alien: an exile.

The young man sat beside the statue in the twilight, one almost as quiet as the other.

•

We have nothing but our freedom. We have nothing to give you but your own freedom. We have no law but the single principle of mutual aid between individuals. We have no government but the single principle of free association. We have no states, no nations, no presidents, no premiers, no chiefs, no generals, no bosses, no bankers, no landlords, no wages, no charity, no police, no soldiers, no wars. Nor do we have much else. We are sharers, not owners. We are not prosperous. None of us is rich. None of us is powerful. If it is Anarres you want, if it is the future you seek, then I tell you that you must come to it with empty hands. You must come to it alone, and naked, as the child comes into the world, into his future, without any past, without any property, wholly dependent on other people for his life.

•

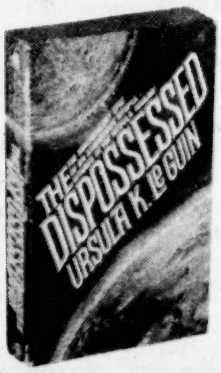
There were no rules of parliamentary procedure at meetings in PDC. Interruptions were sometimes more frequent than statements. The process, compared to a well-managed executive conference, was a slab of raw beef compared to a wiring diagram. Raw beef, however, functions better than a wiring diagram would, in its place – inside a living animal.

•

The sunlights differ, but there is only one darkness.

The Dispossessed
Ursula K. LeGuin
1974; 311 pp.
$2.00 postpaid
from:
Mail Order Dept.
Avon Books
250 West 55th St.
New York, NY 10019

or Whole Earth



Spartans in Missouri?

Dear Company:

I am returning The (Updated) Last Whole Earth Catalog for a refund. I am very disappointed that a company of Garden Way's caliber would sponsor a catalog featuring such an abundance of vulgar pictures, filthy words, the condoning of drug usage, and stupid prose and poetry. Any subject can be handled with good taste. There is never any need to resort to pornography, foul language, or stupidity. This only conveys a lack of intelligence and an obsession with sensationalism.

Obviously the catalog was compiled by radical hippie liberals. The hippie segment delude themselves into believing they lead a good and simple life. In reality their lifestyle is merely an excuse to live in squalor of mind and body. There are thousands of conformists to the cop-out society. They deserve our pity but not our patronage.

Please refund my money immediately. I hope that in the future you will sell only wholesome literature promoting self-sufficiency and the good life for people who believe in decency.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Marvin Clark
Sparta, MO

Letter from prison

Greetings Sisters & Brothers:

I guess you are wondering why I'm writing from another state (Florida) when California has just as many Prisons. Well, for one thing, California has more people plus more people with a broader outlook on reality. Florida has a higher ratio of people in prison than any other state it's size and a smaller cry for Justice. And then again, Florida is a Southern State and we all know the past history of the Southern States. We all know that nothing is really new (it has been modified), so, everything remains the same until things start backtracking like it's doing now. Reading material which gives a person a Broader outlook on reality is no longer permitted. So I guess we can say that prison life is going into a Recession too. No one's getting Justice, just tricked. Justice is dead. I've forgotten where I got your address and I was also told that you had a newspaper. Well, the paper is banned here but if you have a correspondence column please submitt my name.

Yours Truly,
August Hall 034377
P.O. Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

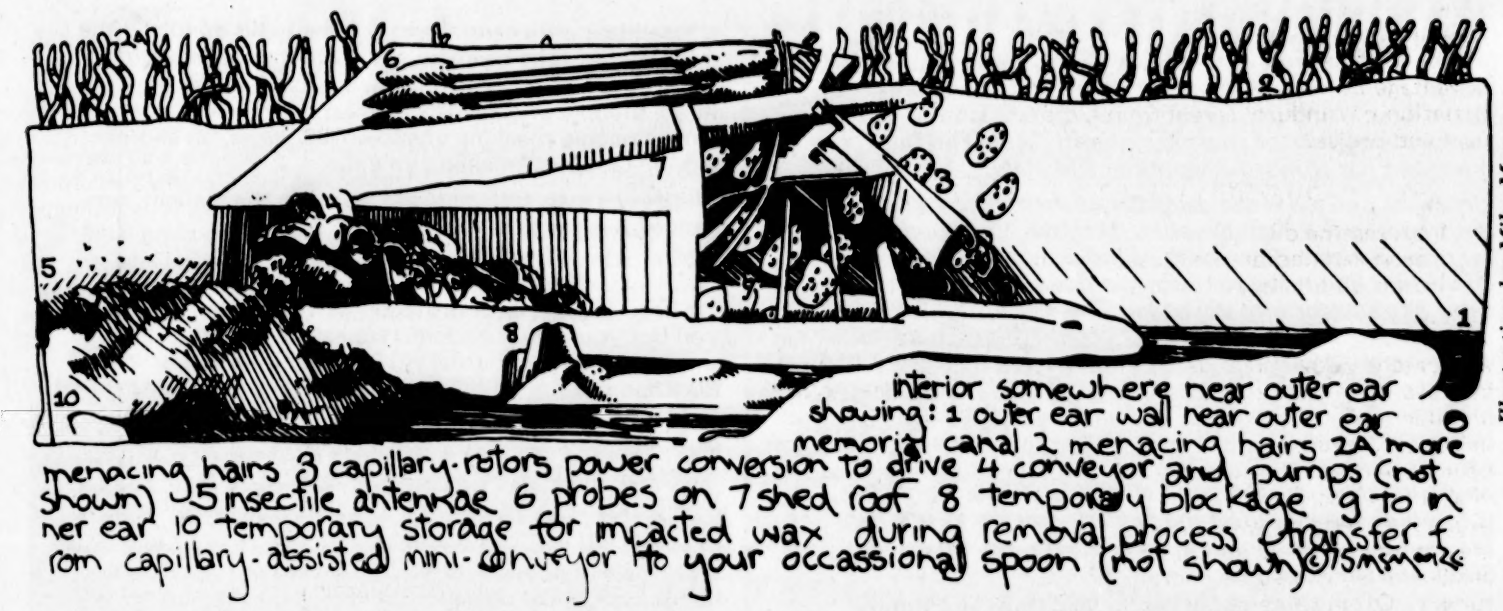

interior somewhere near outer ear
showing: 1 outer ear wall near outer ear
memorial canal 2 menacing hairs 2A more
menacing hairs 3 capillary-rotors power conversion to drive 4 conveyor and pumps (not
shown) 5 insectile antennae 6 probes on 7 shed roof 8 temporary blockage 9 to in
ner ear 10 temporary storage for impacted wax during removal process (transfer f
rom capillary-assisted mini-conveyor to your occassional spoon (not shown)

Illustration by Mike Moore

Herbal Solutions to the Simple Earache

BY JEANNE ROSE

Otitis Externa or Earache can be as simple as impacted earwax or it can be an infection of the external ear canal. Impacted earwax can give symptoms such as ringing or buzzing in the ears or a feeling of fullness. My husband describes it as feeling stuffed and itchy. If the ears are neglected or further irritated the external ear canal can become infected and cause a great deal of pain. When there is an infection of the external ear canal there can be itching, discharge of a watery fluid, pain, and possibly some hearing loss.

Impacted earwax is yellow brown to brownish to black. It is sticky, soft and can be about the size of a pea or even larger. It is often very hard to remove but can be removed with care. However, attention to the ears will usually keep them clear and free from excess bits of accumulated wax.

Earwax is a natural and normal secretion of the external ear canal. It is a protective secretion and usually does not build up, will usually fall out by itself or with regular bathing. However, sometimes regular bathing will not remove the wax. Persons with long hair often irritate the external ear canal with bits of their hair causing the ear to react with extra secretions of wax and often buildup. Washing the ear out with sterile water and an ear syringe or a baby syringe is called irrigation. Irrigation can be performed with peroxide or with herbs.

There are many herbs that are useful in irrigating the ear. You will want a healing herb to soothe any irritation that the collection of wax has caused, an astringent herb to stop any oozing and an emollient herb to soften the wax so that it will come out. The perfect herb that fits all these requirements is Comfrey Leaf or Root. But there is really no ONE herb that will cure or help to cure any problem. Most ailments require a combination of suitable herbs. For irritation of an ear canal impacted with wax I like to use a combination of herbs with different qualities: Comfrey Leaf because it is astringent, contains allantoin, a cell regenerative, and it is also a potent emollient (use Comfrey fresh, if possible); Violet leaf for its large quantity of ascorbic acid and slight astringency; and Witch Hazel leaf for its refreshing astringency that is useful in combatting inflammations and external irritations.

IRRIGATION LIQUID FOR IMPACTED EAR WAX

1 small handful of Comfrey leaf or a couple of small leaves if used fresh
1 small handful of Violet leaf or Strawberry leaf or Sorrel leaf or a small bunch if used fresh (about 4 leaves)
1 small handful Witch Hazel leaf or if used fresh a couple of leaves plus 3 - 4 inches of the stem

Throw the entire bunch of herbs into a pot and add 2 cups of water. Bring to a boil, cover with a close fitting lid and simmer ever so gently for about 3 - 5 minutes. Let it cool enough to be poured into the ear. Now strain this mixture through a double layer of cheesecloth into a small pot. You will have enough of the herbal fluid for a full day's supply of syringing. Take your ear syringe and fill it with the herbal liquid. Lean your head, impacted ear down, over a sink or tub or another pot. (If you have help let your help syringe your ear while you collect the overflow.*) Now put the tip of the syringe filled with the herbal fluid into the ear and squeeze the bulb gently. The fluid will flow into and out of the ear freely, gradually softening the wax. Irrigate the ear three or four times a day for about three days.

The herbal fluid will soften and dissolve the wax without irrigation. On the other hand peroxide which is often recommended for ear irrigation can irritate and can not be used routinely.

If you have a tendency to regular accumulation of ear wax then there are several routine herbal treatments that you can practice to keep the build-up of wax to a minimum.

SASSAFRAS EAR OIL

½ oz. olive oil
4 drops oil of sassafras

Mix these 2 oils together and once a week drop 2 - 4 drops into the ear, gently massaging the hollow spot just in front of the ear. This oil can be used weekly or on an occasional daily basis when necessary to soften hardened ear wax and permit its removal by irrigation.

CAMOMILE EAR OIL

Heat 1 oz. of Camomile flowers with 4 oz. Almond or Olive oil. Heat gently in a small saucepan or double boiler, taking care not to let the oil burn. Simmer for a minute or two, cover with a close fitting lid, remove the pot from the fire and let it steep for several hours. Then strain through

*Note: Do not throw out the overflow. It is an excellent nourishing liquid for all your plants, inside the house and out.

a sieve and then a double layer of cheesecloth. This oil can be used exactly like the foregoing oil but has the added advantage of being an all-purpose herbal oil to ease the irritation of sunburn, sore muscles, diaper rash and minor cuts and bruises.

CAMPHORATED OIL FOR EARS

1 oz. sesame oil
1 drop camphorated oil (available in pharmacies)
1 drop oil of clove

Mix these oils together and use as previously described.

An earache with a great deal of itching, discharge and pain can also be called *Otitis External* or External Otitis and is an infection of the external ear canal. Sometimes this infection is caused by a case of impacted ear wax that has been neglected. If you could see into the canal you would probably see scales of skin peeling away from the walls, probably a red and swollen surface and maybe even some areas with pus. This infection of the skin of the ear canal is often caused by bacteria and sometimes by a fungus. Often bacteria are introduced into the ear during the summer while swimming or is caused in a child when he scratches inside his ear with dirty fingernails, breaking the surface of the skin and causing a secondary infection. Children should be warned not to stick anything into their ears, not even fingers. Often this infection is caused in persons with long hair by their hair getting into the canal and irritating it.

You can treat this type of earache with the same herbs as in impacted ear wax. Three to four times a day irrigate the ear with a soothing healing solution of herbs. A combination of Mullein, Comfrey root and Echinacea root simmered in water, strained and cooled is excellent to soothe and heal an infected ear canal. This same mixture of herbs is often used simultaneously as an internal medication — drunk as a tea or taken as a powder. These herbs can be powdered and stuffed into size 00 gelatin capsules and taken three times a day for five days.

Another very simple herbal solution to earache is to peel a small clove of garlic (but do not break it) and put this garlic clove into the outer ear canal, taking care not to stuff it in. Change the garlic clove every 12 hours or so.

Garlic will heal a minor ear infection but often causes a mild sensation of burning. If this gets too uncomfortable then one should irrigate the ear with an emollient herb such as Malva, Comfrey root or leaf, Mullein or Marshmallow root.

My husband often uses the garlic clove in the ear cure during the night hours when he is asleep and during the daytime hours he irrigates his ear three times a day. Invariably his ears ache and ear wax accumulation occurs when he allows his hair to get so long that it begins to curl inside his ear. This also means that it is time for a hair cut.

An external poultice of Onion, Garlic or Caraway seed is useful for earaches. Simply mash a small bit of any of these herbs in some hot water and dip a wash cloth into the solution, wring out the cloth and apply the hot, steaming moist washcloth over the ear area. The heat increases the flow of blood to the area and often helps to relieve pain.

In all cases of earache remember your family doctor as a resource and use him if your earache is severe or fever or extreme pain accompany the other symptoms. Your earache may actually be a result of something more serious than we have discussed.

You may buy herbs and gelatin capsules at herb stores, health food stores, and homeopathic pharmacies. Such places as Nature's Herb Company in San Francisco, Calif., Star Herb Co. in Mill Valley, Calif. or Penn Herb Co. in Philadelphia, Penn. have available catalogs and mail-order service so that you may purchase the ingredients to make your own lotions. New Age Creations in San Francisco, Calif. and Weleda, Inc. in Spring Valley, New York also have mail-order service for wonderful products.

Useful Bibliography for further information:

Herbs and Things: Jeanne Rose's Herbal. Grosset & Dunlap. 1972.
The Home Medical Handbook. E. Russel Kodet & Bradford Angier. Grosset & Dunlap. 1970.

Herb stores:

Nature's Herb Co., 281 Ellis, San Francisco, CA 94102
Star Herb Co., 352 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941
Penn Herb Co., 603 No. 2nd, Philadelphia, PA 19123
Weleda, Inc., Spring Valley, NY 10977
New Age Creations, 219 Carl St., San Francisco, CA 94117

The above information is an analysis of the herbal literature and this author's personal knowledge, it is not meant to be a prescription or to replace the advice or knowledge of your physician. ■

Earrigation

This item is a bit more bizarre, a process which is unique. Take a 39 cent bottle of hydrogen peroxide to bed with you, pour a few drops in the cap, set the bottle someplace where it won't get knocked down, get supine with one ear in the pillow and the other ear heavenward, into the up ear pour just a couple of drops of H_2O_2, being careful not to spill any on the hair, it bleaches; now just lay there in blissful earotic crinkling sound of the liquid cleaning a path into the inner ear. Reverse ears, repeat process. After the crinkling is terminated, with one ear full of liquid and the other buried in the pillow, one is treated to a rare silence. A male nurse told me I had the cleanest ears he'd ever seen; dangers are bleached hair about the ears, and maybe reactions of extrasensitive skin to the hydrogen peroxide. I've been doing it for years.

—Merce
New Alexandria, PA

About uses for urine. I've been told by one Indian, a Yaqui, that it's good to put in the ear for earaches, better than peroxide or lemon juice. I have not tested it. I have tested another one, piss on your "athlete's foot." It worked for me but, because of living conditions, I kept rekindling it.

Sincerely Speakin'
Brian Kennedy
Mazatlan, Mexico

Cheapest Vitamins

Probably the lowest priced vitamins anywhere are sold by Dawn Enterprises. Their prices are about one half those of Bronson Pharmaceuticals mentioned in Spring 75 CQ. All vitamins are supplied in powder form, in 100 gm. minimum units.

Sample prices:	Dawn Enterprises	Competitive Health Food Store
Vitamin C	$14.75/kg	$24/kg.
Vitamin E	$32/kg	$48/kg.

Besides vitamins, they also sell a number of antioxidants and other additives whose benefits in human nutrition are indicated by research reported in scientific journals. For a SASE they will send you their brochure, "Planning Your Survival Cache: Facts You Need to Know" which tells why you should include vitamins and other additives when putting together your food stash.

—Jim Stumm
Kenmore, NY

Catalog Free

from:
Dawn Enterprises
P.O. Box 90913
Worldway Postal Center
Los Angeles, CA 90009

The Further Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

"The real Eldorado is still farther on . . . " **–Peck's 1837 New Guide to the West**

BY BAINE KERR

"I been there before," Huck Finn says at the end of his book, referring to Aunt Sally and her "sivilizing" him, referring to everything upstream on the river. "I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead..."

Huckleberry Finn is a model western novel: with its hero a lad of the frontier, with its mythic dimension – the River – flowing from the heartland of our native psyche, with its search for a native sensibility (derived from the *place*, not a social superstructure), its journey of discovery, and, in a way, its failure of resolution. Twain invokes the territory ahead. The ends are open, the mysteries still mysterious. A quality shared by most western writing and a damn good reason for dipping deeply into it: the prospect of the territory ahead.

You can almost view any western book as an extension of the last page of Twain's novel: Huck raving and rafting in southeast Utah (**Desert Solitaire** - EPILOG p. 658), Huck at Yosemite (Muir), Huck as played by Brando in **One Eyed Jacks**, Huck at the Alamo. . . Twain left us with a beautiful idea when we finished his book in high school: Huck Finn lighting out into the territory to every kind of adventure and perception the imagination can sustain. And it seems just about all western writing partakes of that idea, deals with striking out on, or against, the land for the unattainable thing.

The six books below are selected from Huck's library because they are, as mentioned, recent personal favorites and because I think they make an appetizing introduction to the whole sumptuous field. Each is utterly different; none very widely read. Read together (which, if I may urge, I urge you to do), they compose a fairly complete portrait of the West: from the 1860's to the 1970's; covering ground in almost every western state (and Mexico); and involving such heroes as miners, cowboys, railroad men, engineers, a naturalist, an Eastern gentlewoman, a Pueblo Indian, a lost lady . . . Four are novels, two not. Half written before 1923, half in the last 15 years. All are good, easy reading (except Momaday's, perhaps the best of the lot). All are damn fine books, and all deal differently with the great western theme, the territory ahead.

Roughing It
Mark Twain
1953; 333pp.
$2.95 postpaid
from:
Holt, Rinehart, and Winston
383 Madison Ave
New York, NY 10017

Though written twelve years before **Huck Finn** was published, **Roughing It**'s voice is that of a Huck in his late twenties. Twain narrates an incredible string of incidents that putatively happened to him during five years' rambling in the West. The itinerary traces an overland stage journey through the plains, through the badlands, to Mormon Utah, to Nevada where he mined silver and worked as a reporter, finally to California, poverty in San Francisco, and bootless gold mining. The format is that of a travelogue, but one that ventures into regions never dreamt of by Francis Parkman, or Hunter Thompson for that matter.

Here Twain has perfected western humor, with stock characters in the southern style (but without racism – he loves the Chinese and defends them like an outraged radical; the Goshute Indians fare less well), and with the straightfaced tall tale, where fact blends into outlandish fiction and there is no way of distinguishing the two. No plot, and therefore slow in places, but worth the trip for the amazing tales dropped along the way. Among them:

Little essays on the jackrabbit ("Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz"), the coyote ("a living, breathing allegory of Want"). Bemis and the Buffalo: It had chased Bemis two miles then treed him – " 'Presently a thought came into the bull's eye. I knew it! said I – if my nerve fails now I am lost. Sure enough it was just as I had dreaded, he started in to climb the tree –' " Slade, the most valiant, violent guntoting hombre in the West, with whom Twain nervously shared the last cup of coffee in the pot. Brigham Young and the tin whistles (to this day Mormons claim that Twain's disparagement of their forefathers grew out of a meeting with imperious Young. Young supposedly

joked about Twain's short stature and in **Roughing It**, they say, Twain was spitefully trying to pay him back). Silver Fever – the heart of the story (about two thirds of the book takes place in Nevada), surely is the best account of bonanza times in the West ever written.

The Virginian
1974; 364pp.
$ .95 postpaid
from:
Simon & Schuster, Inc.
Order Dept.
One West 39th St.
New York, NY 10018

The first western. Put aside your political objections – the Virginian is a MCP (but . . . "when you call me that, smile"), a vigilante, a future pro-growth developer, the real John Wayne, and a man Wallace and Reagan would vote for if he weren't but a simple cowboy. And don't call the book corny. Thousands of novel, movie and teevee westerns since may be corny, because they are imitations of this, The Original. The first western.

Owen Wister wrote it in 1902 during the regime of Teddy Roosevelt, to whom the book is dedicated, and Teddy is the source of its politics. Wister was a proper Philadelphian who occasionally trekked west to rough it, as had the President in the Dakotas in the 1880's. And **The Virginian**, on one level is a didactic tale of American strength of character, noble democracy and conquering mission. Wister's success – this is the biggest selling American novel ever! – derives from the remarkable feat of transposing the classic medieval pastoral romance to the setting it was waiting for all these centuries: Wyoming.

There are naturally, problems. The fanatic chauvinism regarding maleness and Americans. The excesses of most romances: sentimentality, stilted diction now and then, unctuous nostalgia. The characters are types – Trampas the badass, Molly the schoolmarm, the lesser knights of the bunkhouse – but ennobled types proper to a romance. And, if you can keep your prejudices from boiling up, it's all good stuff: poker, horses, practical jokes, cattle drives, the lynching, the shootout, the lovely idyll camping in the canyon, and the arduous campaign to win the heart of bookish Molly ("You're going to love me. . ."). The Virginian, with his quests and tests, his courtly love, the conflicts between his code of honor, skill and strength, and his inner sentiment as a Man of Feeling, is as complete a portrait as we have of a native romantic hero, the apotheosis of Twain's stalwart young braves. And this book first set the compass points of what has become a genuine American myth.

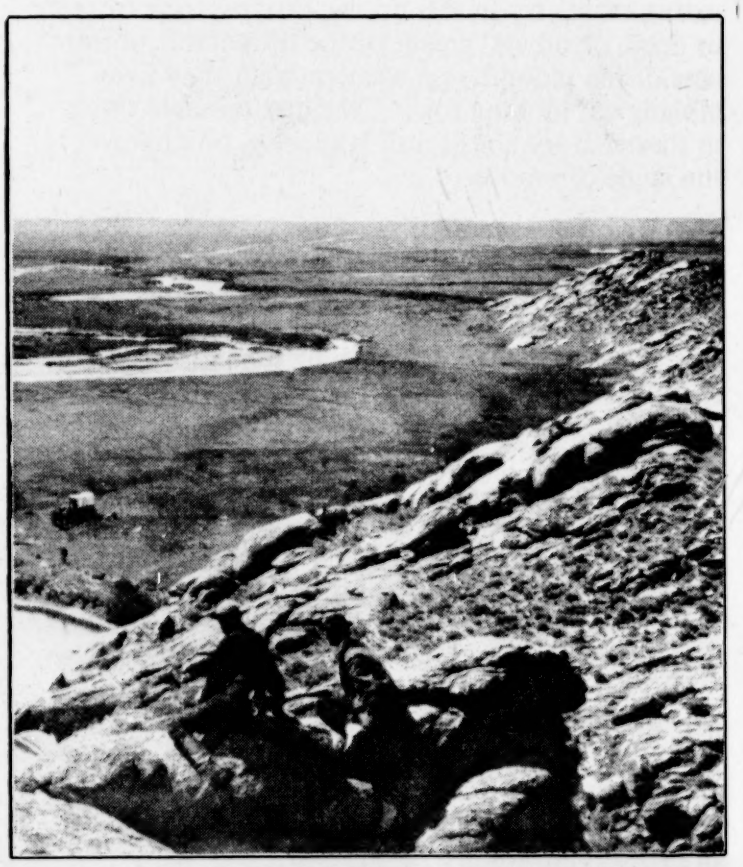
A Lost Lady
Willa Cather
1972; 174pp.
$1.95 postpaid
from:
Random House
457 Hahn Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157

Strangely, Willa Cather was dismissed for years as a sentimentalist. She isn't, in the first place, sentimental except in her affection for the land – western Nebraska, eastern Colorado – land not as easily suited to sentiment as, say, an English vale, and about which genuine affection can only be admired. **A Lost Lady** seems a good jumping off place into Cather's fantastic writing.

If you think you could never admire a railroad builder, consider Captain Forrester, the large, sad, impotent ex-manager, but a western hero more compelling than the Virginian, almost God-like in his concerns for beauty, land, roses, dreams (". . .a thing that is dreamed of in the way I mean is already an accomplished fact . . ."). Then there is the Lady, Marion Forrester, the spirit of the land and the times, whose own dreams (like those of the West) are corrupted. The story is set in a little changing town in east Colorado still caught by the afterglow of visions "seen in the air and followed" – by the sunset of the pioneer. Nothing is really resolved by the end, but you've journeyed into a mythic dimension, in a novel that is a poem, an almost sacred book (though realistic and readable), suffused with passion and awe for the place, the time, the irretrievable experience, and most of all for the Lady.

Angle of Repose
Wallace Stegner
1972; 511pp.
$1.50 postpaid
from:
Fawcett Crest
Fawcett Bldg.,
Fawcett Place
Greenwich, CT 06830

The angle of respose is a geological term describing that spot (a 30 degree angle, I believe) on a slope



where a falling pebble or stone naturally comes to a rest. The end of the journey that a pebble, in its tumultuous headlong flight downhill, has been seeking to find. A nice image which applies in this book to Oliver and Susan Burling Ward, two pebbles in the 19th century West who cover a lot of ground and travail in their precipitous western life, looking for their natural resting place.

This is a big book, too big for a brief review. But, briefly, the story goes thus: Oliver courts Susan Burling (drawn painfully accurately from Mary Halleck Foote, who was a real western writer of minor renown), marries her, moves her west into his life as a mining engineer. They start in New Almaden, near San Jose, and then, by turns caused either by Oliver's dreams, by failures brought on by his inflexible integrity, or by Susan's need for home or art (she draws, writes and meets with the success that keeps eluding Oliver), pull up stakes for Santa Cruz; then Leadville, Colorado; Michoacan, Mexico; back East and forth West; Idaho; finally to Grass Valley. At each place they build a house, generally with an eye to settling down (there's a lot of fascinating carpentry in this book), but, by trick of fate, or need, or others' greed, or the intractable unruliness of the indomitable western land, they keep moving on, looking for . . . the unattainable thing in the territory ahead, call it success, or whatever – the angle of repose.

That's an unjust reduction of this sweeping novel, and only one side of it, the narrative of Susan Burling Ward, a talented Victorian gentlewoman adjusting to and making demands upon the West. The other side is the narrative of Lyman Ward, the grandson, a former history professor, a crotchety cripple in a wheelchair who dislikes his sociologist son, his estranged wife, his hippy secretary, everything modern, and who narrates the lives of his forbears into a tape recorder while living alone in their last home in Grass Valley. The two narratives wander in and out and the one set in the 1970's is surely the most problematical. Lyman Ward gets offensively polemical about "the generation gulf," prefers the old Giants to the A's, despises hippies who can't comprehend the hard-won virtues of responsibility or loyalty. His ornery intolerances might keep some from finishing the book, but do! It's worth it. It all works out beautifully, movingly by the end.

Angle of Repose results in a not unflawed masterpiece. Stegner knows the West better than anybody. Every incident is documented fact, shaded into fiction, imagined to life, vivified, as they say. History is important, real, vital. Read it for no other reason than to experience Stegner's huge, Olympian, but unerringly real mural of western life, and to realize that that is still the backdrop for what we do and choose today. Plus the writing, the startling precision of verbs and nouns is a wonder –

> The thin air smelled of stone and snow, the sun came through it and lay warm on her hands and face without warming the air itself. Up, up, up. There was no top to this pass [Mosquito Pass in Colorado]. Oliver said it crested at more than thirteen thousand feet. They were long past all trees, even runted ones. The peaks were close around them, the distance heaved with stony ridges, needles, pyramids in whose shadowed cirques the snow curved smoothly. The horses stopped, pumping for air, and as they rested she saw below a slumping snowbank the shine of beginning melt, and in the very edge between thaw and freeze a clump of cream-colored flowers.

Goodbye to a River
John Graves
1974; 306pp.
$6.50 postpaid
from:
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
457 Hahn Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157

Huck's swapped his raft for a canoe, and paddles along with a dog instead of Jim, on the Brazos instead of Big Muddy. Somewhere along the line he got a lot of learnin but it didn't confuse his independent ways, his disrespect for civilization, for "gregarious, colonial man." Instead, learnin just seems to fill the gaps of solitude. Or, as Graves puts it, "One can get pretty literary on islands."

It's the best book on Texas you'll find, but you don't have to be a Texan to be affected by it (Montana's A.B. Guthrie loved it). Simply the story of a trip down a doomed river, but just busting with fact and intelligence. Grave's idea is similar to Stegner's – to bring a place to life, both its past and all its parts, from canyon wrens to Comanche ghosts. Bloodthirsty Comanches are the real heroes of the book, envisioned all along the bluffs of the Brazos as Graves paddles by, and rendered in a dozen hairraising stories. But nothing is left out, white settlers and city pecan owners, geology and woodsmanship, Shakespeare and Cervantes, goats and turkeys, unified by the philosophic naturalist's eye in the tradition of western writers like Muir and Abbey (in **Desert Solitaire**) that began with Thoreau, invoked repeatedly as Saint Henry in **Goodbye to a River**. You know it's a good book when you're done because you've learned an awful lot, because you think about things differently, and because you can't wait to get out and drop a trot line for channel cat, stew and chew a squirrel, and conjure up Commanches.

> (The Comanches) were a spirit, another on the roster of the world's proud savages who had to win totally

or lose totally, like Zulus and Araucanians and Moros and Pathans and Fuzzy-Wuzzies. All colonial and imperial histories are smoky with their fighting. There's more pathos in the defeat of gentle and reasonable peoples, but the fall of pride strikes more sparks.

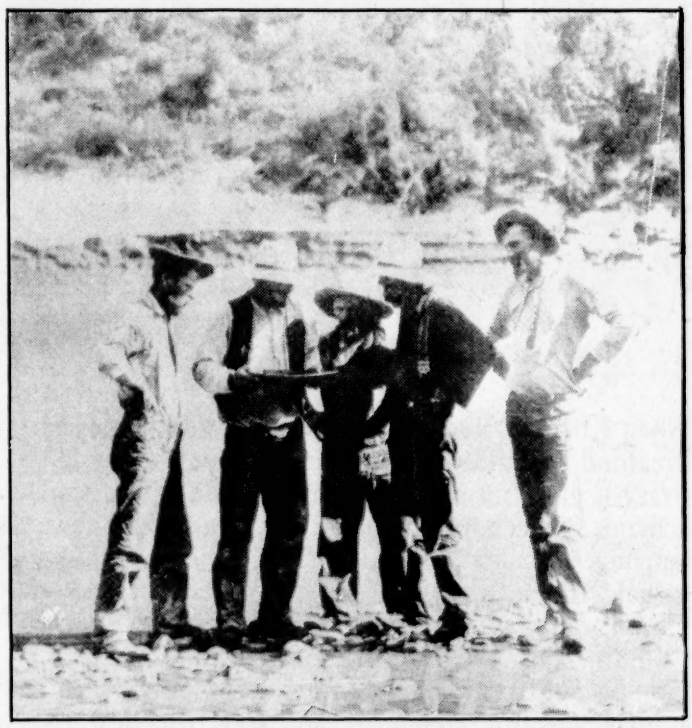
•

Why, intrigued ignorance asked, did wild things so often choose to stool on rocks, stumps, and other elevations?

Commonsense replied: Maybe for the view.

House Made of Dawn
N. Scott Momaday
1969; 191pp.
$1.25 postpaid

from:
Signet
New American Library
1301 Ave. of the Americas
New York, NY 10019



N. Scott Momaday is a Kiowa reared on reservations in New Mexico. His book is the best Indian novel ever written (that statement is offered as a challenge, though it's inconceivable to me that anyone, including Momaday in further novels, could match the achievement of **House Made of Dawn**), and one of the very best American novels ever. It takes the bull by the horns: if, in western writing, you leave behind the easily identified social reality of the East, the manners, morals and metaphysics associated with civilization, what reality do you enter? How far can you take it? To what degree is it possible to shed off the "East" and descend (to use William Carlos Williams' phrase, applied to Sam Houston) into a different world? Can the imagination ever really presume to transcend cultural borders? Should it? The five books above all operate in a kind of marginal area, the frontier between the East and the territory ahead. They reach the jumping off place but don't sally much into the mysteries beyond. **House Made of Dawn** arrives in intent, form, feeling from another world entirely. It comes from the other side. Momaday sought to make the modern Anglo novel a vehicle for a sacred text. And succeeded. The reading, however, can be rough going.

The narrative, damn hard to follow, runs something like this: Part One: Abel, the hero, returns from WW II (a fact only attentive reading would catch) to his grandfather, Francisco, who has been lime-twigging birds for ritual purposes. He chops some wood for a white visitor, Angela Grace St. John (names here are not without significance), who, admiring his sensuality, his perfection, and most of all envious of the Indian faculty "to see nothing slowly, and by degrees," commences an affair with him. Various strange surreal scenes follow: kiva ceremonies, the odd ramblings of a Catholic priest, then Abel's murder of a weird, chilling albino Indian (not explained till 72 pages later – the albino was a rattlesnake; he had to be killed, he was evil), and back to Francisco, his lime-twig, his inchoate loneliness. Parts Two and Three are set in L.A. after Abel is out of prison and catalog his degeneracy with booze, with a big-boobed social worker, Milly; his horrible victimization by Martinez, the *culebra*, the bad cop. Two new narrators are introduced – Tosamah, the Priest of the Sun, whose "sermons" (one on the Book of St. John, the other an elegaic history of the Kiowa), interrupt the story for 15 pages of this short book, and are among the most inspired pieces of writing I've ever read. And Ben Benally, Abel's friend, who wants to get drunk, sing the old songs, to hold a valedictory for Indian America. This doesn't happen. Part Four returns to New Mexico, to Francisco, who, in a delirium, re-imagines for us the scope of the Indian world: the black mesa, the bear hunt, the witch spirit Porcingula, the dawn race . . . The book ends where it began, with the dawn runners, running after evil, beyond pain, returning "perspective, proportion, design in the universe." Though that's the whole of this difficult narrative, I don't think I've given anything away.

This strange, fabulous, lyrical novel is a myth of creation: house *made* of *dawn*. It concerns survival not salvation, enduring rather than Faulkner's sense of prevailing, but a holy endurance. The runners at dawn manifest *the* Indian strength – they abide, "and in this there is a resistance and an overcoming, a long outwaiting." The dawn race is also an act of courage and a sacred rite: a sacrament of creation, what the book is all about. Making a living myth, *the* way to confront loss, because a people come of age by "daring to imagine . . . who they are." Momaday has recreated the holiness of his heritage and transported it across the border as a western novel. And for a while *we* are there too, freed from cultural straight jackets, loose in the territory.

The eagle ranges far and wide over the land, farther than any other creature, and all things there are related simply by having existence in the perfect vision of a bird. ■

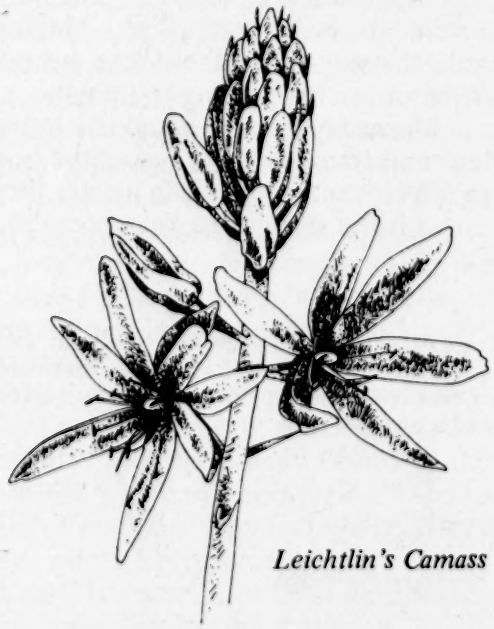
Guide for the Lost Plant Taxonomist

BY PAMELA HARTMAN DE ALTH

Illustrations by Cynthia Bassett

When I first started identifying wild plants I never dreamed I would worry about whether a flower's ovary is glabrous or tomentous, or if the fruit is an achene, syncarp, or siliqua. There is a totally new language to learn if your interests go beyond the casual "flower watching" stage. What practical reason you may ask would make the hours of studying this new vocabulary worthwhile? I began loosely identifying plants in order to treat sick animals without having to resort to artificial medicines. This in turn led me to searching for wild herbs in order to keep my animals fit in the first place. Interest soon widened into feeding myself cheaply on wild edibles as well as observing the wild vegetation for clues about the types and health of soils around me. There are umpteen other uses for wild flora like natural dyes, weaving, basketry materials, and woodworking materials to mention only a few.

What does this have to do with glabrous ovaries? If you are using books, or if you are learning from people of different areas, you will most probably run across one plant with many common names or two plants with the same common name. In order to rectify this situation a universal classification system is employed with a common language for the plant's proper name. The common language happens to be Latin which for most people takes a bit of adjustment. Complex systems based on component parts of the flower itself have been developed to enable a person to pick up any plant, closely scrutinize its flower and after wading through descriptions like long or short hairs on the pistil, five or six sepals with serrate edges, and glabrous or tomentous ovaries, identify the exact family, genus, species, and variety of the plant (i.e., nectarine is of the Rose family, of the prunus genus, the persica species, and the variety nectarina. The full Latin name is Prunus persica nectarina of the Rosacea family). This system of identifying or keying is not the only way to go, but it is by far the most accurate and therefore it is often necessary.



Leichtlin's Camass

The following books use different keys, or tables of identification. You must decide what is most practical for your own uses.

A good beginning book is **A Field Guide to Wildflowers** (Houghton Mifflin, New York), one of the many guide books the Peterson Field Guide Series offers. This book uses an easy system of keying flowers, classifying them according to color. These colors are further broken down according to family characteristics; for example the criciferae family has four petals in the shape of a cross, the carrot or umbelliferae family has a flat-topped umbrella shaped flower. Each plant in this book is excellently illustrated and the individual plant peculiarities are noted. The primary method then used in this book is illustrations; unfortunately only a few pages in the beginning of each section are in color. Latin names are given throughout, there is a brief summary of family characteristics, and the index includes Latin and common names. The habitat and flowering periods are given for each plant along with a minimum of comments. This book is all you need if it is not important to identify a plant right down to the exact species or variety.

The Oxford Book of Wildflowers (Oxford University Press, New York) uses the same system of keying as the Peterson Guides, i.e., the flowers are grouped according to color with family divisions therein. Unlike Peterson's, every plant in the Oxford book is beautifully illustrated in color. The plates alone make the book well worth owning. There is slightly different material contained in the two books as the Oxford book covers English wild flowers, but it is still equally relevant for Americans.

The next step on the road to tackling the complicated language of the scientist is the Picture Key Series of How To Know books. These books provide an easy tool to move from the visual identification method into the world of plant taxonomy, the science of plant classification. The series includes a book on each of the following subjects; aquatic plants, cacti, economic plants, fall flowers, freshwater algea, grasses, lichens, mosses and liverworts, non-gilled fleshy fungi, plant families, trees, weeds, and western trees.

How to Know Spring Flowers (William C. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa), an example in this series, begins with basic information including diagrams about flower parts and many terms used in scientific keying. The method of this book is quite easy to

follow as it introduces the basic vocabulary without all the frills. Detailed illustrations are used throughout the key to define terms. The glossary is also illustrated for easy visual definitions; this is especially helpful if you don't have access to an experienced taxonomist. Black and white drawings of every plant are included with written descriptions of the plant, its habitat, and its period of flowering. Latin as well as common names are given in the index and in the main part of the book. The main flaw in **How to Know Spring Flowers** is that it tries to cover too large an area with no emphasis on a particular region. This means that it may not contain the plant you are trying to identify; or you might not be certain of the variety. This is extremely frustrating, especially to the beginner.

The next step to take is the plant taxonomy book for your area. I am lucky to have **The Flora of Nova Scotia** which covers grasses, trees, and flowering plants with a precise but easy to follow scientific keying system. As it does not have illustrations for every plant, I refer to the three above books for added data and cross-referencing. It is difficult to find a scientifically classed book that does have good illustrations as these books are usually quite large and expensive to begin with. A good "keyer" should not need illustrations! Your local library is the best place to find regional taxonomy books.

If you are not satisfied with the books of your area you can turn to **Gray's Manual of Botany**. This mammoth book includes trees, grasses, sedges, shrubs, ferns and any other flowering plants of central and northeastern United States and Canada. As it encompasses such a large range, and does so very thoroughly, there are many many pages of scientific keys which require much perseverance on the part of the reader. If you have become fluent in the language, you will be able to rapidly key any flower in the area; the book contains 8,000 species, varieties, forms and named hybrids. In the beginning of the book the key is outlined and short family summaries are given. There is a good description of each plant along with its habitat and flowering times. The indexes include Latin, English and French-Canadian common names.

The western counterparts to **Gray's Manual** are **A California Flora** by A. Munz (University of Calif. Press, Berkeley, Calif.) and W.H. Jepson's **Flora of California** (Hafner Service, MacMillan Pub. Co., New York). I have never used Jepson's flora book but it is supposed to use a less complicated key. **A California Flora** apparently contains more species. I used this book in a taxonomy course in California and liked it very much. Either book covers quite an extensive number of plants as California has such a diversity of natural flora.

A Field Guide to Trees and Shrubs by George Petrides (Houghton Mifflin, New York) is another Peterson Field Guide Series Book. As it is more practical to classify most trees according to leaf shapes rather than flowers, this is the method employed in most tree keying books. This guide covers trees, shrubs, and woody vines of northeastern

Shooting Star

and central North America. The leaf types are divided into five main categories and these are further divided using simple English, i.e., "needles 3/8" - 1" long, lateral branchlets not drooping, bark shedding in small pieces." Latin names are given for each tree in the book and the index includes both common and Latin names. The guide covers enough trees, shrubs and vines to satisfy most readers, but as with the flower counterpart it is not as accurate or thorough as a book employing a scientific language.

The tree book in the Picture Key Series, **How To Know Trees** by Howard Miller (Wm. C. Brown, Co., Dubuque, Iowa) makes the jump into the scientific language as does its flower counterpart, **How to Know Spring Flowers**. It uses the leaf shapes as the basis for its classification system. Illustrations are used to explain terms throughout the book. A small description of each tree and its habitat is given along with its common and Latin name.

The Manual of Trees by Charles Sargent (Dover Publications, New York) comes close to having all the desirable characteristics of a complete tree taxonomy book. There is an illustration for every tree with a detailed description of every part – bark, flower, bud, fruit, twig. This enables you to identify the tree in all the stages of its development. Latin and common names are used for every entry. There is a good key, based on leaf shapes, which is not difficult to use if you are willing to spend a little time familiarizing yourself with it.

If you are satisfied with loosely identifying some of the flowers you see in the course of the day, illustrations with brief descriptions are enough to fulfill your needs. If your life style or livelihood depends on exact identifications, the time spent learning scientific plant language is well worth your while. Plant taxonomy is just the tool to enable you to become more familiar with the plants around you – a tool well worth using.

P.S. I just talked to a friend who has not been able to find **Gray's Manual of Botany**. (It is out of print.) She uses **An Illustrated Flora of the Northern U.S. and Canada** by Britton and Brown (Dover Publications, New York). Even though the latter is three volumes she doesn't find it as complete or as easy a key as Gray's manual. ■

Lithium in the Treatment of Mood Disorders

Lithium as a remedy for manic depression was discovered 20 years ago, but not until 1970 did the FDA approve it as a standard prescription drug for use in the treatment of manic-depressive disease. Lithium is a simple sodium ion; manic depression is widely believed to be a result of a fairly simple chemical imbalance in the body, which the right amount of lithium (whose levels in the blood are carefully monitored once you have started treatment) can correct. This NIMH pamphlet tells it all for 60 cents; and if you are going to mess with it, you should know it all.

— Jeanne Campbell
[Suggested by Judith Van Slooten]

Lithium in the Treatment of Mood Disorders
Public Health Service
Publication No. 2143
1970; 99pp.

$.60 postpaid
from:
U.S. Government
Printing Office
Washington, D.C. 20402

Hypomania is the word used to describe manic behavior of mild intensity, although this definition is not meant to imply that the disorder is any less serious than mania itself. Indeed, many psychiatrists feel that hypomania is potentially even more damaging to the patient's well-being. One psychiatrist expressed it this way: ". . . the hypomanic patient seems capable of doing more harm to his family and home by his ill-judged actions and schemes than almost any other person. He seems, too, to have a singular affinity and attraction for wasters, ne'er-do-wells, and psychopaths who assist all too readily in the disposal of goods and money and encourage him in his grandiose and extravagant schemes." Broken home, ruined friendships, bankruptcy, a lifelong career abandoned — these are examples of the personal disasters hypomanic behavior all too often precipitates. The hypomanic can be even more of a danger to himself than the manic precisely because he is less obviously disturbed. He can be so reasonable and persuasive about his ideas, and so efficiently energetic in carrying them through, that his family and friends may not try to stop him until it is too late.

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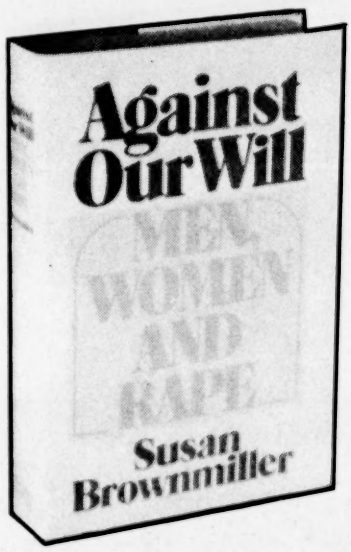
Early Side Effects

The majority of those starting on lithium experience side effects. Most commonly encountered are a variety of gastrointestinal discomforts — nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, stomach pain — muscular weakness, thirstiness and frequent urination, slight feelings of being dazed, tired, and sleepy, and hand tremor. These effects occur in conjunction with absorption of the ion. Their occurrence is apparently related both to the steepness of the rising concentration in blood and to the peak amount of ion entering the circulation, for most of them fade rapidly as soon as the plasma-tissue gradient begins to fall.

Against Our Will

Susan Brownmiller's book is not only a thoroughly researched and well-written history of rape, it is also a feminist analysis of the current state of women's rights. The fact that rape/sexual assault occurs (and has been a corollary of war, slavery, revolution, persecution, and male bonding generally) perpetuates the intimidation of women and the exclusive power (including sexual privilege) of men. This book draws the curtain on the inequities available to the rapist — physical superiority, psychological conditioning, legal advantage — and perhaps will effect a revolutionary assault on the power structure.

—Diana Fairbanks



Against Our Will
(Men, Women and Rape)
Susan Brownmiller
1975; 472 pp.
$10.95 postpaid
from:
Simon and Schuster
One W. 39th St.
New York, NY 10018
or Whole Earth

Cloaked in intricate phraseology, the male myths of rape appear as cornerstones in most pseudoscientific inquiries into female sexuality; they are quoted by many so-called "experts" on the sex offender. They crop up in literature; they charge the cannons of the dirty jokesters. They deliberately obscure the true nature of rape.

There is good reason for men to hold tenaciously to the notion that "All women want to be raped." Because rape is an act that men do in the name of their masculinity, it is in their interest to believe that women also want rape done, in the name of femininity. In the dichotomy that they have established, one does and one "is done to." This belief is more than arrogant insensitivity; it is a belief in the supreme rightness of male power.

•

Although these legal origins have been buried in the morass of forgotten history, as the laws of rape continued to evolve they never shook free of their initial concept — that the violation was first and foremost a violation of *male* rights of possession, based on *male* requirements of virginity, chastity and consent to private access as the female bargain in the marriage contract (the underpinnings, as he enforced them, of man's economic estate).

Caswell-Massey

Caswell-Massey is an old-fashioned apothecary in New York that does a whopping mail-order business. They have an international assortment of exotic (herbal and otherwise) soaps, ointments, toothpowders, plasters, sponges, handmade combs. If you are a member of the celebrated cucumber cult, they have the largest selection of cucumber products (emulsion, soap, shampoo, cold cream, cologne, etc.) I have found anywhere. They have a battery of esoteric items, like the peacock quill toothpicks I bought 2½ years ago that are still in the prime of their picking.

—Jeanne Campbell

Catalog
Free
from:
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New York, NY 10014

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Note the remarkable old-fashioned formula: Burgundy Pitch, Frankincense, Orris Root, Capsicum, Beeswax, Camphor, Gum Elemi, Myrrh, set in natural rubber base. Each plaster, $1.25.

A BRIEF MEMOIR

THE KEROUAC SCHOOL OF DISEMBODIED POETICS AT NAROPA INSTITUTE

BY **ANNE WALDMAN**

HOW TO MEDITATE

- lights out -
fall, hands a-clasped, into instantaneous
ecstasy like a shot of heroin or morphine,
the gland inside of my brain discharging
the good glad fluid (Holy Fluid) as
I hap-down and hold all my body parts
down to a deadstop trance – Healing
all my sicknesses – erasing all – not
even the shred of "I-hope-you" or a
Loony Balloon left in it, but the mind
blank, serene, thoughtless. When a thought
comes a-springing from afar with its held-
forth figure of image, you spoof it out,
you spuff on it, you fake it, and
it fades, and thought never comes –
and with joy you realize for the first time
"Thinking's just like not thinking –
so I don't have to think
any
more"

–Jack Kerouac
from **Poems All Sizes** *(unpublished)*

The Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics was founded in the wee dawn hours of Boulder August 1974 when Allen Ginsberg & I totally exhausted finally agreed after a night of batting titles each other & the walls. I had the last word although "the academy of the future is opening its doors to us" from a John Ashbery poem had been playing around in my head persistently. We knew we wanted "Kerouac" in there, and I liked the funny sound of "disembodied" being of the mind that poesy has a life of its own, once spoken, sung, written and so forth. Also the word might prove controversial and it seemed hard to forget. Allen was ecstatic over how after all this is what they all – including Jack – had *dreamed of* – a poetry situation with great writers, meditation, tantra, orgies & it was really going to happen in one big house where we could write, make love, do practice & study the secret sacred whispered truth! Almost immediately lists were concocted of poets who had something special to teach, poets to give readings, course descriptions & the like. Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, the president, & the administrators of Naropa had seemed pleased with our efforts so far (Allen, Diane DiPrima & I were Guest Faculty for a month) & so we were given the go-ahead to plan for a possible Poetics part of an expressive arts school to begin the following January, which the 3 of us did. This wasn't feasible until June of 1975 but now it looks more or less permanent as of January 1976.

The idea was & is, the 3 of us agreed, to *demystify* poetry & to encourage poetry writing & poetics study as an everyday sane practice – something that intelligent sentient beings can do without big ego hassles or destruction trips & that Williams' "no ideas but in things" would be the best ground rule to get folks out of big-gush sentiment utterances & the personal pronoun "I". Also to trace thought clearly & playfully on paper or speak forth spontaneously to keep in touch with flow of mind. So clarity, mindfulness, sharpening wits, humor & hard work seemed to be the point for the writing part of it.

Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Gregory Corso

Also the School would invite poets of all ilks to lecture, read, mix with each other and the rest of Naropa students & faculty, brush up against Tibetan Buddhism, plunge into the scenery or whatever as well as spark interaction with local poetry scene and other disciplines such as Dance & this would constitute the "Visiting Poetics Academy." I must say that we got so carried away with "naming" that Allen began extensive "chair" lists, creating "The Emily Dickenson Chair of Silent Scribbling" which would go to Ed Sanders, and "The Frank O'Hara Chair of Urban Gossip" which might go to John Wieners, say, & so on.

[more →]

Anne Waldman is the author of **Fast Speaking Woman** *(City Lights Pocket Poets #33), and* **Journals & Dreams,** *forthcoming from Stonehill Communications Co. in New York. She is co-founder with Allen Ginsberg of The Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute and Director of The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery in New York City.*

Photography by Rachel Homer

Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Philip Whalen

So by early June over 200 students from Florida to Nova Scotia were enrolled in the various poetics courses. William Burroughs & Gregory Corso were the opening guests. Gregory taught "Gilgamesh," capsule astrology ("The precession of the equinox is 26,000 years & don't forget it!"), and spoke on Shelley while William lectured on the word as virus, time-travel through cut-ups, how he creates his characters with mental filing cards, & how to become invisible simply walking down the street – an old Mafia trick. He also scared the daylights out of everyone with statements such as "Death needs time for what it kills to grow it" in that CIA-con Dr. Benway voice of his. Next Zen monk poet-novelist Philip Whalen demonstrating how delightful poetry can be found almost everywhere – hilarious overheard conversations, words on shop signs & the oddness & magical properties of language as in Jane Austen's: ". . . and to bring away some fresh conviction of its being impossible among so many dishes but that some must be cold" from **Mansfield Park**. In the meantime, Allen was educating all those students who hadn't read Thomas Nash, Andrew Marvel, Shelley, Christopher Smart & Thomas Campion because they were too busy studying **Howl** in school. There is no one who was present who won't have these lines of Marvel's permanently ingrained in their noggins I'm sure:

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Deserts of vast Eternity"

Diane DiPrima's first teaching was that all poetry is "light" which lead into some beautiful selections from Keats' letters showing the poetic process through illuminating experience. Ted Berrigan suddenly materialized from Chicago and when he wasn't playing pool with local factory-worker poet Jack Collom frequented my class to discuss Frank O'Hara, Edwin Denby & the process of collaboration. It was about this time that weekly student readings and a student edited and inspired magazine, **Sitting Frog**, started gathering momentum, energized by the "official" weekly guest readings & the presence of old-hand little mimeograph magazine editors & contributors – Ted Berrigan, Dick Gallup & later Larry Fagin. Dick had driven non-stop from sweltering New York City with poet-story teller-novelist Michael Brownstein so that Michael could present his "Imagination In Fiction" lecture – tracing the activity of imagination back to tribal magic activity as exemplified in **The Wizard of the Upper Amazon** (Manuel Cordova-Rios), also calling up Rimbaud's **Childhood** from **Illuminations**, Raymond Roussel – the French madman, & the painter DiChirico's dreamlike book **Hebdomeros**. Lewis MacAdams gave a politics & poetry talk, **Loka** magazine editor & poet Rick Fields spoke movingly about the work & life of Lew Welch, and guest naturalist-ecologist Peter Warshall presented a mind & eye-popping lecture on "Animal Esthetics" with elucidating informations and gorgeous slides illustrating "cryptic resemblance" (of certain birds & trees for example), "counter-shading," "disruptive coloration" & the like. Sleuth-poet-novelist-historian Ed Sanders had an impressively organized 30 page lecture ("my first") especially prepared for his Naropa visit on The Poet As Historical Investigator with examples from Pound & Olson, and Bill Merwin (who stayed all summer) spoke of the more formal aspects of writing – the chain-link perfection of the "terza rima" of Dante, for example, as well as a tasty discussion of the **Commedia**.

Lewis MacAdams, Ted Berrigan

The National Boulder Poetry Rally organized by Jack Collom and Lewis MacAdams which intermingled Naropa poets with local poets was a real rolliking blow-out event running at least 5 uninterrupted hours with Marc Campbell's "Jackoff Yoga" poem being one of the amazing highlights. It was here I began experimenting with Barbara Dilley, the extraordinary dancer (also teaching at Naropa), who improvised

This life is our last chance to be honest – really the last chance saloon.

–Kerouac to Ginsberg
The West End Bar, NYC 1949

movement to my words. The summer's poetry-dance mix was illuminating on both sides. Visitor-performers Meredith Monk who currently works with her own voice sounds covering the whole gamut of human-animal experience, and Douglas Dunn presenting his energetic 4-part solo "Gestures in Red" about moving in one spot, moving backwards, seduction & dance, both supplied a lot of exciting input & visual images to our usual word-overload.

Anne Waldman & Barbara Lloyd Dilley, poetry & dancing

Joanne Kyger, poet and muse of the Pacific coast, and cabala-expert poet David Meltzer were poohpoohing the classroom situation (It's true Naropa was renting parochial school Sacred Heart for the summer which *did* have terrible flourescent lighting *and* no air, presumably to keep the devil out!) until they spent some time in it, which proved engaging & Larry Fagin tyrannized students with his fanatical opinions and lack of sentimentality, although he gave 2 lectures with tapes on the weepy Blues. Peter Orlovsky spoke lovingly of organic gardening, making cider & read favorite poems of his by Catullus & Mayakovsky, while Ron Padgett had everyone writing acrostics, John Ashbery inspired students to "mis-translate" from Egyptian hieroglyphs, French & Russian. Other guest poets included the Andean hermit Janine Pomy Vega and wacky language buzz-saw magician Kenward Elmslie. The summer-long reading series was "top class" to use Gregory Corso's favorite expression, and it ended with a big student-guest-local & poets-who-teach-at-the-University of Boulder marathon entitled "Reincarnation of the Monster Poetry Reading" or some such (mind is boggling) which included Sydney Goldfarb, Bill Merwin, Peter Michaelson and hosts of others including one ghost – a tape of Kerouac himself. Ah yes, somewhere in or around here Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche – a poet & artist as well as Lama – read with Allen & me some of his solid poems in Tibetan as well as recent playful works more related to O'Hara's "personism" than anything else in that they are written directly to & for & around specific persons. Charming Allen spent the last five weeks expounding Williams while I had students write actual books – the results of which – including cut-ups, dream books, daily poems – were quite startling. One writer, Scott Harpst, has the most intriguing & detailed dream-life so that when

IT CAN'T BE TRUE

That we belong to one of the last generations
To see an uncontaminated sky
And walk through enough forest
Stretching for hundreds of square miles
Uncharted and completely surrounded by itself
Holding us because being there
Is a real surprise, vast and everyday
And not just the unspoiled tip
Of an island fenced off by the Gov't.
For one brief, clumsy weekend
Fucking away for the glare of the city's
Shiny hallucination.

–Michael Brownstein

Patty Hearst, the Deer Woman, goes through doors she's so fast all the walls collapse.

It should be noted that The Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics is only one part of the over-all activities of Naropa which included this past summer Trungpa's bi-weekly lectures, Gregory Bateson's module, Buddhist studies, Tai Chi, Thangka painting & so on. Intense & high-powered to say the least.

Well we didn't all end up living in one big orgiastic house, exactly, but in a convenient apartment complex entitled the Emerson (Ralph Waldo?) Apartments which recurs in my hectic dreams as The Remember Some Apartments. These dreams include vaguely familiar scenes presided over by chuckling Buddhist lamas who turn into stern Garuda birds, lines from Shakespeare's sonnets and Gertrude Stein, students with lightbulb eyes, Burroughs wearing a miner's mask inspecting human intestines, and a bemused "angel infancy" disembodied Jack Kerouac in a red lumberjack shirt watching it "all" on a distant rocky mountain color screen.

Michael Brownstein introducing poetry reading of Chogyam Trungpa, Anne Waldman, Allen Ginsberg.

[Further information about Naropa Institute and The Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics may be obtained by writing to Naropa Institute, 1441 Broadway, Boulder, CO 80301. A 2-year Poetics apprenticeship program will be beginning in January, 1976 with courses taught by Allen Ginsberg, Michael Brownstein, Diane DiPrima & Anne Waldman and guest poets participating during the summer sessions.] ▪

Ancient Creek

AN EXCERPT FROM A BOOK OF STORIES AND TALES

BY GURNEY NORMAN

KING CONDOMINIUM THE THIRD

One time there was a king named King Condominium the Third who sent his army to conquer a certain mountain district that had never been conquered before. The old king already ruled about half the world but he wasn't satisfied with just half. He wanted it all. He'd heard that this hill domain had a lot of beautiful rivers and valleys and meadows and great herds and flocks of wild game. The mountains had a lot of timber too, and other natural resources that the king was greedy for. So he sent his army into the hills to dispossess the natives and pacify them, then put them to work as laborers for his empire.

When the king got word that his army had everything in the hill domain under control, he decided to go down and look at it, check things over, see what he got. But before he could get started, first one thing then another came up to keep King Condominium from going. The king was real busy in those days. His armies were conquering places faster than he could visit them. He had two or three wars going on overseas, and there was a lot of intrigue in the main castle that distracted his mind. The king had two or three mistresses to tend to, not to mention Queen Condominium who was always wanting this and wanting that, she never was satisfied. So time went along, went along, and old King Condominium got to be an old man, way up in eighty, and he still had never got around to going to visit that part of his kingdom they called The Hill Domain. In fact, the king had just about forgot he even owned a hill domain, till one spring he got sick and his doctor said to him, "Now King, you've got to get away and rest up if you intend to live much longer. You've been working too hard and worrying about things too much. Your blood pressure's up, your heart's weak, you've lost your hearing and your eyesight's getting worse every day. The thing for you to do is go off in the mountains somewhere and live quiet for awhile. You'll feel a whole lot better if you do."

King Condominium liked that advice. Breathing that pure mountain air and drinking that sweet mountain spring water would surely be a tonic to his system. And no doubt the mountain people, with their quaint customs and odd manner of speech and dress would be an entertainment for him and the members of his court.

"Doc," said the king. "Go pack your bags. We're all going to the mountains for a vacation." He told the Queen to get her shit together and be ready to leave at daybreak. The King ordered his chief assistants to get to work on preparations to move the government to Holiday Land, which was the seat of government in the hills as well as a famous spa. Then he told his secretary to send word to the Black Duke, the Royal Administrator of The Hills, to get ready, because the whole royal scene was coming his way fast.

THE BLACK DUKE

"Oh my god," the Black Duke shrieked when he learned of the king's impending arrival. "This is a disaster. Hugo! Get your ass in here, the shit has hit the fan."

Hugo limped into the Black Duke's private chamber on the top floor of the administration building at Holiday Land. He was a one-eyed albino hunchback who worked as the Black Duke's chief assistant in the Royal Bureaucracy of The Hills. The Duke treated Hugo like a dog, but he depended on the hunchback utterly. For not only did Hugo possess the physical strength of ten men, he was a brilliant intellect as well who gave the Black Duke his best ideas and master-minded his most complex and daring schemes.

"Did you get the news?" the Duke wailed hysterically.

"Yes, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly.

"What are we going to do?" cried the Duke.

"There is no cause for alarm, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly. "Everything is in order to insure that the King and his court will enjoy their time among us, and that upon his departure the king will indeed be well pleased."

"How can you say that?" the Black Duke shouted. "This domain is a disaster area. The king wants to vacation in these crummy hills, he should 'a come fifty years ago. The region was a natural wonderland then. The rivers were pure, the virgin timberlands were untouched, wild creatures great and small abounded. Now it's an industrial wasteland. It's the armpit of the empire. The stately trees have been ruthlessly slashed from the hillsides. The mountains have been gutted of their coal and stone and mica and iron and oil and natural gas. The rivers have been

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poisoned by acid wastes from open pit mining. The fish are dead. The game is gone. The air's polluted and the once-proud and independent mountaineers have been reduced to vassalage. The king knows nothing of this. He's expecting to find the Garden of Eden, not this insane socio-economic nightmare."

"Peace, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly.

"Peace?" the Black Duke shouted. "My own personal head is about to be severed from my body to be suspended from a flag pole, to turn slowly, slowly, in the wind, and I'm supposed to listen to a one-eyed albino hunchback tell me peace? Good god, man, don't you know a revolution is brewing in these hills? Don't you know that the rebel outlaw Jack is on the loose again? Haven't you heard the reports from Finley County, where overt acts of defiance against King Condominium's rule have been occurring with alarming frequency? I have been assuring the king for years that all rebellion among the mountain people has been stamped out. If he finds out that I've been lying, falsifying my reports, he'll hang me. Oh Hugo, what am I to do?"

"Leave everything to me," said Hugo calmly. "I have a plan."

HUGO'S PLAN

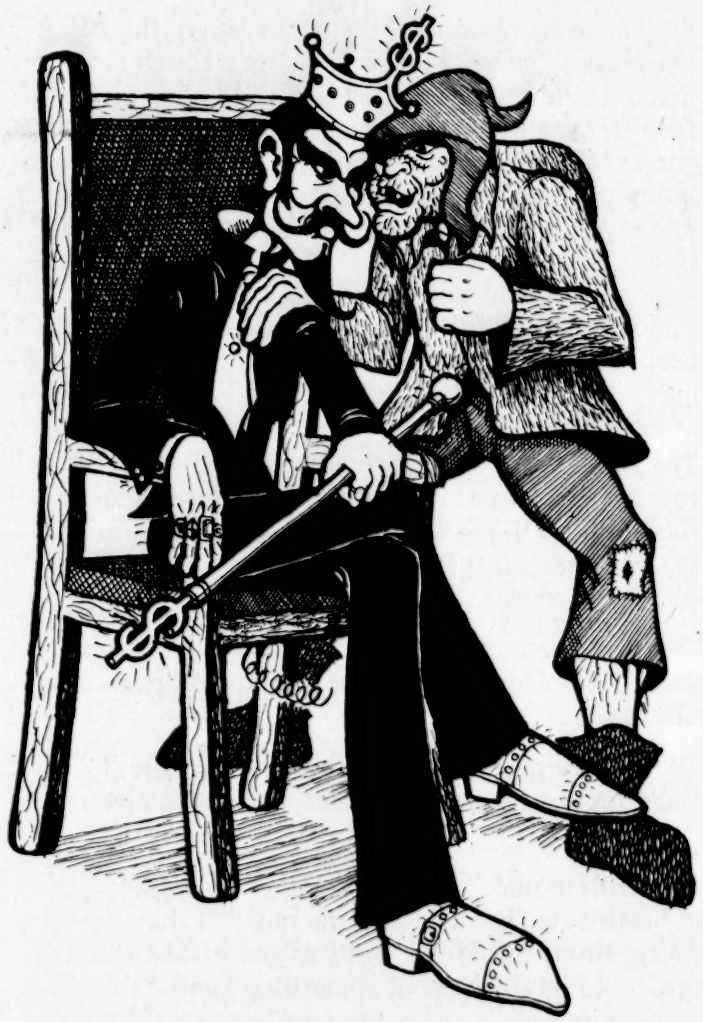
"A plan?" asked the Black Duke calmly.

"A very simple plan, my lord. As you know, the King is old and infirm now. His eyesight is failing. His hearing is nearly gone. He will have little strength for venturing to outlying places where he might see the wretched mess that has been made in the Hill Domain. He will want to spend his time in his condominium here at Holiday Land. He will be safe from assassins and trouble-makers here. And as the king vacations, so will the members of his retinue. They will find diversion enough at Holiday Land's swimming pool, skating rink, tennis courts, squash courts, handball courts, shuffleboard courts, golf course, skeet-shooting range, skydiving field, scubadiving lake where they may also sail boats, water-ski and practice flyrod fishing, after which they will enjoy the sauna, steam room, Jacuzzi whirlpool, massage parlor, movie theater, chapel, meditation hall, photography darkroom, pinochle, canasta, bridge, poker and other games including the curious one played by the natives called Rook. In the mornings they will be enticed by the champagne brunch, and in the evenings made merry by the smorgasborg in Appalachian Hall, followed by dancing and drinks in the famous Cumberland Lounge where the music of Lance Cloud and his orchestra and the comic routines of Skinny Lewis and Bruno, the talking dummy, are featured nightly."

The Black Duke pursed his lips and thought for a moment. Then he said, "There must be something more."

SOMETHING MORE

"Yes, sire," said Hugo earnestly. "It has already been arranged."



"Arranged?" said the Black Duke suspiciously.

"Yes sire," said Hugo proudly. "We have arranged a special theatrical performance for the king's amusement, should he show signs of restlessness and have an urge to leave the compound here at Holiday Land."

"Hmmm," said the Duke as he went to the wall and pressed a small button. A large portrait of King Condominium the Third swung out, revealing a well-stocked liquor cabinet in the wall from which the Duke extracted a bottle of brandy. Pouring himself a drink, offering Hugo none, he said, cunningly, "About this plan of yours, Hugo. This theatrical performance. Tell me more."

"It's a variety show, Black Duke," said Hugo enthusiastically. "A full evening of comedy and song performed entirely by native mountaineers. I and members of my staff are writing it, of course. But the performers will all be hill folk, who are sure to amuse the king with their quaint customs and odd manner of speech and dress."

"Hmmm," said the Duke, sipping his brandy. "Do go on."

"I guarantee, sire, that with such entertainment as I and my staff are preparing, the king will have little interest in going sight-seeing about the domain. I can also assure you, sire, that when the king has completed his stay with us here at Holiday Land and has returned to his castle rested and fit again, he will not forget that you, the Black Duke, were responsible for his wonderful time in the Hill Domain." *[more →]*

Smiling as he poured a brandy for Hugo, the Black Duke said, "Hugo, I know that I'm a tough commander and often hard to please. And I know that from time to time I lose my temper and say foolish things, and occasionally make an ass out of myself. A man in my position, with my responsibilities, working under pressure as I do, well, sometimes . . ., what I mean, Hugo, even though you're a one-eyed hunchback and all, and you walk with a limp, and your skin won't tan, still, Hugo, I want to tell you that deep down I feel like you're really my kind of guy."

"The Duke honors me," said Hugo, bowing deeply.

The Black Duke and Hugo clicked their glasses together in a toast, then quaffed the brandy in a single gulp. "Long Live The King!" they shouted as they smashed their glasses against the fireplace across the room.

"When is the next rehearsal of the natives' stage show?" the Duke asked as he wiped his lips with a silk hanky.

"Why, they're rehearsing this very hour, sire," Hugo replied eagerly. "Would you like to observe them?"

"Indeed I would," said the Duke as he walked out of his private chamber into the hall. "I may be wrong about this Hugo, but I've got a hunch that this could be the start of something great."

THE START OF SOMETHING GREAT

As Hugo and the Black Duke were crossing the central courtyard toward the theater where the rehearsal was in progress, a dusty messenger ran up, and after saluting handed the Duke a sealed envelope.

"What's this?" asked the Duke, somewhat annoyed by the interruption.

"It's from Captain Heath, sire," said the messenger. "There's trouble in Finley County."

Turning his back to Hugo and the messenger, the Duke broke the seal of the envelope and took out the letter:

> **"Sire: Guerilla bandits have defied the King's edicts in Finley County. Raids have netted several prisoners but many more are still at large. Request reinforcements be sent from Holiday Land immediately to help my outnumbered forces quell these unruly heathen and restore order and respect for the high ideals and values of His Majesty, King Condominium the Third. (signed) Captain Heath, Commanding."**

"The vicious devils," the Black Duke muttered to himself. Angrily he crumpled the message into a ball and threw it on the astroturf at his feet. Then, in a firm voice, he commanded, "Hugo! Sound assembly! Mobilize the entire army and all support personnel in the courtyard immediately. We are marching to Finley County to assist Captain Heath in his hour of need."

But before Hugo could limp away to his duties, the Duke caught him by the arm and whispered, "How did that sound?"

"Fantastic," said Hugo.

"Good," said the Duke. Then, snarling again, he shouted, "Assemble the entire corps! I want to address all personnel before we march!"

The men and women and soldiers of Holiday Land poured from all the buildings and playing fields of the vast complex and dashed to the formation in the central courtyard as Hugo blew the bugle energetically. In a few minutes five thousand uniformed King's Men, carrying weapons and full field packs, plus five thousand more support personnel, were standing in perfect ranks in front of the Duke, who was perched on the top step of the entrance to the armory. The Duke's eyes misted over in pride as he watched the loyal people of his command respond with such eagerness and dedication to what ever cause the Duke would announce was theirs. Around the courtyard were the buildings that made up Holiday Land, a small outpost of progress in the heart of the alien mountains. The Duke looked at the flag waving grandly from the topmost spire of the administration building. He looked at the Grand Arena at the far end of the compound, where the great marble statue of King Condominium stood. The Black Duke looked at the mountains in the distance beyond Holiday Land, at the blue sky beyond the mountains, and at the faint outline of God's visage barely visible in that nether sphere beyond the sky.

The Duke wasn't a religious man exactly, but he was not utterly devoid of a sense of awe and respect for the Divine Creator who had made the Condominium Empire what it was, and who continued to bless and protect this outpost from the hostile forces arrayed against it.

For as the King Himself had once written, *there are no atheists among imperialists when the natives are on a rampage.*

"Men, women, all soldiers and support personnel of the Holiday Land command," the Duke began in a loud, commanding voice. "I have just received word that the natives are restless in Finley County. Captain Heath has asked our assistance in dealing with some upstart hillbillies who have been so unwise as to defy the edicts of King Condominium the Third. We'll be marching to Finley County this afternoon. So if any of you need to have a quick turn in the Jacuzzi or a double-martini on the rocks in the Cumberland Room, you have thirty minutes before we go. We'll be gone an unspecified length of time, so be sure to bring extra sunglasses and turtle-neck sweaters. Are there any questions?"

"Aye, sire," a social scientist called out from the rear ranks. "Do you think we will return to Holiday Land before the King arrives? I am a consultant for the big show we plan for the King, and I have much work to do to prepare for the performance.

"Good question," the Duke replied. "Let me see the hands of all people who are in any way involved with preparations for the King's visit to Holiday Land."

Two thousand hands went up, most of them among the civilian professional workers in the Royal Department of Tourism and Recreation.

"Excellent," said the Duke. "All you people are excused from this expedition. I also want one company of King's Men to stay behind to guard Holiday Land. As you have no doubt heard, that renegade Jack is on the loose again. He may be so bold as to attack Holiday Land itself if we let down our guard. The remainder of you will follow me to Finley County. Are there any other questions?"

"Aye, sire," said a lady psychiatrist who specialized in the provincial mind. "Could you tell us what form of transportation we will take to Finley County?"

"We're going to ski," said the Black Duke.

A silence followed the Duke's remark, broken here and there by low mutterings and rumblings in the ranks. At last the lady psychiatrist called out, "But sire, it's April. There's no snow on the ground."

"There'd be no snow on the ski slope either if we didn't manufacture it," the Duke replied. "Use your imagination, my dear. Since there is no snow on the ground, the guerrillas will not expect us to arrive in Finley County on skis. We will simply rig up our snow machine on wheels and have it precede us along the abandoned strip mines all the way from here to Finley County."

"Bravo!" someone in the middle ranks shouted when the Duke announced his idea. Others took up the cry until all ten thousand people in the formation were applauding and cheering the ingenuity of the Black Duke. The Duke bowed in recognition of the applause. Then he shouted, "Long Live King Condominium the Third! All glory and praise to his handiwork!" And the multitude replied, "Long Live The King!"

ONWARD, CONDOMINIUM SOLDIERS

Trudge, trudge, trudge.

Ski, ski, ski.

In spite of the sleet and snow cascading back from the machine, the men and women of the Holiday Land command pressed on, on, ever on, a perfect column of fours, winding around the hillsides, skiing behind the huge machine which lay a carpet of white over the barren strip mine spoilbanks.

"Onward!" the Black Duke called out. "Onward, for the king!"

The marchers broke into song then, a rousing rendition of the famous anthem that for generations had inspired a nation on the move:

Onward, Condominium Soldiers

We are marching onwards
Over hill and dale
Which we have paved over
And put up for sale.

Natives will not stop us
We will take their homes
While King Condominium
Reigns upon his throne.

Nature shall not threaten
While we have the power
To protect our privileges
And make our culture flower.

The Duke halted the column then and led the marchers in the national cheer: *We've put nature on the run, to make the world safe for fun. Yeah, rah, fun!*

The cheer echoed through the narrow valleys of the hills as the long column resumed its trek along the carpet of pure white artificial snow.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR FUN

Captain Heath and a platoon of King's Men met the Duke and his legion at the Finley County line. After telling the people of his command to fall out and work on their suntans while awaiting further orders, the Duke and Hugo marched on into the town of Blaine with the Captain, who gave his report as they walked.

"The culprits struck first on Hick's Branch in the Trace Fork area, sire," said Captain Heath. "Our patrol caught a dozen of them redhanded. Other patrols are pursuing an unknown number who got away. With assistance from your troop we are sure to catch those who remain at large."

"What, exactly, did you catch these culprits doing?" the Duke inquired.

"Telling old stories in the forbidden dialect, sire. They were sitting around an outdoor fire on a hillside,

laughing and talking. Two men were caught whittling strange images from blocks of cedar. We have not yet determined the exact nature of these images, sire, but they were definitely not the visage of King Condominium the Third, or, if they were, they were highly unflattering to his Majesty. Two women were caught with forbidden medicinal herbs drying on racks outside their houses. Another was heard singing a forbidden ballad. One old man was making an unauthorized wooden chair by hand."

"What kind of chair?" inquired the Duke.

"A big rocker, sire. Made of black walnut, with a bottom of woven hickory bark."

"Treasonous wretch," said the Black Duke angrily. "I trust you dealt with this chairmaker appropriately."

"Aye, sire, that we did," said Captain Heath with a grin of satisfaction. "Our tribunal has fined him twenty per cent of his protein for five years and sentenced him to lifelong labor in the furniture factory. The women drying the herbs have been dispatched to Holiday Land to serve cocktails in the Cumberland Room."

"And the storytellers?" asked the Duke.

"We dealt with them most severely, sire. There has been a rash of this kind of subversion and we wanted to set an example. We cut out their tongues and ordered their protein rations reduced by half until further notice. We sentenced half of them to life at hard labor as public relations men for various imperial enterprises, and the remainder as script writers for an epic film based on the life and work of King Condominium the Third. Three of the captives have been temporarily spared, sire, until you have had a chance to interrogate them personally."

"Excellent, Captain Heath," said the Black Duke as Hugo nodded his agreement with these sentiments. "Excellent work indeed. I think, however, that sterner measures are called for in the wake of this outrage by the people of Trace Fork. That whole area has become a hotbed of dissent and an example must be made. I want all the people in that hollow resettled in the worker's barracks at Holiday Land, to serve as a labor pool for our coming expansion program. I want all houses, barns, schools, churches, gardens, wells, cemeteries, trees, shrubs, flowers and meadows in that whole valley bulldozed away. Then I want a dam built across the mouth of the creek that will flood the entire valley. When the lake has formed I want townhouses and condominiums built on the hills around to serve as second, third and fourth homes for a thousand King's Men and their families. The surrounding forest region is to be off-limits to all native mountaineers forever. Got that?"

"Aye, sire, it shall be done."

"Good. Now, about these prisoners you say you're holding. When can I see them?"

"They are waiting for you now," said the Captain. "I'm sure you will find them most interesting." ■

(Will the hero Jack continue to evade the clutches of the evil Duke? Will King Condominium enjoy the stage show prepared by the native mountaineers? Who are the prisoners Captain Heath is holding for the Black Duke? Will the Duke be really heavy on them? Are they guilty? Will Gurney ever manage to finish his new book? Will he survive the effort? Stay tuned.)

An Excerpt From Merce's Notebook

"All the news that shits"

THE DAILY ME

$.00

WEATHER: grey with blue patches — Feb. 21, 1973 — ENERGY: Poor-Fair, Rising.

NEW FAN BELT INSTALLED, QUIET RETURNS

(gross) "I hit the main furnace switch," said Merce, and then got loose the old belt that had a chunk out. I got into my

the old belt, now discarded

ghost & headed up to Lindsey's & they Pixied up." The house is now quiet, the old railroad train sound is gone.

PILES EASE

"Relief is in sight, thank God," sez Merce when asked about his beleaguered asshole. A double rubber sized void appeared after work 2 days ago. It was the first work in a while and it was strenuous for both Greg & Merce who had been massively smoking dope. The void was further pushed out of shape, by a coffee & grass propelled night time run to Lexington, when there was a welcome hot bath.

Nupercainal, purchased yesterday in Lexington aided the situation and helped ease the pain, permitting a return to the cemetery.

Merce is doing little physical work today. He said he pl-

CLOTHES

Manager Slipper 2 pair socks Jeans Blue Levis Gwen Penney's T-shirt Long-sleeved Thermal undershirt Bright Blue Turtleneck Sweater w/o Mock.

SPRING MONTH A WAY

~~FIRE FLASH~~

DINNER, A SUCCESS

Casserole with pasta, garlic bread cooked by Greg & Merce shared, prepared by Jack really with the specific thing the first time

TWO NAPS

Merce reports that he took two naps today. The extra sleep more than likely helped him recover the energy expended on the exercise.

"I took the first one this morning after a second helping of oatmeal. Then I got on my bed and picked my nose, read a little more and my eyes with H_2O_2 & dozed off. Pretty much the same thing happened after lunch - two spongy paper face tuna sandwiches and I drifted off to dreamland, don't remember any dreams, though.

BACH PRACTICE

"It gave us beautiful," said Merce of a short Bach piece that John is teaching him

MODERATE FOOD IN

"Oatmeal opened my day. I topped w/ raisins, butter, & honey, all in. Then I went brisk and had seconds. Merce also ate a few peanuts after. Later on he made a second trip to the purchase buried, Ramon Mesa, a full pound loaf for 43¢, which a soft spongy open-face lunch.

He had seconds on both salad and casserole and two glasses of water, plus half a sweet potato.

After dinner, John recounted how for the past 2 to 3 years he ate nothing after dinner.

JON WILCOX TO VISIT

In a long distance telephone call, Merce made arrangements to meet Jon Wilcox, old friend, confraternity brother, and fellow at the Carrollton, Ky. Greyhound Sta-

Interview with a Cattle Mutilator

BY PAUL KRASSNER

Again, again, and again will there be this struggle between God and the Devil, between light and darkness. It will come to an end only with the final redemption of the world. Until then, we who call ourselves German and who feel in our blood that we are Germans must persevere in this struggle, even if it costs us our lives!

–Deutschland Muss Leben

Q: It's on; let's start with that one, then. Who do you work for?

A: But I won't give you any names. The people I work for – and these *are* people, these are not weird creatures from outer space, these are weird people from *earth* – like one I know is a retired C.O. back from Vietnam.

These are wealthy people. I would say *extremely* rich. I've never seen them snort coke through anything less than a rolled-up crisp new one-hundred dollar bill. They belong to some old secret occult organization. It's a perversion of Christianity. See, they're incredible racists.

And they're bored, they're fuckin' *bored*, man. So the they sit around scheming. They've been trying to summon up the perfect crime. Which, for them, would be genocide. What it is, they play this game of controlling the world. Only it's not a game, it's real. And what they're doing is competing against *other* secret societies for control of the world.

Q: And what – they're starting with cattle?

A: No, I'll get to that. But first I have to explain what their *goal* is. Their goal is to have a globe full of slaves. The people I work for are the ones who would say, "Hey, you!" And the others are the ones who would say, "Who, me?" Zombies who never protest. See, these people are trying to make science-fiction come true.

Now, to commit their perfect crime, it's necessary to kill off the crest of any wave of freedom – that sounds corney, but I don't like the FBI language, "neutralize the messiahs" – and to get away with it, you've got to have somebody to *blame* it on. If I get caught, I'll never live to stand trial.

Q: What makes it worth that kind of risk for you?

A: Not just the money. It's the risk of *adventure*. The guys who first contacted me knew that's how I felt in Nam when I was dropping napalm from my chopper – I mean they *watch* your reputation develop – they know what you're capable of.

Well, *now* I really get my rocks off skinning a bull or a cow or a goat. It's a skill, an art form, like an extension of the rodeo. You have to do it fast and clean. Slicing off the genitals, or the teats on a cow, they're tangible symbols of pride. Plus they're used in rituals.

Now the feds know exactly what's been going down, but they've kind of put the investigation on hold, because the whole mythology has to spread here – to California – this is considered a key state for

Anne Norcia

adding credibility to propaganda.

But they had us start in the mid-west because, as this one intelligence guy said, quote, "so that it will appear to be a natural outgrowth of an unnatural phenomenon," unquote.

Q: Wait, are you saying this is an actual cult, or that it's just being made to look like a cult?

A: Both. It's an actual cult of Satanic worshippers that's *behind* the mutilations, but, like, you take me, I'm merely a mercenary. My job is to do such an other-worldly carving on the animal that you begin to think the devil is responsible, and as a result you embrace not God but the *fear* of God, which computes out as respect for authority.

The people I work for – as I said, they're bigots, and it's reflected in their private jokes. Like, they had us only do in black Angus cows. That was a specific order.

So even though farmers and civilians have been spotting our unmarked helicopters all over the place, to them it's *still* a devil cult – with technology. And they're right, except that, for example, my squad just *drains* the blood. The people we *work* for must drink it, or take a bubble bath in it, or screw in it – what*ever* they do – they have these private rituals.

Q: Obviously some kind of tranquilizer is used, correct?

A: Heavy doses of PCP. I've heard that it's scammed from the San Diego Zoo, but I doubt that; more likely it gets requisitioned. But I was going to give you another example of the weird sense of humor the people I work for have.

This one guy, he's a corporation lawyer, and he says, "If Bruce Springsteen really had a sense of humor, he would've shot the President so that he would be the first celebrity in history to have a picture on the cover of **Time** and **Newsweek** two weeks in a row."

And this other guy – I don't know what he does, but he has a Texas accent – and he says, "That would occur only if Bruce Springsteen *missed*, because if he nailed Ford, then *his* picture, Ford's, would go on the cover of **Time** and **Newsweek**."

Q: That's interesting, because the rumor I heard a lot was that the mutilation-killings were eventually going to switch from cattle to human beings –

A: Sure, but not Ford. See, the ones who he – and Nixon before him, and Reagan after him – the ones that they would consider enemies are, coincidentally of course, *the exact same ones* who the people I work for consider enemies.

They're doing what you would consider the evil equivalent to Buckminster Fuller's world game. But their success – winning – has to be a continuing process. Armed guards have to become as readily accepted as, say, insurance companies are now.

And so, the progression: from dogs to cattle to humans – seemingly selected at random – but expanding to include liberals like Teddy Kennedy, William Proxmire, Bella Abzug. Civil rights activists like Reverend Abernathy. Even George Wallace – he's still a threat because he talks about the injustice of the present tax system.

All you have to do is ask yourself, in whose interest would it be to eliminate these individuals?

Q: If I can conclude from what you're saying that this Satanic cult is being orchestrated from behind the scenes on a national level, what about the local law enforcement people?

A: They've all been infiltrated – municipal police forces, state politicians, the courts. That's the way it was done in Germany. And they've never given up, all those Nazi scientists and psychologists that we got, like in a football draft, from the second world war. Russia got hundreds of them, too. Together, they keep the cold war and the arms race going.

They're into black magic, and the people who they're *accusing* of witchcraft are really into *white* magic. You know, everybody plays the kind of God they personally envision, but ultimately the life force is on the side of white magic. That's what made me decide to talk to you. However, your seven questions are up. I was really serious about that. Shut it off. ■

SPORTING DEATHS

BY RUSSELL D. CHATHAM

The report of a high powered rifle shattered the Autumn afternoon. In his camp a hunter was surprised by the nearness of the shot and more surprised still to look up and see his partner walking up to him.

"You see a deer so close to camp?"

"Nope."

"Why'd ya shoot?"

"I dunno."

"Whatcha shoot at?"

"Pussycat."

"What?"

"A pussycat I said."

"What the hell. . ."

"I shot a pussycat and we gotta get outta here."

"Jesus Christ, I don't . . ."

"Know the people got the Winnebago over by the crick?"

"Yeah."

"Cat belonged to the kid. He ran out after he heard the shot and found the thing all blown to hell."

"For God sake why. . ."

"I dunno, I dunno. But we better move camp 'cause the little brat ran back to get his folks an' he was cryin' an' yellin' daddy, daddy, somebody just shot my pussycat."

* * *

One winter a number of anglers were fishing for steelhead in a certain pool. This pool was large and still and green and in its protective depths lay many fine fish waiting for rain to swell the river. Soon one of these magnificent rainbows took the bait of one of the fishers but in the early moments of the struggle ensnarled another's line.

"Fish on!"

"Hey! I got one too!"

"I think you got my line."

"Bullshit!"

"Whaddaya mean bullshit? Yer line got crossed with mine after I got hold of this fish."

"We'll see who's crossed with who when we get this sonofabitch on the bank."

"Yeah, if we ever do with you pullin' on my line!"

"Here he comes now, take it easy."

"OK slide'im up on the gravel."

"Watch it! He's loose! Grab him!"

"Got him!"

"Phew!"

"Biggest one I've caught all season."

"You caught! Why you. . . that's my fish an' you know it!"

"I don't know no such thing. Hooks come loose before we could see fer sure an' I hooked him first."

"Give 'im here."

"Hey! You bastard put up that pistol!"

"Not unless you gimme my steelhead." [more →]

"It ain't yers."

"Alright fellas let's settle this peacefully now. I'm the warden here."

After hearing the arguments of both parties the game warden took out a skinning knife and divided the object of the debate down the middle handing a half to each contestant.

* * *

It is a blustery, snowy Fall day on the Yellowstone River. I've gone out hoping to catch Brown Trout but haven't been able to. After a while a two man yellow life raft floats into sight upstream. There is a fisherman in it who is furiously casting a dry fly at my bank.

"Gettin' any?" He inquires as he nears.

"No."

"I am. Been doin' real well."

"That's good."

"You usin' wets or dries?"

"Wets."

"Better switch to dries like me. Dries is how you get 'em. In fact, there's one now!"

His rubber raft swung round and round out of control as the fish he had just hooked darted about.

"Looks like a good one too! Uh oh, wait a minute, why it's a Goddamn whitefish. You a whitefish fan?"

"What?"

"ARE YOU A WHITEFISH FAN?"

"I don't know what. . ."

"Good! I hate 'em!"

With that he hurled the unfortunate whitefish as far as he could up the riverbank and continued on out of sight. After a brief search I found it wedged in near some logs gasping spasmodically. Carrying it to the river I held it upright in the current for many minutes until it could hold its own. Then it swam down out of sight.

* * *

One summer I was walking with an uncle and cousin along a foot trail in the Los Padres National Forest. Presently we came upon two men walking in the opposite direction, who could well have been a pair of latter day Pancho Villas. Indeed, our trailmates sported the sort of arms one might expect to encounter during a Latin American Revolution. The men wore knives, pistols, canteens, belts of cartridges crisscrossed over their chests and carried the kind of rifles with wood all the way up to the muzzles such as were used in many an early campaign.

"How's fishin'?" Asked one.

"Not bad. How's the hunting?"

"Terrible. We ain't had nothin' but a few sound shots."

* * *

I went to school with a boy who had a vague interest in hunting and fishing. Now, when we occasionally pass on the street or happen to meet by chance in a bar small talk passes between us on the subjects. I remember a story he told one night after we'd had quite a few.

"Ever hear of the Black Pearl?" He asked.

"I don't think so."

"Worth a fortune."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. You find 'em in oysters."

"Hmmmmm."

"Me an' a friend of mine have been lookin'."

"What?"

"The oyster company. There's millions of oysters behind those fences."

"You don't mean. . ."

"Minus tide at night. Last week we were sittin' there and must've had a pile of open oysters big as a car. Guy's dog started barkin' an' lights started goin' on in the shacks. Jesus, we barely got outta there."

"A close one eh?"

"Yep. But it's worth it for the Black Pearl."

"How many have you found?"

"None."

* * *

On a bright, clear November day some of us were fishing for steelhead in a pool called Watson's Log. Somewhat upstream is a place known as the Narrows. There, two or three men were fly casting and presently one of them hooked a fish. Otherwise there hadn't been much doing so right away a few onlookers gathered and as the fight continued a veritable gallery hovered behind the fortunate angler. Speculation arose around the fish's possible identity with the majority favoring an especially large King Salmon. Some thought it might be a Striped Bass.

Soon the huge fish wallowed helplessly far out on the surface of the pool.

"Look at the size of 'im!" Someone cried.

"What is it?"

"Can't tell, but it's sure a whopper."

"Good Lord! It's a carp! He's hooked in the tail!"

"Ugh!"

"Look at the size of that ugly bastard!"

"Ooh hoo what a giant!"

Then the massive bottom feeder was dragged high and dry and someone bashed in its skull with a heavy river stone. The fish would have weighed more than thirty pounds and was a leviathan of its kind. Only prejudice makes us think carp are ugly, whereas, actually they are beautiful and golden. The Japanese portray them with long sensuous brush strokes. By December after the ravens and seagulls had finished, only a vague skeleton and a few dollar sized scales remained.

* * *

One day not long after I was out of high school I found myself in a car with a casual acquaintance headed for some lakes near where we lived to go trout fishing. Suddenly, as I was looking out my window at the scenery, the car was swerving and jouncing so that my head hit the roof. Finally we came to a stop in a ditch among the sagebrush.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I saw a rabbit and tried to get him."

* * *

A friend of mine had always wanted to go Elk hunting. Finally, after much planning and anticipation the day arrived when he left for the long awaited pack trip into Wyoming. A few days later I got a call from him.

"I'm back."

"Back?"

"Yes I'm home."

"But I thought. . ."

"So did I. Three other hunters and myself packed on horseback into a remote area. Mules carried our supplies and we had two guides. The first Goddamn morning we're there this one dude blasts the guide right off his horse. Deader'n hell. So we draped the poor bastard over his saddle and rode back and that was my Elk hunting trip."

* * *

One winter day a bunch of us were standing around on the bank of a priceless little steelhead river in Northern California. It was a river I'd fished since I was a boy and the topic of conversation was the tragic decline in the fishing over the years. About then an old gent who'd been fishing in the pool below

us hooked a nice steelhead. We all turned to watch him play it. Soon my companion offered a speculative remark to the crowd.

"I wonder," he said, "What you'd do if you knew that the fish you just caught was the last one in the river?"

And someone answered, "Whap!"

* * *

These stories are all true and I could go on. Whatever their merit or interest lies however, not in their credibility but in their morbid irony. I fish and hunt with more than average frequency, always have and probably always will. Yet there are times when I seriously wonder why, especially as far as hunting is concerned wherein success is irreversible. But somehow, when the phone rings and a friend suggests going duck hunting I'm always enthusiastic.

Death has always loomed large in my concept of nature and the outdoors. And I don't necessarily mean to restrict that comment to the philosophy of Survival of the Fittest or food chain biology. One of my earliest memories is walking up the canyon from our ranch with my father. At one point quite far from the house we sat down among some willows to rest. As I recall it now my father had his shotgun along and shot a crow as it landed in the branches above us. More than that I remember a steep bank nearby which rose directly up from the creek bed. For some reason my father began explaining how to get home if anything should happen to him.

"Always follow the crick." He said.

Somehow I got the idea that he was going to die which was why he was explaining to me how to find my way home. I began to cry and there was really no reason for it but even today the memory of those minutes comes back sad and stark and real. *[more →]*

My father showed by example how to be careful with guns and he had rules for their use. I could take a gun out alone but never with another boy. Two boys together were liable to become excited and careless.

"Think how you would feel for the rest of your life if you shot someone." He would say. "When you're by yourself there's only one person you can shoot."

And pistols were never allowed.

"Too easy to accidentally point at someone." He warned.

Guns are made to kill, that I learned long ago. So while I very often admire a particular firearm for its beauty, I know at the same time whatever esthetic properties it possesses are strictly peripheral to its real purpose.

When I think back upon my life of sport the deaths and near deaths stand out. I fish more than hunt and in fishing the matter can be simply avoided by releasing the catch which I most often do. It's hard to release a deer that's been slammed by a 180 grain hollow point.

A variety of hunting successes stick. Once on a walk with the .22 when I was ten or eleven I saw a cottontail rabbit dash into a thicket. Walking over I looked in and saw him sitting right there looking back at me. His innocence occurred to me as I shot him point blank. Too ashamed to admit what I'd done and stunned by the cruelty of it, I left the rabbit in there, walked home and put the gun away for many years.

Then there was the time I armed myself with a slingshot. This wasn't your forked stick cut from a tree branch like my father had made for me years before. This one was bought in a "toy" department and was advertised as a weapon. Which it was. Going out one afternoon among the bay trees I spotted a gray squirrel. I was right beneath him so I could see clearly the little lead ball whistle between his spread hind legs as my shot barely missed. I was seized by a sudden pain in my own groin at the thought of a hit while at the same time feeling the utter relief of a clean miss. It was like waking from a nightmare in which you'd just committed a murder to find yourself innocent.

Again the stories could go on and on. When we were young a neighboring rancher shot an eagle with his deer rifle. After showing it around he threw it down a shallow ravine near the road. To this day the spot is known as "where so and so threw the eagle." My grandfather had a buckshot still lodged under one fingernail when he died, all that remained of the time a careless quail hunter caught him with a load of no. 7 ½'s. How many gut shot deer ran to die in a remote creek bottom somewhere? A crippled mourning dove's liquid eye stares from a head covered with the most indescribably exotic, tiny pinkish feathers - the head soon to be bashed against the breech for mercy's sake.

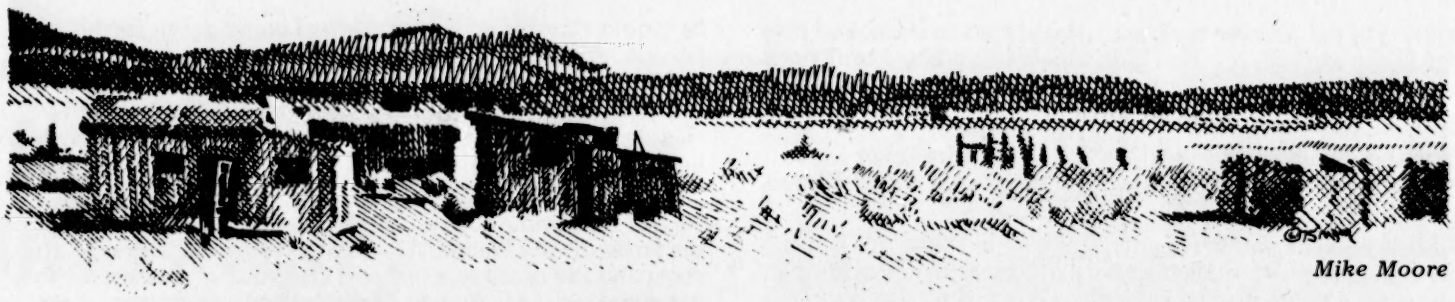
The media can often accomodate here too. In the pages of a sporting journal a hunter sits with his buck. He is in the snow which is extensively blood stained, alluding to the gore surrounding the capture of this trophy animal. On television an archer stalks a grizzly. This unsuspecting member of an endangered species is feeding on a carcass as the arrow slams into its chest. The animal's death, duly filmed, was so pathetic that I'll not re-describe it.

The other afternoon I went Grouse hunting. I'd had a nasty experience the week before when, after a friend had shot and crippled a bird I picked it up and cracked its head over a fencepost, then left it while we hunted. An hour later when we came back to get the bird it was sitting looking at us. I nearly vomited at what I'd unwittingly done and quickly broke its neck. But this incident had faded into the past as they all do and again I was walking in the woods.

Half hour had passed without a bird when suddenly overhead a shadow flushed. Instinctively I raised the shotgun only to see a blue jay. During my motion I'd pushed the safety off before I knew what I was doing I'd touched off a shot. A few feathers flew and the jay swerved unnaturally into a nearby tree . . . I couldn't believe what I'd done. This was worthy of a nine year old and I was horrified. For a moment I hoped the jay was unhurt but I knew too well that he was hit somewhere. Upon hearing the shot my dog became confused since she'd flushed no Grouse nor seen any fall. She raced aimlessly around the woods. My other dog, a totally useless Basenji that I'd just taken along for the walk, stood by and whined. I walked over to the tree and looked up at the jay who stared down, his beak half open. Several times I walked back from the tree thinking he'd fly away thereby absolving me from the consequences of my hasty actions. But he didn't, as I knew he wouldn't, because he was shot. Standing back, I pointed the gun at him for long minutes then touched off another blast. At this he fluttered from the tree and flew over my head where I jerked off another crazed shot, missing him completely. This last can only have been part of some demented effort to be "sportsmanlike." By now I was in shock, the dog was racing more feverishly than ever about the woods trying to figure it out and the Basenji whined ever more loudly. The jay landed in an aspen very wounded. I began to sob uncontrollably. Walking close, I aimed and with my fourth shot blew the thing to kingdom come. Laying down the gun, I cried for some time then just sat quietly in the late Autumn afternoon. Then I went home.

I'm a hunter and a fisherman, always have been and always will be.

Why? ■



Mike Moore

The Optimist

BY DON CARPENTER

Rudolph Tilly first came to the Eastern Oregon town of Iona in 1931, getting off the Portland-Boise bus with a large almost square black imitation leather sample case and a cardboard suitcase made to look like rawhide and strapped with Manila twine, one corner of the lid torn and mended with tire tape. He was a small whitefaced man and when he finally got his luggage up on the boardwalk in front of the bus depot he took off his derby hat and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief that matched his necktie. His straw-colored hair stuck up wetly like the crest of a bird and his pale skin shined with sweat. It was midsummer and everybody else in town who was white to begin with had already tanned or reddened deeply, so he looked doubly out of place; too pale to be here wearing the wrong clothes.

It did not take him long to tell everybody who he was and why he had come to town, and even though most of what he said later turned out to be false, it worked well enough to take the edge off his strangeness, and people could say either to each other or to themselves, "Oh, he's nothing but a salesman," and forget him, or, if he happened to be standing in front of them, deal with him. An hour after he had gotten off the bus he had lost all his money across the street from the depot in Bud's Wagon Wheel, playing stud poker and buying drinks for his fellow players, talking too much in a flat high whining voice that irritated everybody, but not enough for them to be impolite or leave the poker game when there was all this easy money to be won. Not that there was really so much money, just that it was new money. After it was all gone and Tilly had said, "Well, I guess I'll watch for a while," he moved to the end barstool next to the poker table and sat hunched over seeming to concentrate on the game. Bud came over to him and asked him if he wanted anything to drink, but Tilly said, "No, I guess it's too early to have another one," and Bud left him alone.

But the game broke up when most of the men went home to supper, and Tilly still sat there hunched over, his two suitcases at his feet. By seven the place was empty except for Tilly and Bud, and Bud opened a can of beans, cooked them, dumped them into a tin plate and sat at the other end of the bar reading the paper and eating. Tilly stayed where he was and didn't say anything. He had already told Bud and everybody else in the place that he was from Chicago, where they played a tougher higher-stakes brand of poker, and that he was an executive trainee for a big corporation out looking over the field and that Portland was not quite as hot as Iona although it seemed hotter because the air was so moist there and so dry here, and that actually he was in the sales end of the corporation at the present but expected to move into management as soon as they had weeded out some of the deadwood at the home office in Trenton, New Jersey, and that he had never personally been to Trenton but that he had passed through New Jersey on his way to New York City many times, and that he and the 20th Century had been born on the same day, or practically, and that as a matter of fact he had arrived before the century had, and meant to keep it that way. "I'll never see the year Two Thousand," he said, when the cards were running in his direction and he had four or five stacks of silver dollars in front of him, "but I guess neither will any man in this room, although there are probably some babies here in town who will be old men when the century turns."

"You selling watches?" one of the fellows asked him.

Bud scraped the last bean out of his plate and went behind the bar and washed both plate and fork, and put them away. There were still some beans in the tin pot, and Bud spooned them into a graniteware cup, added the spoon and put the cup on the bar behind Tilly.

"You might as well finish these," he said, and went back to the toilet. While he was back there he found a scorpion lurking under the sink and killed it with a flyswatter and carried the corpse out the back door and threw it on the trash heap. It was nearly sundown, the sun edging the mountains to the northwest, and the air was light and warm instead of hot. Bud stood for a few moments enjoying the view, his flyswatter in his hand, and then went back inside. The cup was on the bar empty, with the licked-off spoon in it, and Tilly still sat facing away from the bar, his shoulders bent, his derby on his head. Bud was a small man himself, too small to do ranch or logging work, half crippled by arthritis so that he looked like a monkey wearing a white shirt and blue pants two sizes too large for his body; but normally his sympathy was reserved for people he knew. Strangers came here seldom, and almost always to take something away. Nobody came here to settle, especially now, in the middle of the Depression, and so Bud was surprised at himself for giving Tilly the leftover beans.

Two cowboys came in and sat down at the card table after saying good evening to Bud. One of them had a newspaper, and he gave half the paper to the other cowboy and they sat quietly reading, swapping sections without speaking, not ordering anything to drink or speaking to Tilly, and then one of the cardplayers from that afternoon came in and said good evening to both Bud and Tilly and sat at the other end of the bar and drank a whiskey and smoked a cigar. The place had gone into a deep dusty gloom before Bud came out around the bar and turned on the big overhead lights set into the two old wagon wheels that gave the place its name, and Tilly, who had been so talkative all afternoon, still did not say anything, even though Bud went over and stood beside him for a few moments. Finally Bud tapped the black sample case with his foot and said, "What'd you say was in this thing?"

"Mixer," Tilly said.

"Show me how it works," Bud said. He went back around the bar. The two cowboys and the man at the end of the bar watched while Tilly got the case up onto a barstool and opened it and took out the mixer and its attachments and a small booklet. He left his order book in the sample case. The mixer set came with three bowls that nested inside each other, two detachable beaters, and an attachment used for juicing oranges or lemons into a large glass jug. Bud put some water into the largest of the three bowls, and all the men watched while the two beaters agitated the water. Tilly read his sales pitch from the booklet, explaining how things could be mixed in the bowls without getting fingers dirty or

spilling batter all over the place. He wanted to show Bud how the juicer worked, but Bud didn't have any oranges or lemons.

"Well," Tilly said, "that's it." He began to put the things away in the sample case.

"What do you want for it?" Bud said. The three men who were not involved in the transaction turned away and minded their own business.

"Twelve dollars and fifty cents," Tilly said. "But this is just my sample. I have to send to Portland for yours, providing of course you want to buy one."

"You mean this one is not for sale."

"That's right. It's my demonstrator. I have to keep it to show to other prospective buyers."

"Such as who?"

Tilly took off his derby and smoothed back his hair, which sprung back up just before he put his hat back on. "Housewives," he said, as if he did not believe it, either.

"I'll give you five dollars for it," Bud said.

Tilly did not meet Bud's eyes, but instead kept fussing with the catch on the sample case. "I can't do that," he said. After a while he added, "I have to try."

"Well, then, I'll loan you five dollars on it," Bud said in a voice so low Tilly almost failed to hear it. Tilly stroked his chin and then scratched the side of his nose and tugged at his earlobe, and was about to take off his hat and smooth down his hair again when Bud said, "And you can keep it to show to people." He did not wait for an answer but went to the cash register, punched No Sale and took out five silver dollars and handed them to Tilly so that they would not chink on the bar. The two cowboys were deep in their newspaper again, and the man at the end of the bar was watching his cigar smoke curl up out of sight.

* * *

The second story of the John Day Hotel was built out over the board sidewalk in front of the building, and out in front there was still a long watering trough for horses, and on the boardwalk itself a long backless wooden bench in the shade. Rudolph Tilly moved into the hotel and was given one of the three fifty-cent rooms that overlooked Walnut Street. When he was not out trying to sell mixers he was either up in his room with the window open or down below, sitting on the bench in his white shirt, pale necktie and derby hat. He ate his meals in the hotel dining room, which was more expensive that the diner down the block, but the hotel let him put his meals on his bill. When he could, he chose to sit by the front window, which was right behind the bench. No one had much to say to him.

If the town of Iona had a center it was that bench in front of the hotel. The post office was next door, but it was only a one-story building, built flush with the boardwalk and so the bench was the nearest shady place to wait for the mail, and each morning men gathered for the nine o'clock distribution of mail. Once a week the male Indians would come and stand in front of the hotel, but often their checks did not come in the first delivery, and so they would wait for the two p.m. delivery, but none of them ever sat on the bench. They would sit on the watering trough or on the edge of the boardwalk with their legs crossed, and Rudolph Tilly always avoided them. He also avoided the Wagon Wheel as long as he owed Bud the five dollars.

Every morning when he left the hotel dressed in his suit and carrying the big clumsy sample case it would already be hot, but he would work all morning, going from door to door asking housewives if they wanted to buy one of his mixers. None did. Some would invite him in to sit and have a cup of coffee in the shade, and while he talked they would watch his face turn from dark red back to its natural pale white and watch the sweat run down his face no matter how many times he wiped it, and although these women were sympathetic to him, they did not want or could not afford an electric egg beater, and so finally he would have to get up and put his hat on and go back out into the heat. By a little after noon he would be back in the hotel, up in his room, where he would stay for an hour and then come down for his meal. He was not the only travelling salesman in town, but he was the only one who was actually broke, and so while the others would spend their afternoons working or sitting over in the Wagon Wheel talking or drinking and playing cards, he spent his on the bench, until, finally, the hotel management asked him to pay his bill.

He left his sample case with the hotel clerk and walked across the street to the Wagon Wheel. It was late on a Friday afternoon and the place was busy. Tilly stood at the end of the bar and waited for Bud to finish serving a customer. Bud wiped his hands and came over to him.

"How's business?" Bud asked, although he knew the answer.

"Just fine," Tilly said. "Oh, not the damned mixer. I'm out of that. But I've been in touch with some people in Portland and they want to talk turkey. So I'm running up to the big city over the weekend, have conferences on Monday and ought to be back here Wednesday at the latest."

"Portland bus leaves in an hour," Bud said.

"Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. You were kind enough to loan me money on that mixer, and I sort of felt that you'd probably feel pretty strange about me getting on that bus for Portland without giving you the five dollars back first. You might think I was just leaving town and not coming back. I wanted to clear that up."

"You mean you wanted to tell me you were coming back and not to worry," Bud said. He could tell that two or three of the men at the bar were listening, because they were so obviously not listening.

Tilly said, "Well, yes and no. I've had a bit of bad luck, you might say, and it looks like I'm going to have to borrow some more money. . ."

"For the bus ticket," Bud said.

"Yes, well, that, too, but I have a bill over at the hotel they're pretty set on my paying. After all, they don't know me, they don't know I'm good for it, and I can see how they feel about it."

"I didn't take you to raise," Bud said. "You expect me to pay your hotel bill and feed bill and buy a ticket to Portland, all for that damned mixer?"

Tilly took his hat off and put it on the bar. "Well, I have to take that mixer back to Portland with me," he said. "I can't sell it. It belongs to the company." He smiled at Bud, the sweat cutting through the fine dust on his face.

Bud was tempted for a moment to torture Tilly by asking him if he couldn't sell it, what was he doing with it, but he knew what Tilly meant: that he was going to return the mixer to the company because it would be dishonest to sell it and keep the twelve dollars and fifty cents, and his commission would not be enough, even if he could sell it, to cover his debts in Iona, and would not even be enough for him to shoot the moon on. So instead, Bud sighed and went to the cash register and clanged it open and took out a twenty dollar bill and came back and handed it to Tilly.

"Will that do?"

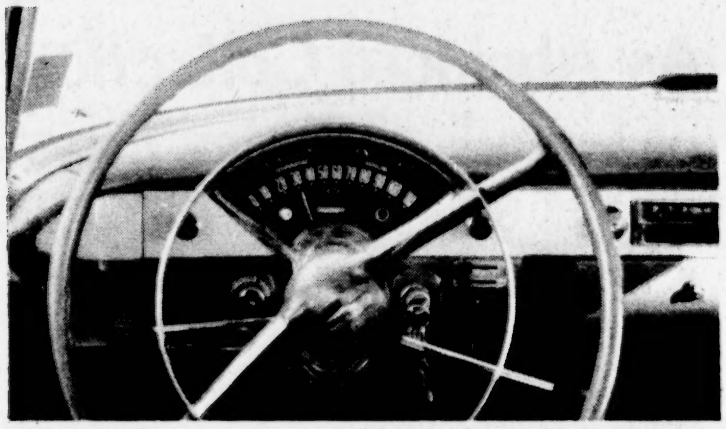
Tilly muttered something Bud could not hear and left the place. The room was silent. Even the card players were no longer pretending not to listen. Bud went back of the bar and started washing glasses.

"He'd probably borrow a gun off one of you big strong men and blow his brains out all over the floor," Bud said to the room in general.

Later he decided that the Depression was having a strange effect on people. With everybody nearly broke, mistrust seemed to be dropping instead of rising. He was amazed at himself, loaning money to a stranger when he would not loan any to friends. He did not really expect Tilly to return, but he did think that if Tilly could come back and pay the debt, he would. Bud was just sure that a man like Tilly would never be able to find that kind of money. He just didn't have any luck. ■

Running on Empty

BY JOHNNY POPPER



Bob was standing in front of the passageway; and Sherry came rushing out of the kitchen with an armload of plates and glasses.

"Move!" she urgently commanded him. He stepped hastily aside; and she continued on and clattered the dishes down on the table.

"What about the heater? You said the switch doesn't work. You mean the thermostat?" Bob's down-to-business attitude was accompanied by an inflectionless tone of voice and little change of expression.

"It works," Rosalie replied flippantly. "You have to turn it on is all."

"What're you talking about? Turn it on where?"

"Down at the bottom. You know, the thing with the doorknob on it."

"At the valve?"

"I guess so. I don't know what you call it."

He made his customary insidious smirk, and shook his head in mortification. "You have to get it fixed or you'll wear out the valve. Maybe the thermostat isn't working." He went around to where it was behind the rocking chair, on the wall beside her bedroom door. He pried off the cover with his thumb and studied it close-up while Rosalie busied herself picking up newspapers off the floor.

"However, hardly anything can go wrong with them." He snapped the cover back on and came back past the heater looking down critically at the bottom of it. "Something might be broken in the switch. Maybe it's a reducer. I'd have to have my voltage meter to find out." Stopping by her side he informed her plainly, "It'll cost you fifty dollars for a new valve. Remember what happened to the dryer."

"I remember you told me the switch was bad," she answered haughtily.

"You wired it up wrong and burned up the dryer."

"So what? The dryer was free. And besides, I was tired of waiting for you to do it."

"Someday you'll get killed doing something you don't know anything about."

"I hope you aren't at my funeral."

"If I were you I'd get things fixed around here."

"You were never me." She went into the bathroom, and he followed as far as the hallway and talked to her through the closed door. Mona came out of her room and sat down at the table under the mirror. Sherry rushed out of the kitchen carrying a steaming saucepan in a hot pad in one hand and a lidded frying pan in the other, frantically calling for something to put them on. Mona grabbed up a book and a catalogue off the shelf and put them on the table. And Sherry plopped down the pans and announced dinner in a loud, aggravated tone of voice. Rosalie came out of the bathroom and Conklin got up and sat in his usual place at the table on the outside corner. Sherry exchanged goodbys with the two girls and the handsome, older-looking guy whose name was Ogerd. And they filed through the kitchen to go. The other girl, Virginia, was staying for supper. Sherry brought the salad bowl and a platter of toast to the table. Rosalie sat down next to Conklin, and Bob dawdled by the kitchen passageway, jingling the change in his pocket.

"Someday I'll bring my tools and check out that heater." He looked at the floor in the face of Conklin's open-mouthed stare.

"Uh . . ." Sherry called after him as he poked along into the kitchen. "It'd be nice if we could get the sun lamp back someday," she suggested politely.

They heard him mumble something and the kitchen door open and close almost soundlessly. Sherry served Conklin his dinner first. She put down two pieces of toast and ladled out a lumpy brown gravy over them.

"What the hell's that?"

She picked up another plate to serve and said, "Shit on a shingle."

"What . . . ?"

"Shit on a shingle," she repeated, looking him straight in the face. "Haven't you ever heard of shit on a shingle?"

* * *

Rita cut across Ashton and returned through the yards on that side of the street. She plunged through the square-cut shrubbery, stopped, and sniffed the grass under her tail. She made two complete circles doing that, and sat down on her haunches. She drooped her ears and looked aside with a modest set in the crooked corners of her mouth, shitting. When she was done she turned around and sniffed it, then headed for home, diagonally across the intersection. At the kitchen door she gave a couple of short barks, raised her paw, and scratched the plywood window replacement. Nothing happened; she circled around nervously, sat down on her haunches, and whined. Finally the door crunched open.

"Goddamnit, get in here!" Mona commanded in a harsh tone of voice. Rita reared up and plunged through the doorway, thrashing her tail back and forth. It wopped against the little serving table and knocked the tray against the oven. And the door slammed shut again.

The front door opened on the house with the square-cut bushes, and out came a woman in a white, belted dressing gown and pink fluff slippers, carrying a section of newspaper and a big spoon. She wrinkled her nose to move up her glasses and glared at Rosalie's house with a look of indignation. She stepped across her yard and knelt down where Rita had been. In a little while she stood up again, picking up the newspaper by its four corners. She took a look around and came across the intersection, holding it ahead of her in her hand, with her face turned aside and her nose wrinkled repugnantly. At the kitchen door she knelt and scraped the contents onto the welcome mat. She marched back across the intersection in a stately posture with her head erect, looking strictly ahead of face. ■

So long as I have known Johnny Popper, he has spent half the year typing in the back of an old Dodge panel truck. He turns out unpublished novels about the things he sees around him. This is part of Running on Empty, *his latest. Though Popper is still unpublished as a novelist, his agent is Peter Matson, New York.*

—jd

An Abridged Collection of Interdisciplinary Laws

BY CONRAD SCHNEIKER

Illustrations by Steamboat

Anthony's Law of Force
Don't force it, get a larger hammer.

Anthony's Law of the Workshop
Any tool, when dropped, will roll into the least accessible corner of the workshop.

The Army Axiom
Any order that can be misunderstood has been misunderstood.

Barber's First Law
A stone in your shoe always migrates against the pressure gradient to exactly the point of most pressure.

Barth's Distinction
There are two types of people: those who divide people into two types, and those who don't.

Boren's Law
When in doubt, mumble.

Canada Bill Jones' Motto
It's morally wrong to allow suckers to keep their money.

Canada Bill Jones' Supplement
A Smith and Wesson beats four aces.

Cheops' Law
Nothing ever gets built on schedule or within budget.

Chilsolm's Law of Human Interaction
Anytime things appear to be going better you have overlooked something.

Chisolm's Third Law
Proposals, as understood by the proposer, will be judged otherwise by others.
Corollary 1: If you explain so clearly that nobody can misunderstand, somebody will.
Corollary 2: If you do something which you are sure will meet with everyone's approval, somebody won't like it.
Corollary 3: Procedures devised to implement the purpose won't quite work.

Churchill's Commentary on Man
Man will occasionally stumble over the truth but most of the time he will pick himself up and continue on.

Commoner's Three Laws of Ecology
1) No action is without side-effects.
2) Nothing ever goes away.
3) There is no free lunch.

Cook's Law
Much work — much food, little work — little food, no work — burial at sea.

Crane's Law (Friedman's Reiteration)
There ain't no such thing as a free lunch.

Diogenes' First Dictum
The more heavily a man is supposed to be taxed, the more power he has to escape being taxed.

Diogenes' Second Dictum
If a taxpayer thinks he can cheat safely, he probably will.

Finagle's First Law
If an experiment works, something has gone wrong.

Finagle's Second Law
No matter what result is anticipated, there will always be someone eager to (a) misinterpret it, (b) fake it, or (c) believe it happened to his own pet theory.

Finagle's Third Law
In any collection of data, the figure most obviously correct, beyond all need of checking, is the mistake.
Corollary 1: No one whom you ask for help will see it.
Corollary 2: Everyone who stops by with unsought advice will see it immediately.

The First Law of Bicycling
No matter which way you ride it's uphill and against the wind.

The First Law of Canoeing (Alfred Andrews Canoeing Postulate)
No matter which direction you start it's always against the wind coming back.

The First Law of Debate
Never argue with a fool. People might not know the difference.

Ginsberg's Theorem
1) You can't win.
2) You can't break even.
3) You can't even quit the game.

The Golden Rules of Indulgence
Everything in excess! To enjoy the full flavor of life, take big bites. Moderation is for monks. Yield to temptation; it may never pass your way again.

Gummidge's Law
The amount of expertise varies in inverse proportion to the number of statements understood by the general public.

Gumperson's Law
The probability of anything happening is in inverse ratio to its desirability.

Hagerty's Law
If you lose your temper at a newspaper columnist, he'll get rich or famous or both.

Hartley's First Law
You can lead a horse to water, but if you can get him to float on his back you've got something.

Harvard Law
Under the most rigorously controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity, and other variables, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.

Hoare's Law of Large Programs
Inside every large program is a small program struggling to get out.

Horner's Five Thumb Postulate
Experience varies directly with equipment ruined.

Jacquin's Postulate on Democratic Governments
No man's life, liberty or property are safe while the legislature is in session.

Johnson's First Law of Auto Repair
Any tool dropped while repairing an automobile will roll under the car to the vehicle's exact geographic center.

Jones' Law
The man who can smile when things go wrong has thought of someone he can blame it on.

Jones' Motto
Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.

Katz's Law
Men and nations will act rationally when all other possibilities have been exhausted.

You can lead a horse to water, but if you can get him to float on his back, you've got something.

Kitman's Law
Pure drivel tends to drive off the TV screen ordinary drivel.

The Law of Selective Gravity (The Buttered Side Down Law)
An object will fall so as to do the most damage.

The Law of the Perversity of Nature (Mrs. Murphy's Corollary)
You cannot successfully determine beforehand which side of the bread to butter.

Law of Superiority
The first example of superior principle is always inferior to the developed example of inferior principle.

Long's Notes
1) Always store beer in a dark place.
2) Any priest or shaman must be presumed guilty until proved innocent.
3) Always listen to experts. They'll tell you what can't be done, and why. Then do it.
4) It has long been known that one horse can run faster than another – but which one? Differences are crucial.
5) A poet who reads his verse in public may have other nasty habits.
6) Small change can often be found under seat cushions.
7) It's amazing how much "mature wisdom" resembles being too tired.
8) Secrecy is the beginning of tyranny.
9) It's better to copulate than never.
10) Never appeal to man's "better nature." He may not have one.

McNaughton's Rule
Any argument worth making within the bureaucracy must be capable of being expressed in a simple declarative sentence that is obviously true once stated.

Merrill's First Corollary
There are no winners in life; only survivors.

Merrill's Second Corollary
In the highway of life, the average happening is of about as much true significance as a dead skunk in the middle of the road.

Murphy's Ninth Law
Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.

Murphy's Tenth Law
Mother nature is a bitch.

Oeser's Law
There is a tendency for the person in the most powerful position in an organization to spend all his time serving on committees and signing letters.

Osborn's Law
Variables won't, constants aren't.

O'Toole's Commentary on Murphy's Laws
Murphy was an optimist.

Parker's Rule of Parliamentary Procedure
A motion to adjourn is always in order.

Parker's Law of Political Statements
The truth of a proposition has nothing to do with its credibility and vice versa.

Peckham's Law
Beauty times brains equals a constant.

Potter's Law
The amount of flak received on any subject is inversely proportional to the subject's true value.

Rudin's Law
In a crisis that forces a choice to be made among alternative courses of action most people will choose the worst one possible.

Rule of Accuracy
When working toward the solution of a problem it always helps if you know the answer.

Shaw's Principle
Build a system that even a fool can use, and only a fool will want to use it.

A man without religion is like a fish without a bicycle.

Simon's Law
Everything put together sooner or later falls apart.

The Swipple Rule of Order
He who shouts loudest has the floor.

Sturgeon's Law
90 per cent of everything is crud.

The Ten Truths of Management
1) Think before you act; it's not your money.
2) All good management is the expression of one great idea.
3) No executive devotes effort to proving himself wrong.
4) Cash in must exceed cash out.
5) Management capability is always less than the organization actually needs.
6) Either an executive can do his job or he can't.
7) If sophisticated calculations are needed to justify an action, don't do it.
8) If you are doing something wrong, you will do it badly.
9) If you are attempting the impossible, you will fail.
10) The easiest way of making money is to stop losing it.

Truth 5.1 of Management
Organizations always have too many managers.

Vique's Law
A man without religion is like a fish without a bicycle.

Weaver's Law
When several reporters share a cab on an assignment, the reporter in the front seat pays for all.

Weaver's Corollary (Doyle's Corollary)
No matter how many reporters share a cab, and no matter who pays, each puts the full fare on his own expense account.

Weiler's Law
Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

Weinberg's Law
If builders built buildings the way programmers wrote programs, then the first woodpecker that came along would destroy civilization.

Westheimer's Rule
To estimate the time it takes to do a task: estimate the time you think it should take, multiply by 2, and change the unit of measure to the next highest unit. Thus we allocate 2 days for a one hour task.

Wiker's Law
Government expands to absorb revenue and then some.

Wynne's Law
Negative slack tends to increase.

Zymurgy's First Law of Evolving System Dynamics
Once you open a can of worms, the only way to recan them is to use a larger can. (Old worms never die, they just worm their way into larger cans.) ■

Postcript: If there are any further additions or corrections, please send them to:
G. Edward Logg or Gregg Townsend
Control Data Corp. SVL 155E
215 Moffett Park Drive
Sunnyvale, CA 94086

The Joy of Socks

BY TOM JESTER

From "Coming Out in the Astral Wash . . . Sock Song," by Shelby Sampson in **Wimmens Comix International** *(No. 5).*

Your basic white socks are all white and all cotton. Some have one or two rings around the top, depending on whether they're worn for business or formal occasions, and all the best ones have elastic ribs to hold them up during sex.

White socks can be worn with anything. But not anybody can wear them. It takes group loyalty and a certain insouciance. And the spiritual plateau you reach when you no longer give a fuck what color your socks are can color your whole outlook on life. Not only that, but observing other people who wear white socks is the next best thing to an anthropology field trip.

And therein lies the joy of socks.

In the South, for example, where you probably see more white socks per square foot than anywhere else, they're an institution.

White socks are an anti-status symbol, they don't stain your toenails, they eliminate agonizing aesthetic choices (not to mention the chance of a mismatch) and, if you get a hole in one of your white socks, it's easy to repair. All you need is white shoe polish. Also the elastic can keep your socks from drooping when you dance, especially during the hokey-pokey. This is not necessarily true in the Bible Belt South, though, because Baptists don't dance. So the elastic only serves to hold the socks up during regular sex. Baptists never do it standing up, by the way, because they're afraid someone might see them and think they're dancing.

It used to be, and maybe still is, that people who didn't wear white socks could take joy in that fact. If you wore white socks on campus at the University of Alabama when I was there in the early 60s, it made it easy for the status conscious to identify you as "not the right type." In fact, if you showed up for rush with white socks on, your social status dropped to a level only slightly above that of a leper with white socks on.

But that's a joyless attitude to take toward socks. Of course they're visible – you ought to see the stroboscopic flash of white at a country funeral where all the pallbearers have on white socks. Better to look at it this way: when you find a good old boy with his good old white socks on, you can listen in and hear some unique ways of stating things, especially when it comes to fuckin' and fightin'.

Consider these excerpts from socks and the single girl. " 'At old gal they got me down t'DeSoto Hotel was so loose it'uz like openin' up the gate and fuckin' on down the road . . . looked like a pile of cow shit with a wagon track through it . . . whooee, boys, I bet she could fuck a stump."

And if you're walkin' on the fightin' side, you can walk (or at least talk) a little meaner when you've got white socks under your brogans.

"I see you around here agin, I'm 'on box ye jaws." "Fid of been me, I'd warped him upside the head with a tar tool." "I'm on plow up yore aise lak new ground." "Better not git into it with O.B.; he ain't afraid to fight a circle saw." "I don't want no trouble."

You'll also find that white socks seem to cause people to take a more interesting stand on religion. What kind of person in burgundy Gold Cups could go down to the city park and testify on a Saturday, praise the Lord, and say resolutely that astronauts have never went to the moon " 'cause there's nothing in the Bible about it." And, to prove it, say with equal resolve that the alledged television pictures from the moon proved it was all a fake, filmed in a desert in Italy. "I know there couldn't of been no pictures sent back from the moon. My TV won't even pick up Atlanta."

Now all this discussion about the socio-politico-econo-religio-logical aspects of white socks is all well and good, but it possibly represents only one opinion. After thinking that, I decided on a field study, so I picked a likely looking stereotype down at the Kayo station and interviewed him on the subject of socks.

"You like those socks?" I asked.

"Yeah. Wear 'em all the time. S'only kind I like."

"Why don't you like colored ones? They got elastic in 'em, too."

"What difference does it make? Socks is socks."

I wonder what he meant by that? ■

Buddy, Can You Spare a Laff?

Underground Comix are still alive, though struggling these days. Having been plagued by a disintegrating distribution system, the Supreme Court ruling on obscenity (leaving it up to local communities to decide their own standards), and the changing mood of the times, it's amazing that new comix still appear and many are even good! *Latest news: '75 saw a trend to quality softcover collections to preserve the better stuff from creeping newsprint rot. Also: The Print Mint's large-size comix quarterly,* Arcade, *has just finished its first year of regular publication and the word is "go" for '76. Comix afficionados and those in need of a good laff or shock who have trouble finding the books locally should try mail-order. Please note: Comix publishers are cautious and will not mail out books without an age statement that you are over 18 years old. All books are in the spirit of good fun, but some have been known to strip antique furniture at a distance of 10 feet! 'Nuff said.*

–Jay Kinney

YES, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT... THERE IS URGENT BUSINESS TO ATTEND... WE GOTTA HIT THOSE DANGER ZONES!!
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WOOOO OUCH "OH"
GO!
POW!
WOW!! THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY!!

From "What Gives?" by R. Crumb in Zap Comics *(No. 8).*

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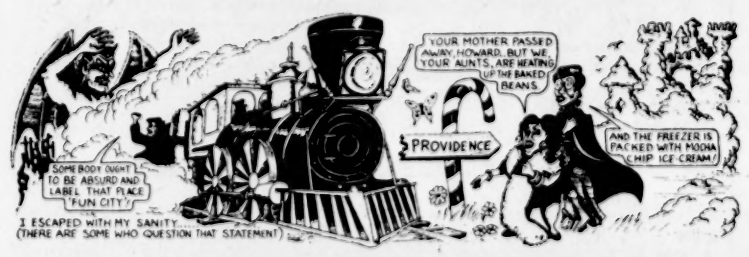
YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY HOWARD, BUT WE, YOUR AUNTS, ARE HEATING UP THE BAKED BEANS.
PROVIDENCE
AND THE FREEZER IS PACKED WITH MOONA CHIP ICE CREAM!
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO BE ABSURD AND LABEL THAT PLACE "FUN CITY"
I ESCAPED WITH MY SANITY (THERE ARE SOME WHO QUESTION THAT STATEMENT)

From "H.P. Lovecraft" by George Kuchar in Arcade *(No. 3).*

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YOU SEE, FIVE YEARS AGO AT THE PEAK OF MY SUCCESS, MY PICKLE EMPIRE WAS INFILTRATED BY SOME RATHER UNSCRUPULOUS ELEMENTS.
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The (updated) Last Whole Earth Catalog

Changes

These changes will bring your Updated CATALOG (16th Edition) all the way up to date (November 1975). (If you have the 13th, 14th, or 15th printing, or the hardcover, you will also need the changes in previous CQ's - Winter '74 thru Fall '75.)

p. 3
Nine Chains to the Moon
Add $2.45 paperback -
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Documents 1 - 4

Document Two - Out of Print
Document Three - Out of Print

Add Document Six -
The Ecological Context
by J. McHale (also available in paperback from:
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One Park Ave.
New York, NY 10016).

Add World Game Publications -
Document One, The World Game: Integrative Resource Utilization Planning Tool

Add to "$16.00 postpaid"
(Documents 1, 4, 6 and 1)
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p. 62
The Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana
Change $3.00 to $2.50
Change Augur Publishing Co., etc. to
Wingbow Press
c/o Book People
2940 Seventh St.
Berkeley, CA 92641

Business

p. 66
Rabbits – More Rabbits
Commercial Rabbit Growers Discount Club
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p. 118
What is Design?
Delete "Out of Print"
Add new edition entitled:
Form, Function and Design
$6.00 from:
Dover Publications, Inc.
180 Varick St.
New York, NY 10014

p. 132
PIC Design Corp.
Delete 477 Atlantic Avenue
East Rockaway, NY 11518

p. 136
The Art of Blacksmithing
Change Funk & Wagnalls, etc. to
Funk & Wagnalls
c/o Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
666 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

p. 163
Castle Clay Products, Inc.
Defunct

p. 232
Hong Kong
Far East Company
Defunct

p. 236
Alternatives Directories
Defunct

p. 263
Warmlite Tent
Change Stephenson's, etc., to
Stephenson's Warmlite
RFD 4
Winnipesaukee Highlands
Box 398
Gilford, NH 03246

p. 264
Yeti Sleeping Bags
Yeti Enterprises
Defunct

p. 293
Practical Ferro-Cement Boatbuilding
Change J. R. Benford, etc. to
International Marine Publishing Co.
21 Elm Street
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p. 337
Melody Flute
Change $1.35 to $2.10 to
$2.00 to $4.50
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Fox Etching Press - Fox Graphics
Defunct

p. 361
Italimuse
Change Italimuse, Inc., etc. to
Italimuse, Inc.
and The Eagers
18 Windy Acres Drive
Huntington, CT 06484

p. 365
Remaindered Books
Change Marboro Books Inc., etc. to
Marboro Books Inc.
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Teacher Drop-Out Center
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p. 411
Dymaxion Sky-Ocean World Map Kit
Delete Fuller Dymaxion Maps
Box 909
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Whole Earth Epilog

Changes

These changes plus the ones in the Winter '74 thru Fall '75 CQ's will bring your EPILOG up to date (November 1975).

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Tipi Makers
Change 75 cents to
$1 cash or stamps

p. 524
Dome Cookbook of Geodesic Geometry
Add Newly revised and reprinted
Change $2.00 to $3.00
Change David Kruschke, etc. to
David Kruschke
Rt. 2, Box 34A
Wild Rose, WI 54984

p. 542
Aladdin again - Country Light
Change P.O. Box 1219, etc. to
P.O. Box 1963
Athens, GA 30601

p. 543
The Plastics Factory Catalog & Handbook - The Plastics Factory
Change 119 Avenue D, etc., to
18 East 12th Street
New York, NY 10003
Add Handbook-Catalog -
$1.00 postpaid

p. 545
China at Work
Change $3.95 to $5.95

p. 561
Building the Oregon Loom - How to Build a Loom
Add to "Select Books"
P.O. Box 626
Pacific Grove, CA 93950
Delete pg. 546

p. 562
Quarterly Journal of the Guilds of Weavers, Spinners and Dyers
Change $2.50 to
$5.00 for 4 issues
Change Mrs. Win Evans etc., to
The Quarterly Journal
6 Queen Square
London, England
WC1N 3AR

p. 570
English Smocks
Out of Print

p. 578
Living in the Ozarks Newsletter
Change $5.00/yr to $8.00/yr
effective 1/1/76
Change Upper Friley Organization School to LION

p. 584
Don't Go Buy Appearances
Add revised edition
$2.95 postpaid
from:
Woodward Books
Box 773
Corte Madera, CA 94925

p. 592
Making Your Own Cheese and Yogurt
Change Funk & Wagnalls, etc. to
Funk & Wagnalls
c/o Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
666 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10019

p. 609
The Atlas of Sexual Pleasures
Change "Medco Photo-Books" to
Sherbourne Press

p. 610
Mail Order Porn -
Quality Enterprises &
Dunn Management Co.
Defunct

p. 660
Change Stephenson's Warmlite etc. to
Stephenson's Warmlite
RFD 4
Winnipesaukee Highlands
Box 398
Gilford, NH 03246

Sun Shower
Change $6.95 to $8.95
Change Basic Designs Inc., etc. to
Basic Designs Inc.
Box 479 Muir Beach
Sausalito, CA 94965

p. 655
Survivit Manual
Delete quote beginning with "Item"

p.673
TAP
Add Published irregularly, subscribers must have patience. First class subscription also available for $3.50/yr.

p.699
The Rolling Stone Guide to High Fidelity Sound
Change Straight Arrow, etc. to
Straight Arrow
625 Third Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

p. 711
P.E.T.
Add paperback edition
$4.95 postpaid
from:
Plume Books
1301 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10019

p. 730
Universal Sunclock/Calendar
No longer available

p. 737
Go Catalog
East Asia Book & Game Center
Defunct

p. 746
Lower right corner
The Satipatthana Vipassana Meditation
Out of Print

Practical Insight Meditation
Add $2.25 plus 50 cents postage & handling
Change Unity Press, etc., to
Unity Press
Order Dept.
P.O. Box 1037
Santa Cruz, CA 95061

CoEvolution Quarterly - 8/1/75 - 10/31/75

	Costs	
Production		
Staff Salaries	$13,015.75	
Contributors	4,500.00	
Rent	1,200.00	
Utilities	107.79	
Office Supplies	488.78	
Production Supplies	1,732.33	
Postage (office)	301.89	
Phone	1,115.18	
Auto & Travel	280.34	
Research	399.08	
Misc.	483.50	
Total Production Costs		$23,624.64
Printing (20,000 copies)		11,025.00
Promotion		679.00
Distribution		
Shipping	706.05	
Subscriber Mailing	518.00	
Back Issue Mailing	276.00	
Return Postage	210.00	
Total Distribution Costs		1,710.15
TOTAL EXPENSES		$37,038.79
	Income	
New Subscribers	$11,430.17	
Renewals	707.60	
Back Issues	2,394.20	
CATALOG/EPILOG	292.25	
Wholesale (newsstand & bookstore)	7,265.72	
Retaining Subscribers	350.00	
Sustaining Subscribers	300.00	
Misc.	218.38	
TOTAL INCOME		$22,958.32
NET LOSS		$14,080.47

This report is on a cash basis, our first published track record down to the penny. It covers the production, printing and distribution of the last (Fall '75) issue and the editorial preparation for this one. In other words, this is pretty much a hindsighted check on the figures we projected three months ago. (They turn out to have been remarkably accurate.)

We'll probably stick with this reporting format. Our thanks to readers who have been following our finances and commenting helpfully.

And our thanks to readers who sent their friends gift subscriptions (or subscribed themselves). We now have about 5,000 subscribers, compared with 3,500 three months ago. Still a ways to go 'til self-sufficiency.

Finally, our first retaining and sustaining subscribers are most appreciatively listed below.

—Andrew Fluegelman

Retaining Subscribers ($25)

Warren Van Camp
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Williamsburg VA

W. Duane Gambee
Pontiac, MI

Brad Fackler
Plymouth, IN

David Deppen
Philadelphia, PA

Anonymous

David Caulkins
Los Altos, CA

Edward Rosenfeld
New York, NY

Anonymous

Microsculptor
Berkeley, CA

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Bruce & Barbara Kantner
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Lee Bonnifield
Durham, NC

Miles Merwin
Davis, CA

Sustaining Subscribers ($100)

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Ann Arbor, MI

Audrey Sabol
Villanova, PA

Ray Lefebvre
Baton Rouge, LA

The COEVOLUTION Quarterly

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Andrea Sharp Research Traffic and Accounting
Andrew Fluegelman Business Advisor
Pam Cokeley Circulation Director
Diana Fairbanks Production Manager
Evelyn Eldridge Typefretter
Joy Byars Occasional Typesetter
Thomas Cushing Poofreader
Andrew Main Camera and Paste-up
Michael Young Subscriptions and Backorders
Rosemary Menninger Land Use and Gambling evaluations
J. Baldwin Soft Tech evaluations

Mailing Services Mailing Management, San Francisco, CA
Printing (body) Fricke-Parks Press, Fremont, CA
(cover) Hatcher Trade Press, San Carlos, CA

Jeanne Campbell, J. D. Smith

CoEvolution Quarterly Back Issues

Back issues of The CQ are available postpaid from us. $1.50 per copy to subscribers; $2.00 per copy to non-subscribers. From Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965. (Please specify quantity and issue number.)

No. 1 Spring, 1974 *Sold out*

No. 2 Summer, 1974

Setting Food By *Doris Herrick*
Ehrlich's Guide to the Apocalypse: FOOD *Anne H. Ehrlich and Paul R. Ehrlich*
Sanctity and Adaptation *Roy Rappaport*
Natural History Comes to Whole Earth *Roy Rappaport*
Land Banking *Huey Johnson*
Gravity Engines and the Diving Engine *Steve Baer*
New Games Tournament *Pat Farrington*
Salons and their keepers *Stephanie Mills*
Notes on Provisioning a Small Boat for Extended Cruising *Kathleen Pumphrey*
Gorf *Michael McClure*
The POINT/Penguin Books Publisher-Distributor Contract for the Whole Earth Epilog *Lawrence Klein*

No. 3 Fall, 1974

Edited by the Black Panther Party *Huey P. Newton, Elaine Brown, Ericka Huggins, David Du Bois*

No. 4 Winter, 1974

"The whole system is out of whack" *Dale Jorgenson*
Energetics' Shortcomings *Hazel Henderson*
Enough Energy for Life & The Next Transformation of Man *Lewis Mumford*
The Creature and Its Creations *Gregory Bateson*
"Where!?" *Carl Sagan*
Winemaking at Home *Phil and Mike Palmer*
Establishing the Home Vineyard *Phil and Mike Palmer*
Metric System Con *Steve Baer*
Man-Made Planets, Seriously *Graham Chedd*
Lunaception *Louise Lacey*
Preventive Dentistry Primitive Style: A Case History *Walter W. Fingar and Stephen A. Ross*
To South America *Lynn Meisch*
The Entire History of Man *my*

No. 5 Spring, 1975

2025, If . . . *R. Buckminster Fuller*
Plains of Science, Summits of Passion *Kenneth E. Boulding*
The Culture of Agriculture *Wendell Berry*
Small Tractors *Richard Nilsen*
The Preservation of Old Buildings *Wendell Berry*
Energy Stories *Steve Baer*
Nitinol: Torque of the Town *Fred Gardner*
One Highly-Evolved Toolbox *J. Baldwin*
Jerusalem: Innerviews *S. N. Durkee*
Jack and the Monster *Gurney Norman*
"Further" to the Smithsonian *Stewart Brand*
Sesshin Lecture *Zentatsu Baker-Roshi*
The Posthumous Journey of the Soul — Myth & Science *Stanislav Grof, M.D. and Joan Halifax-Grof, Ph. D.*

No. 6 Summer, 1975

What Do We Use for Lifeboats When the Ship Goes Down? *my*
Living on a Lifeboat *Garrett Hardin*
Three From Space *Carl Sagan*
The Atmosphere as Circulatory System of the Biosphere — The Gaia Hypothesis *Lynn Margulis and James Lovelock*
Who's Earth *Russell Schweickart*
Perspectives in Ecological Theory *Ramon Margalef*
Seed Clouds, Reap Havoc *Patrick J. Porgens and James R. Bukey*
Sinsemilla Marijuana *Otto Peep*
Jack and His Ego *Gurney Norman*
Relative Poverty and Frugality *Paolo Soleri*
"Reality" and Redundancy *Gregory Bateson*
The Human Use of Inhuman Machines *Dave Caulkins*
The Nature of the Beast *Marc Le Brun*
Advice for the Computer-Lorn or, Getting Yourself a Computer *Dick Rubenstein*
The Structure of Mystical Experience *Brother David Steindl-Rast*

No. 7 Fall, 1975

The High Frontier *Gerard O'Neill*
"Is the surface of a planet really the right place for an expanding technological civilization?" — *interviewing Gerard O'Neill*
Deep Space Material Sources *Eric Drexler*
Caring & Clarity - *conversation with Gregory Bateson and Edmund G. Brown, Jr., Governor of California*
In the Beginning God Created the Banana *Dan O'Neill*
The Difference Between Unity and Uniformity *E.F. Schumacher*
Working in China *Orville Schell*
From Field Guide to Western Oregon *David Shetzline*
From the Command Center: The Mayaguez Incident *Brigadier General Donald Sampson on telephone*

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39 United States Code)

1. Title of Publication: The CoEvolution Quarterly.
2. Date of Filing: 9-30-75.
3. Frequency of Issue: Quarterly.
3a. Annual Subscription Price: $6.00.
4. Location of Known Office of Publication: Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965.
5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: Box 99554, San Francisco CA 94109.
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor:
   Publisher: POINT, Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965.
   Editor: Stewart Brand, Box 428, Sauaslito, CA 94965.
   Managing Editor: Andrew Fluegelman, Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965.
7. Owner:POINT, a California non-profit corporation, Box 99554, San Francisco, CA 94109. Stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock: None.
9. For Optional Completion by Publishers Mailing at the Regular Rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual): 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.
   (Signature) Andrew Fluegelman, Managing Editor.
10. For Completion by Nonprofit Organizations Authorized to Mail at Special Rates (Section 132.122 Postal Service Manual): The purpose, function and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes have not changed during preceding 12 months.

11. Extent and Nature of Circulation:

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date (as of filing date)
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	17,250	20,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	7,577	8,779
2. Mail subscriptions	3,086	4,408
C. Total Paid Circulation	10,663	13,187
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	241	278
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	10,904	13,465
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	4,760	6,534
2. Returns from news agents	1,586	1
G. Total (Sum of E & F - should equal net press run shown in A)	17,250	20,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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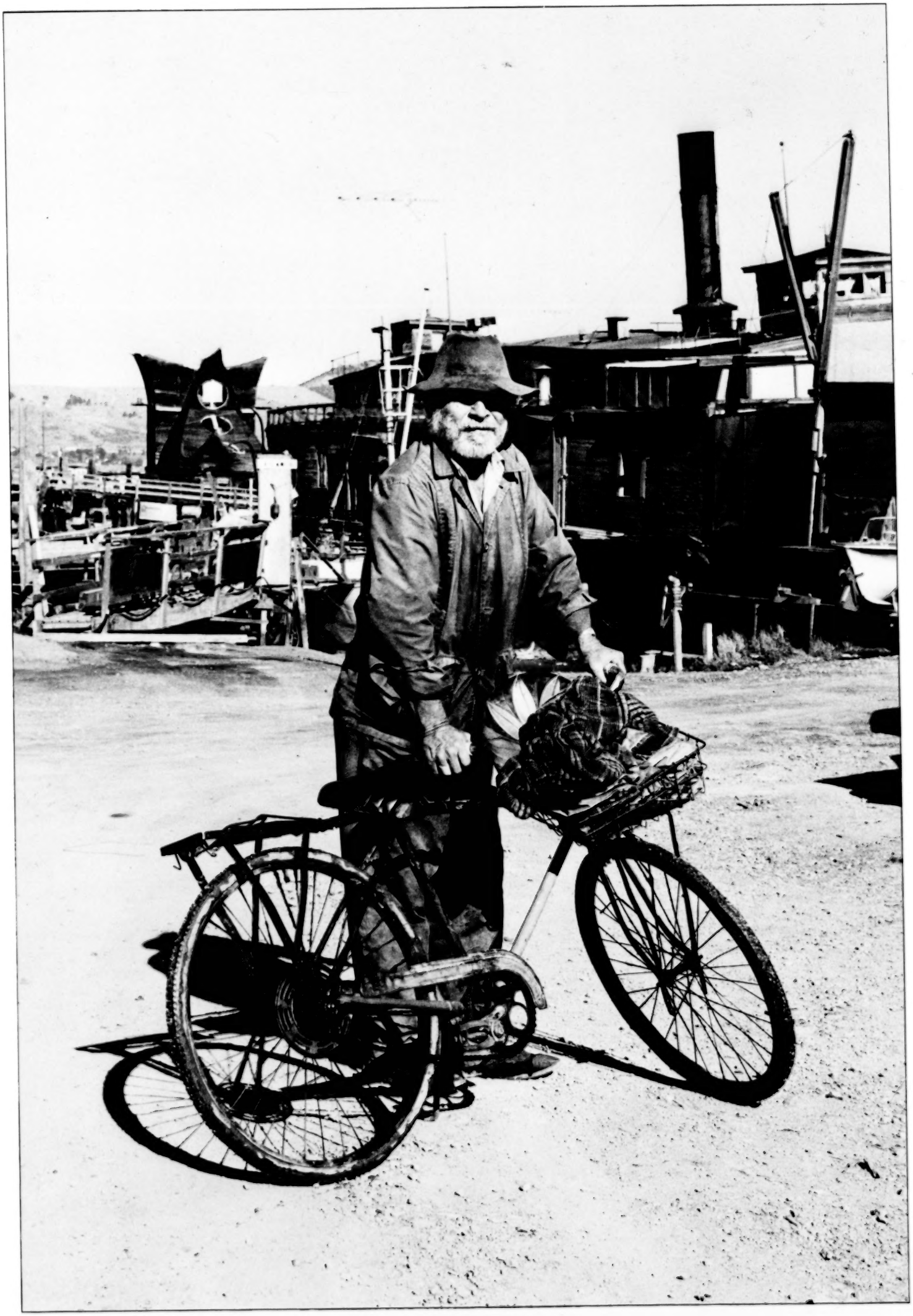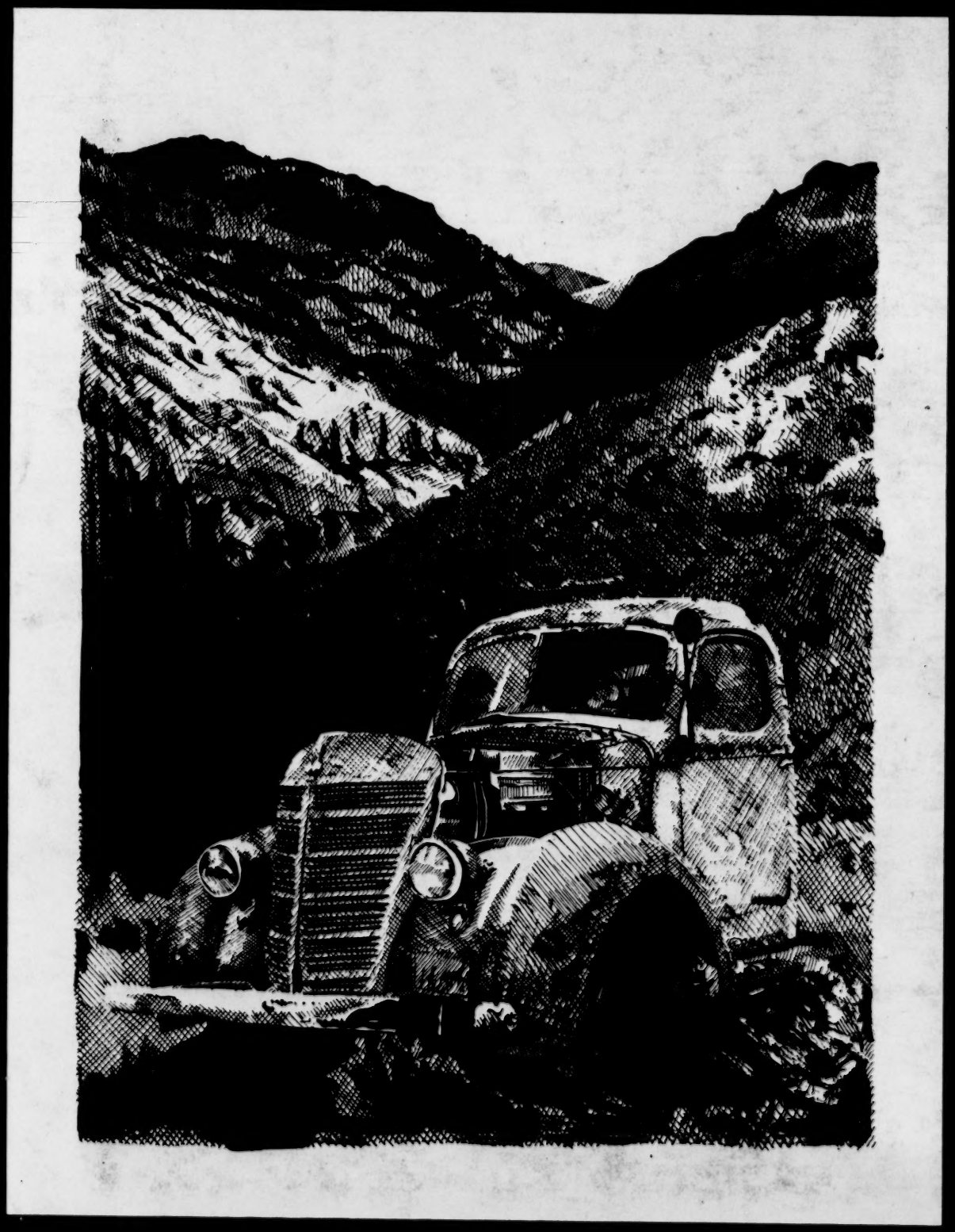
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